MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

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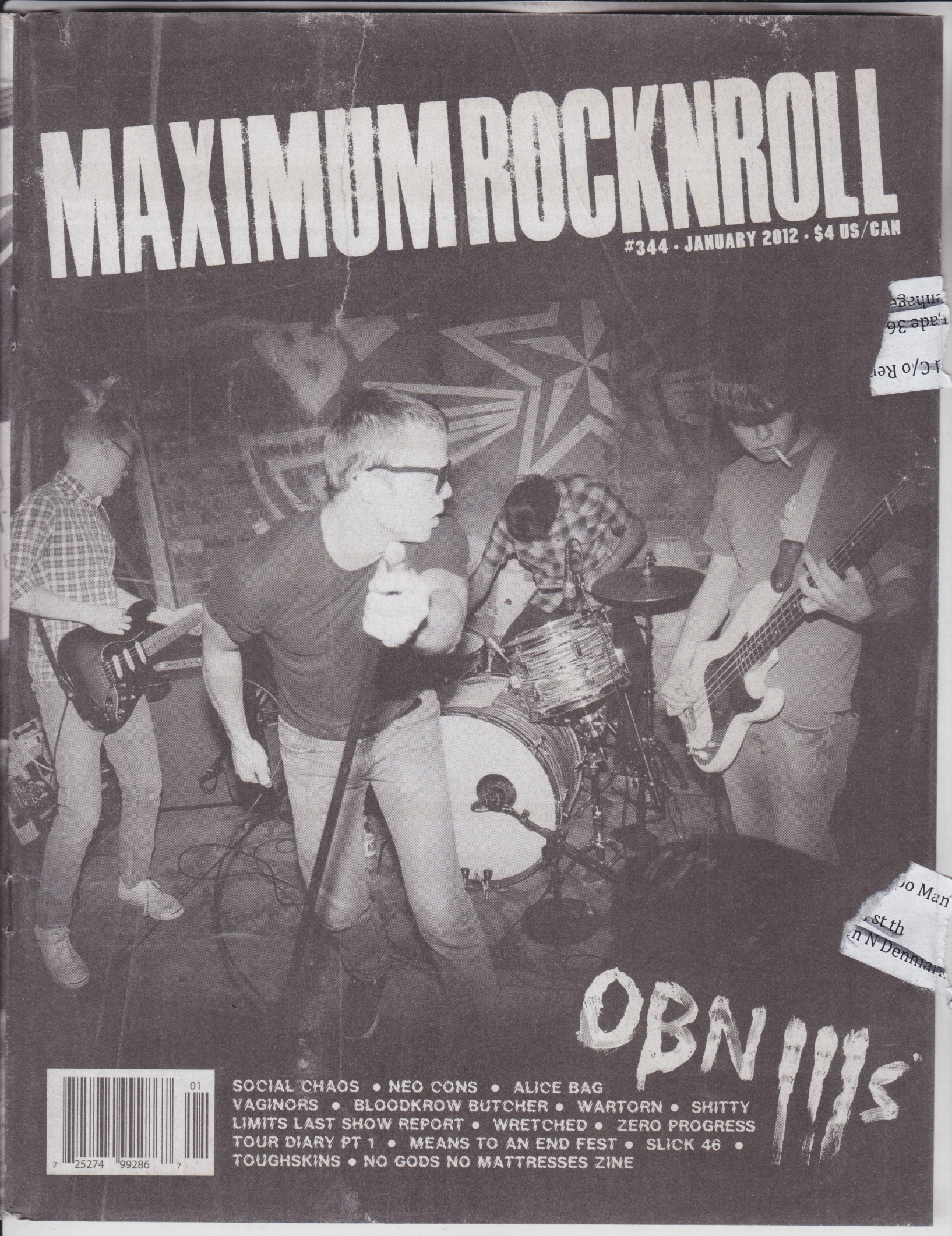

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SOCIAL CHAOS • NEO CONS • ALICE BAG
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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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•Everywhere else: $10 each (air). 12 issue sub for $112 (airmail only). 6 issue sub for $59 (airmail only).

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
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See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TOP 10

MARIAM BASTANI

- INSERVIBLES-LP
- VACCUUM-Never Defeated-EP
- BLOODKROW BUTCHER-Endless Fields of Rotting...-EP
- 1984-Why Not-LP
- WHITE TEARS-One More Label-EP
- V/A-CLOUD RAT/OILY MENACE/WOLBACHIA- split LP
- LOW LIFE-EP / MIGRAINE-EP
- KVOTERINGEN-EP / RAPID LOSS-EP
- V/A-Kotaro Mission-EP / DRY HUMP-LP
- EFFLUXUS-live / PROTO REGIME-live

JUSTIN BRIGGS

- PANIKOS-Awakening From Lethargy-LP
- HUNTED DOWN-demo CS
- DRY HUMP-Fucks Your Ears-LP
- PERIPHERIQUE EST-both EPs
- MIGRAINE-Four Humors-EP
- LOW LIFE-Sydney Darbs-EP
- WHITE TEARS-One More Label-EP
- KVOTERINGEN-Storfinansen-EP
- BLOODKROW BUTCHER-Endless Fields of Rotting...-EP
- V/A-Kotaro Mission-EP

TIM BROOKS

OUT TO LUNCH

MITCH CARDWELL

- LITTLE QUEENIE-live
- DWARF-Gotta Get Louder/I Won't Be Back-45
- PERIPHERIQUE EST-both EPs
- SHARP BALLOONS-Evening News-EP
- DEAD FARMERS-Out the Door/Never Enough-45
- SHIT DOGS-Present the History of Cheese-2xEP
- SEX CULT-Errand Boy-EP
- VIDEO-Leather Leather-LP
- MATTIN-Exquisite Corpse-LP
- SEX CHURCH-Growing Over-LP

ROBERT COLLINS

- RATOS DE PORÃO-30th Anniversary live
- POSSUIDO PELO CÃO-live
- DEFY-live + EP
- CÄTÄRRO-live
- GALINHA PRETA-live + demo
- TIKEI ZERO-live + demo
- FILHOTINHO-live + demo
- WILD CHILD-demo / D.E.R. - live
- TRUNCHEONS-demo / ESKATA PIRATA-live
- POOR CHOICE-EP / BLOODKROW BUTCHER-EP

SEAN "DOUGIE" DOUGAN

- SECTION 13-Burning Bridges-CD
- GLITTER WIZARD-Solar Hits-LP
- VACCUUM-Never Defeated-EP
- PERIPHERIQUE EST-EP1-EP
- CAT PARTY-Rhapsody in Black-LP
- TERROR VISIONS-World of Shit-LP
- 1984-Why Not-LP
- PROTESTANT-Stalemate-10"
- CYANIDE PILLS-Up Against the Wall/Lying Low-45
- CONQUEST FOR DEATH-One Definition of Success-EP

LAYLA GIBBON

- HOUSEHOLD-Items-LP
- CRUDDY-Negative World-LP
- SHARP BALLOONS-Evening News-EP
- INSERVIBLES-LP
- SEX CULT-Errand Boy-EP
- BRAUSEPÖTER-Bundeswehr/Keiner Kann Uns Ab-45
- LOW LIFE-Sydney Darbs-EP
- TOTAL ABUSE-Prison Sweat-LP
- PERIPHERIQUE EST-both EPs
- VIDEO-Leather Leather-LP

DAN GOETZ

- VACCUUM-Never Defeated-EP
- MIGRAINE-Four Humors-EP
- INSERVIBLES-LP
- VIDEO-Leather Leather-LP
- RAPID LOSS-EP / 1984-LP
- SUNSHINE SS-Teen Choices-EP
- CONQUEST FOR DEATH-One Definition of Success-EP
- TOTAL ABUSE-Prison Sweat-LP
- SEX CULT-Errand Boy-EP
- CRITICAL POINT-Trial and Error-EP

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ANYONE IS WELCOME TO REPRINT ANYTHING FROM MRR, BUT ONLY IF IT'S NOT-FOR-PROFIT.

TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

BOB GOLDIE

- TOTAL ABUSE-Prison Sweat-LP
- SUNSHINE SS-Teen Choices-EP
- RAPID LOSS-EP / SATELLITES OF LOVE-EP
- AMOEBAS-LP
- STILL BORN-Answers Left Unquestioned-LP
- POST TEENS-Bleached Heads-EP
- REACTORS-It's Not Important/Cold Eyes-45
- JOHN HENRY WEST-Door Bolted Shut-LP
- CIRIL-Sick Surreal-LP
- TERROR VISIONS-World of Shit-LP

KENNY KAOS

- HOLLYWOOD/MEAN JEANS-split EP
- FASTBOYZZZ-Suck Iyt/The Kids Are Back in...-45
- CYANIDE PILLS-Up Against the Wall/Lying Low-45
- CRISIS HOTLINES-Don't Wanna Go to Jail-EP
- PAPER BAGS-Prick-EP
- MAXIES-Going Clubbing-EP
- POST TEENS-Bleached Heads-EP
- SEX CULT-Errand Boy-EP
- PERIPHERIQUE EST-EP2-EP
- Budget Rock-live

CAROLYN KEDDY

- THE MONSTERS-Pop Up Yours!-CD
- PERIPHERIQUE EST-EP1-EP
- DEAD FARMERS-Out The Door/Never Enough-45
- DADFAG/GIRLS OF PORN-split EP
- SEX CULT-Errand Boy-EP
- VIDEO-Leather Leather-LP
- CAT PARTY/LA CORDE-split EP
- SHARP BALLOONS-Evening News-EP
- GLITTER WIZARD-Solar Hits-LP
- PAPER BAGS-Prick-EP / TERROR VISIONS-LP

RAY LUJAN

- GATEWAY DISTRICT-Perfect's Gonna Fail-CD
- BANNER PILOT-Heart Beats Pacific-CD
- BRIDGE AND TUNNEL-Rebuilding Year-CD
- CAT PARTY-Rhapsody In Black-LP
- CHERRY BOMB-CD / CYANIDE PILLS-45
- DAN-Thology-CD / DAN PADILLA-CD
- DEAD TO ME-Moscow Penny Ante-CD / P-90's-CD
- PAPER BAGS-EP / WIDE ANGLES-EP
- THE DAMNED-live
- WILD FLAG-live / CUTE LEPERS-live

MARISSA MAGIC

- *Nuts! #8* release party
- SEWN LEATHER-live
- TOTAL ABUSE-Prison Sweat-LP
- TERROR VISIONS-World of Shit-LP
- VACCUUM-Never Defeated-EP
- LOW PLACES-EP / SEX CHURCH-LP
- RAINBOW PERSON-Trade.Labor.Vocation-EP
- MIGRAINE-Four Humors-EP
- PER PURPOSE-implicating More Than One-LP
- DEGREASER-Bottom Feeder-LP

FRED SCHRUNK

- SHARKPACT-Ditches-LP
- UH-OH-LP
- HOUSEHOLD-Items-LP
- SCREAMING FEMALES-all reissues
- CRUDDY-Negative World-LP
- INSERVIBLES-LP
- SHARP BALLOONS-Evening News-EP
- BUFFALO BANGERS-Blockader/Granite Grandma-45
- BRAUSEPÖTER-Bundeswehr/Keiner Kann Uns Ab-45
- PERIPHERIQUE EST-both EPs

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

- 1984-Why Not-LP
- VACCUUM-Never Defeated-EP
- WHITE TEARS-One More Label-EP
- SUNSHINE SS-Teen Choices-EP
- RAPID LOSS-A Dark Place-EP
- POOR CHOICE-Teenage Love is Beautiful-EP
- BLOODKROW BUTCHER-Endless Fields of Rotting...-EP
- DRY HUMP-Fucks Your Ears-EP
- INSERVIBLES-LP
- VIDEO-Leather Leather-LP

ZINE TOP TEN

- *Shotgun Seamstrss #6*
- *Nuts! #8*
- *Bananarchy: A Journey of Desire Peeled*
- *More Noize #7*
- *Raw Deal #13*
- *Always Never Fun #5*
- *Blod*
- *Morgenmuffel #19*
- *No Exit #4*
- *Blinko's Army*

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultra-violence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators,, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Vakivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Voetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, Kmg Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September'05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oi!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports. Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?, The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#296/January '08. Hellshock, Mario Panciera, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecyde, Kykloopien Sukupuuto, Punch In The Face, BSA.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia.

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May '08. NorCal Punk Special: Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas,Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine): Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#314/July '09. Libyans, Coke Bust, Strange Boys, Turboslut, Vogue, Smart Cops, Zyanose, Dennis Dread, a History of Squatting in Italy, Tornonto Scene Report.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown,Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#317/October '09. Queer issue. with Nastyfacts, Gary Floyd, Limp Wrist, Jos Seein' Red, GB Jones, Younger Lovers, Vaginal Davis, Josh Ploeg, Teu Pai Já Sabe?, Schwarzer Kanal, Bromance, Extra Tongue, and more.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids, Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault, Fuera De Linea

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paul! Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans and Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Reports.
Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo

#330/November '10. Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report.

#331/December '10. Kylma Sota, Articles of Faith, Total Abuse, La Merma, Doña Maldad, Frankie Rose and the Outs, Little League, Versificator, Frankfurt Germany Scene Report, Belgium Scene Report.

#333/February '11. The Welders, Touch & Go Fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Straight Arrows, Eskapo Phillippines Tour Diary, Venezuela Scene Report, Olympia Scene Report w/Weird TV, White Boss, Milk Music, HPP, Hysterics, Son Skull, Rvivr, Hail Seizures, Broken Water, Gun Outfit.

#334/March '11. 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, DC Scene Report

#335/April '11. Crazy Spirit, Siege, 1981, Mauser, Devour, Icon Gallery, Sunshine SS, Timmy's Organism, Whitney House, Attention Span, Michigan Scene Report.

#336/May '11. Kriegshög, Steve Ignorant, Teargas, Tantrum, Hygeine, Shoppers, Chris Walter, Adrenalin OD, Spastic Panthers, Hungarian Scene Report.

#337/June '11. Destroy All Movies, John Morton/Electric Eels, White Fence, Ydinperhe, Nux Vomica, Vanya Bonecrusher, Black Feet, Uzi Rash, This is LA not L.A.: '80s Hardcore Flyers in New Orleans, Buffalo NY Scene Report.

#339/August '11. Head Cleaners, Midnite Snaxxx, Cokskar, Small Bones, Xcentric Noise Records, Grown Ups, Youth Avoiders, Tomek Lipinski/Brygada Kryzys, Afternoon Gentlemen, Czech Punk History pt 2.

#340/September '11. Demokhratia, GG King, Ivan Brun, B-Lines, State Poison, Jeremy Hush, Love Triangle, Unlearn, Deaf Club Oral History, Final part of the Czech Punk History.

#341/October '11. Brian Walsby, Plates, Decraneo, Diet Cokeheads, Royal Headache, Ed Nasty & the Dopeds, Black Mamba Beat Tour of South Africa, Unfit Scum, Mongrel Zine.

#342/November '11. Kyushu Noisecore Summit, Brown Sugar, Vapid, No Rest, Brain Killer, Roach Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#343/December '11. Porkeria, Descarados, Peace or Annihilation, E.A.T.E.R, Poly Styrene, Severence Package, Katorga Works, Unwanted Christmas Presents, Resist Her Transistor.

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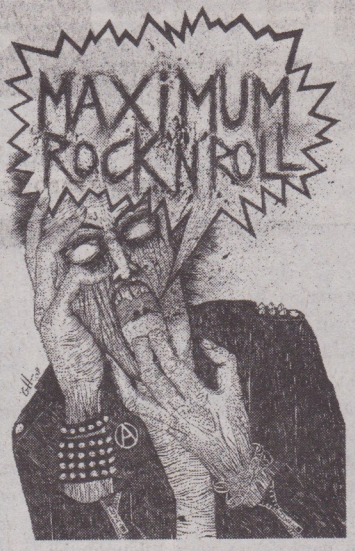

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LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Mariam,
Re: my letter in MRR #343.

Why the alias? Because *MRR* gets the last word and I feared I'd be misunderstood and called racist, sexist or whatever and just don't need that following me in the real world. Chickenshit? Probably, but I've been through this before.

I think I was misunderstood.

I said, and you quoted, "the scariest thing in the world for some people is dealing with people of another culture." Some people. Not you. Not me. But some people. I believe that to be true and the cartoon panel is an example of it.

I'd love it if everyone talked and understood each other but that doesn't always happen.

My question to you is (and I apologize for this not being clear in the first letter)—in the world of punk rock, where so much is designed to offend, how do you manage to get through any given day? The transgender hooker in the comic offended you, and some said it offended all transgenders and all sex workers. No one asked every transgender person or every sex worker. My point about Black Fag is that I'm sure the name would offend someone (not everyone, but at least one person) who had been called that in a derogatory manner, but we in the scene understand the name and accept it. We can't interview everyone. Should we attack the band based on the likelihood? Should we ban all bands with possibly offensive names? Lyrics? Imagery? Where does it end? Where do we draw the line? When something like that comic upsets you that much how do you even function in a world where "Crippled Children Suck?"

I hope maybe that cleared things up.

—Joey

Hey "Joey"

I understand that you are arguing a philosophical point, but you did indeed use language shifting blame on MRR *as a whole. Please realize that "*MRR*" is not just me or Layla. It is about 150 people with divergent opinions. While I cannot speak for them personally, Layla and I were chosen to do this job by sixteen people with the input of many more to be the voice of the magazine for purposes like this.* MRR *has a policy of what it does and does not cover based on the wishes of the founder, Tim Yo. We do our best to uphold the very few tenets that* MRR *has. If punks do not agree with them, they are welcome to challenge them, but we have to stick to Tim Yo's wishes.*

Now, I think you need to examine your lexicon. "You," "we," "us," I don't know what you mean by those because they seem to shift when they serve your purpose. WE are punks, all of us, but WE don't have to agree. If you want to argue how imagery can or cannot be racist depending on your opinion, rationalizations, theory, philosophy how it's lived in on the ground or what it means in artistic realm, do it... No one is stopping you (or anyone else). But know that "you" will be challenged.

MY OPINION:

Now, to answer your question... How do I personally function in this world when, as you claim, everything offends me? Well, "anonymous" I could ignore this question, as it is very personal and not about the magazine but about me, but I will indulge you... Living in a world that is designed to marginalize people such as myself, I have managed to some how pull myself up from the gutter... Kidding. First of all, you don't know what offends me, you don't know me. But let's pretend that you do, so how do I deal with it? By fighting everyday! This is not a choice, it is the hand I was dealt and I don't know anything else. That does not make me better or worse than you, but it does give me a different perspective. I did not come to punk to collect records, nor was I wooed by the hopes of being "cool" in a subculture when I couldn't make it in normal society by way of mimicking mainstream culture that I claim to be rebelling against (that shit...is weak), I am a punk because of the music, the anger, how offensive it is, fucking shit up and the prospect of being able to fight back and get results. I am home here. I am a serious person, but I do not take myself seriously. I party, eat, sleep, shit, work, laugh, relax, etc... I can indeed function in real life, I do not cloister myself, I do not need to take my arguments to the massage board nor do I need to hide behind an alias. I learned long ago that only I can draw the line for myself, but I don't expect everyone to agree with me. Nor would I want that, because that is when life becomes boring which is the antithesis of punk for me. I can be friends with people that have different opinions, I can argue with them and still be pals with them. I would never want to be around people that are just like me... Yet... Any implication that punks similar to me, that think the various "isms" can be excused when used "ironically"' or in a particular way, cannot function or do not belong in punk is a perfect example of the attitudes "we" encounter in everyday life anyway, so this is no new struggle. We are not "philistines," uneducated, we don't hate art, we aren't "pussies" or have no sense of humor—we can take a joke. Don't talk down to us (and I do mean "US") and don't assume that you know more about our own lives than we do. No one owns punk, so take your entitlement somewhere else.

As far as "banning" shit, the point is moot. I do not believe in censorship. Once people start "banning" things, it's like shooting yourself in the foot, but people can do what ever the hell they want with their personal endeavors. You know what the real question is? How do you deal with shit and how do you communicate and how do you defend yourself when you open a can of worms. "We can't interview everyone." Your language is dismissive. I don't know about "interview" as in a one sided evaluation with no discourse, but it's discussion that is the goal leading to some sort of understanding (not total agreement). We can't always discuss things with everyone, it's true, but we can make certain judgments for ourselves. And when people are offended, it doesn't appear out of thin air. I hate reactionary mentality, but I do have a thought process, can assess a situation and trust myself. I can also admit when I am wrong.

As far as action... "Should we attack" a band based on their view, imagery, etc? I don't know about attack, but if a band purposely uses certain inflammatory material / symbols / language, etc..., they better be ready for anything. Do you cower or do you finish the fight YOU started? If your opinion is unpopular, do you defend it? How do you defend it? You had better think about it, because it appears to me that the punks we are discussing made the choice to PUT themselves in that situation. You pick your battles. As far as racism, sexism, etc... No amount of joking or passive aggressive language can get you out of some arguments, so when people are tough in their own crowd yet cower under the pressure of other punks that do not agree with them, that is cowardly. You aren't in fucking Kansas anymore. You aren't Lenny Bruce.

If you want to start some shit just to sell records or create a buzz, don't be surprised when you get a brick in the face or if people laugh at you and think you are a chump, nor does the 'oppression imposed upon you by the unwashed PC masses' of your "art" or "opinion" make you a martyr or a "rock n' roll nigger." You will get no sympathy here. Believe it or not, some people have had to deal with the "realities" of navigating these attitudes and bullshit for much longer that anyone else. You asked me what I personally think? Well I have had to do this for years. I have gotten my ass kicked, been sexually assaulted, attacked, beaten and

had innumerable verbal altercations because of my views. This is not a badge of honor, but I have learned to pick and choose my fights, physical or verbal. Believe me, I do it wisely... I understand that there are people who have shit to prove and will jump at the opportunity to "call out" people when they can't check themselves, but more often than not when people, especially punks, choose to speak out against the things that continually oppress them and defend their place in the subculture in which they feel they belong, it is not ignorant or unfounded. But I will say that if these particular punks chose the fight, you had better be ready.
That is MY personal opinion and not at all the voice of MRR.
Up the punks,
—Mariam

Hi Mariam,
Tom Yohannan here.
I just wanted to let you know how much I enjoyed your column in the December issue. I thought you might enjoy learning that Timmy had his share of experiences with ghosts on the prowl. I remember when he came home (I was in my teens and he was in his mid-twenties) for a weekend with his girlfriend Annabel, around 1970, and the two of them got run out of the guest room by an ornery ghost that wouldn't leave them alone.

This was in the same room where a Japanese Buddha statuette used to leap off the shelf from time to time.

Anyway, the next time his ghost seems to be lurking about, tell him to get his ass over here to Barcelona to liven things up!
Cheers,
—Tom

Dearest MRR's Department of Corrections-
Just wanted to note that the Hunting Party demo reviewed last issue is a cassette and not a CD-R. And while we are on the subject of demos... After I entered all the contact info, prices, and all that jazz into my demo reviews this month, I lost the file without saving and I had already recycled all the contact sheets and envelopes so I'm sure some of the information got lost. If I reviewed your demo this month and left something out...sorry. You can always make the corrections right here.
Ta.
—Justin

MRR,
I will start this letter this time saying that 99% of all the record transactions I do go perfectly right! I know that running a label or distro is great fun and will get you all over the world. Running a label and a distro is also a matter of trust: seller trusts the buyer and vice versa. I will continue with fraud alarm (again); this time the label and distro: Damaging Noise (ft. Fabian). He released a bunch of really fine records like D-Clone, People and Dead Noise. He had a great distro too and a great sense of new stuff to put in this shop. But then many buyers got interested, maybe too many... From that point Fabian just lost it and his promises of sent packages with records and extras he put in because of delays of months or even a year didn't come true: on many forums many complaints from many buyers.

He never answered e-mails and then his internet-site with label and distro disappeared. Shops or people using almost the same mail address or site name received many angry mails or bills that were addressed to Fabian. No response at all. He is about to release an LP by the Japanese band People that lots of music lovers are waiting for, but be warned (for those that are not yet): the chance that you ever will receive your record(s) is near zero. If Fabian wants to earn honesty credits and if he will be sending out
many unsent packages of records (including mine) even with long delays I will be writing a letter to *MRR* that will put him on the throne again.
Time will tell, but for now: beware of this label and distro.
—Rob van Zoen
The Netherlands

Hi Guys,
One thing that seems lost in the healthy debate over that comic (in *MRR* #340) is that a piece of art can be different things to different people. To me it may be offensive garbage, to you it's challenging art. There is not necessarily a 'correct' interpretation. It may be both or neither.

But, it's great to see the debate, and how respectful it's been, even when people vehemently disagree. As for me, I missed the September issue, so I have no clue!
—Chris Snak Fud
Confidential to Bruce: I always read the letters in *MRR*, but I only read the columns half the time, sorry! (It may just be cause I used to lay out the letters...)

Dear MRR—
I was 21 years old and had just put out my first album which was self titled *Better Off Dead*. My producer Brian and I got invited by DOA to come to a show that Rancid and DOA were co-headlining in Edmonton Alberta. So this night was full of funny moments. Like when I accidentally stabbed Lars Frederickson under the fingernail with the pin that was sticking out of my watch minutes before he was supposed to play. Ooops! Or the interesting time of watching musicians try to play floor hockey in the hall before it was to be filled with thousands of punks! But the thing that stuck in my head the most went down at 4:00 am on the curb of the sidewalk in the downtown core of the city. I found myself sitting there, three generations of punk rock. I was cold as I remember but the stories told were warm company. It was very strange, It was so quiet and the only thing in the street was paper blowing around in the wind. It was Joe "Shithead" of DOA Lars Frederickson of Rancid and myself Greg Coles of Better Off Dead. Three generations of the thing we all shared, PUNK. Lars told me that he joined Rancid at 21 and his first notable show was with DOA. I was blown away because I joined Better Off Dead at 21 and the first show we played was with DOA. Oh did you all forget! DOA's founder and punk legend is sitting right beside both of us as we tell this Fucking story. I will always remember the way everyone was so exited to share how they got started in punk and it seemed as if we all transformed back to kids sitting around a campfire with the downtown sky line of Edmonton Alberta as our pine tree woods. Unity and friends in punk to me. Well this is my short story of my favorite punk moment! It's not the mosh pit that sticks with me, it's the way it brings us together with a common love for what we do.
I hope someone likes my story. It would be nice to share this with other punks out there.
—Greg Coles, Better Of Dead Punks From Calgary Alberta Canada!

Dear MRR—
In the October 2011 edition of *MRR* I wrote a letter about fraud from Basement Records from Malaysia run by Shammir. He never delivered a hexagon-shaped split 8"record from Fistula and SMG.
A response came this week:
"Sorry for the long long delay... yes I've failed about the releases and I haven't checked my mail for so so long ... I still want to release the records—but I don't know when? Better it'll keep for myself—yes. I could refund the payment. Yes I'll do that; just give me your paypal account—I'll refund the money in 1-2 day for sure. Sorry and many sorry..."
Today I got the refund after 2,5 years.
Just to let people know sometimes it turns out better as it seemed...
—Rob

Dear MRR,
Thanks to Bryony Beynon for the expression "pokemon punks." It breaks my heart when great records that I love are broken down to completed e-bay sales to give them value.

On another note cocaine has done more damage to punk than any car company.

Get rid of Logan Dean Worrels dead weight out out the pages of mrr
I love *Maximumrocknroll*
—Bye Robert

Dear Maximum,
The address listed for the Necro Hippies tape in the demo section of issue #342. The correct address is 223 Jane Place New Orleans, LA 70119. Punks can send a few bucks or something in trade. Even though the address was listed wrong I still received a request in the mail from a Jon is Austin, TX! Jon, are you out there? If so, I'm so sorry I lost your return address! Please write again, send a trade or whatever and I will send an extra package.
—Candice

SYFATB - B.R.

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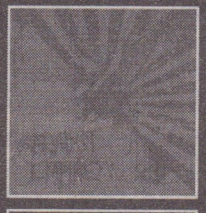

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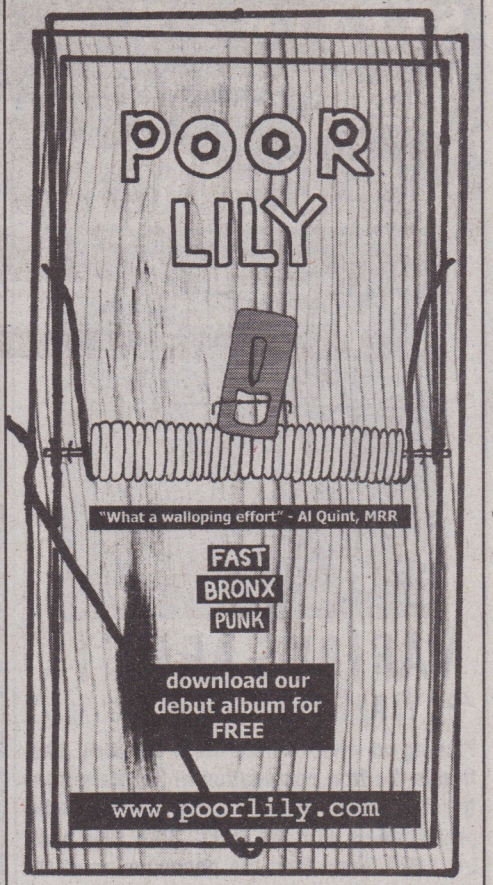

"What a walloping effort" - Al Quint, MRR

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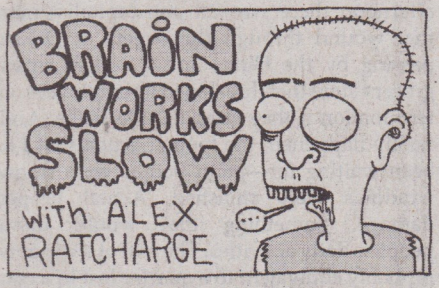


"Contrary to popular belief, the past was not more eventful than the present. If it seems so it is because when you look backward things that happened years apart are telescoped together, and because very few of your memories come to you genuinely virgin. It is largely because of the books, films, and reminiscences that have come between that the war of 1914-18 is now supposed to have had some tremendous, epic quality that the present one lacks."
– George Orwell, 1940

Back from America. Shot guns, ate burgers and baby-sized burritos, saw naked sixty year old grandpas walking down the streets, sat on the Greyhound next to a guy puking his guts out, went to da mass at Coltrane free-jazz church, took pictures of Graham Booth on a boat in front of the Golden Gate Bridge... When in Rome, do as the Romans do, right? Now I'm having the eternal smoke staring through my window, looking at the moody sky, trying to see it properly, with my newly acquired X-ray tourist eyes. Have you ever tried counting the number of colors there are in the sky at any given moment? I swear to John, it ain't just white and blue.

In Olympia I bought 7"s by Home Blitz, Puffy Areolas, and The Pleasure Seekers, a postcard of Janis Joplin and three slices of pizza. I saw some bands play in an abandoned building with no roof, in the heart of the city. My favorites of the day were called funny names like Broken Water, Hysterics, Christian Mistress, and White Wards. Which makes me think... White Lung, White Cop, White Shit, White Faces, White Whale, White Crime, White Mystery, White Wires, White Fang, White Load, White Boss, I'm positive I am forgetting a bunch... Is white the new black? These are just some of the recent bands named "white something," which I find pretty depressing, just another sign of the global normalization of punk (and everything else), let's all be clones of each other, let's all have the same names, everywhere, same thing! Would you want to live in a world where everyone agrees with everyone? Then please become a punk! Call your band "White Sex" and you'll be sure to sell out your entire pressing of 300 copies in a week! Deal! I know, I know... Cynicism will get us nowhere... Bullshit aside, Olympia looked like a great city, what with all the shops selling tie-dye everything, cool record stores, and everyone seeming like a genuine weirdo. I was standing next to a wall, having a smoke, trying to look as casual as possible in my touristy "I barely know a soul here" awkward self-awareness, when some dude I had been very quickly introduced to earlier came up to me and, out of the blue, started ranting. "Here's a story for ya. Once, Ben Weasel was at a show in Olympia, and Kurt Cobain came up to him, wasted out of his mind, and said, in a barely intelligible voice, 'Hey maaan, I looove your *MRR* columns, maaan...'" or something like that. I stared at the dude, not sure what to say. What's the punchline to that story, I asked? He said, well, there's none, but I just thought I'd tell ya, since you write an *MRR* column and all... And then he just walked away. What had just happened? Turned out the dude was the (white) boss of local label Perennial Records. Later he asked me if I wanted some free records. I said yeah sure, and he just walked away again. No answer. Nothing. Empty hands. Strange city. That night Ben from *Nuts* magazine fed me chips'n'beers while telling me about his love for underground hip-hop and how he'd been bored with words lately, wanting to turn his magazine into an image-only thingy. Wordless psychedelic punk newpapers? Only in Olympia.

In Portland I spent $2 on a spoken word LP by Louis Ferdinand Céline, $5 on *The Longest Line* by NOFX (yeah, fuck you too) and $10 on *We Travel The Space Ways*, one of the best Sun Ra records I've heard so far. I guest DJ'ed a set at *Life During Wartime*, one of the world's best and longest running DIY punk radio shows. Seriously, these people always play the best shit and were all really nice, friendly, welcoming, and what have you. Listen to it online, buy their compilation tapes, and send 'em free records, they deserve it. Rayos X and Generacion Suicida played live in front of an audience of five. I took pictures at night on Burnside Bridge. I took a nap under said bridge, looked around me and realized I was surrounded by homeless folks. I closed my eyes. America: so much space, yet not enough homes. I got lost in a giant bookstore and bought myself a copy of *Just Kids* by Patti Smith. Here's the full story – a few months ago, I had a dream. It featured Patti Smith and Lester Bangs talking shit in a spraypainted industrial area, her playing an accoustic guitar with only one string left, him smiling beneath his majestic moustache. It was beautiful. A few weeks later I did a painting of said dream. Of course it was nowhere near as beautiful as the dream itself, but I tried my best. I listened to Smith's album *Horses* more and more often, it growing familiar, songs slowly becoming an important part of my 2011 soundtrack. Months later, I got the book, and it was everything I had hoped for — poetic, wild, the best kind of sad, the ever present shadow of death lurking behind it all, full of references to the sixties giving birth to the seventies. *"People would say the murder at the Altamont Stones concert in December marked the end of the idealism of the sixties. For me it punctuated the duality of the summer of 1969, Woodstock and the Manson cult, our masked ball of confusion."* Contrary to popular belief, the past was not more eventful than the present. Follow your dreams.

In Seattle I went to the EMP Museum and spent a few hours checking out the "Nirvana – Taking Punk To The Masses" exhibition. Staring at some homemade hardcore shirts and demotapes with many mentions of "DIY," "Punk," and "Fanzines" in the fanciest of museums, accompanied by curious old people of all kinds, was a strange experience. The '90s in a museum? Where did time go? In one of the collages of punk fliers and other ephemeras was a cover of the first issue of *MRR*. How odd, thinking I had just spent a couple weeks in the *MRR* house, still as alive and kicking as ever, and was now staring at this in a museum, like some stupid dead thing from the past. As much as I enjoyed the exhibition, the story's always the same—people who put punk in museums and retrospective books often fail to mention it didn't die with their interest in it, which is frustrating. Do we need to wait thirty more years for our existence to be acknowledged? I'm afraid so.

I vividly remember being 18, trippin' on acid in the streets of Rennes, French Brittany, with a copy of *MRR* in my hands, thinking to myself "one day I'll go to San Francisco and visit these people." Like it was a simple fact. No rush. That a punk magazine could exist for such a long time putting out one issue a month with an all volunteer staff always blew my mind and continues to do so. Eleven years later, here I am, in the streets of San Francisco with my two backpacks, walking towards the *MRR* house after twenty or so hours spent

in the parallel dimension of the airport and plane system. It is dark and foggy outside, with dozens of zombie-looking homeless folks pushing dozens of shopping carts full of second hand clothes and recyclable bottles. An hour later, I'm filing green-taped records in the biggest punk record collection in the world, and it all feels pretty casual. Layla, Mariam, Danny, Graham, Heidi, Amelia: thanks for being cool. The next day I'm at Gilman Street in Berkeley. No Statik becomes my favorite live band of the year, and their singer one of the scariest ones I've ever seen. Kids go nuts. The place looks amazing. This ain't no museum. What happens next? A month later, on my last morning in San Francisco, I'm having my last meal at Blue Front Cafe on Haight Street, which has become my favorite place for true American bacon, eggs, and potatoes breakfasts. I don't light up on my way back to *MRR*; I've learned never to smoke on Haight Street, or dozens of burnt out hippies with big beards and colorful shirts will suddenly want to be your friends. Staying in a place for a few weeks instead of just a few days will allow you to notice and get used to such things, which is why I'm so glad I got to hang out in SF for a while. Take things slowly. Walk around. Tame the city. Think. Read a book. Take pictures. Talk to strangers. Take the boat. Buy Coltrane records for $5. Forget about France. Forget about Australia. Fuck the past. Shut up and learn. Listen to music with the mind's eye. Believe in coincidences. Think again. By the time I left, the house felt like home. It was a nice feeling. Cross this off the list. My 18-year old self would have been proud of my 29-year old one.

Listen. I am exhausted. My body is exhausted. But the glimmer I talked about in my last column keeps going. As I said before, by the time this goes to print it might be bullshit, it might be over, it might be stronger. It is 1:45 in the morning. Today, November 2nd, was the General Strike in Oakland. We shut down the banks, we shut down the ports, we shut down downtown. I saw more cops while sitting on my friend's porch eating breakfast than I did all day at the actual actions (up until midnight, but we'll get to that). While the news media is inexplicably setting the numbers of participants at around 7,000 it was definitely closer to 50,000, and I tend to lowball things.

When I started showing up to the occupation/decolonization it was the day after the camp at Oscar Grant Plaza had been violently ripped apart in the wee hours of morning. The night that I finally made it there consisted of this: standing in front of the cops as a recorded warning to disperse played on loop, weird lounging around/social hour (I ran into *so* many friends), and then tear gas. What happens is all of the sudden you hear what sounds like gunshots, you turn and run while people yell to stay calm, the air quickly fills with a fine mist of chemical agents, if you are far away enough your eyes and throat get scratchy, too close and you become temporarily blinded by burning tears while your entire face stings, maybe you'll throw up, maybe not. This was what continued deep into the night: face the cops, get gassed, run around the block, get back to the cops, face them, get gassed, run around the block and so on and so forth. This continues over and over again until the numbers are thinned enough to start arresting people. I left more out of exhaustion and feeling that the effort was futile that night more than fearing another round of teargas or an arrest.

I felt frustrated, discouraged. I felt how I usually do at political actions. To me it feels like all of this energy that leads to nothing. I missed the night that we got the plaza back. To be total downer for a second, we didn't "take the plaza back" as many have said. Ultimately they (the cops, the establishment, etc.) gave it back. The brutality used in breaking up the camp and then the following days of violence quickly turned into a PR nightmare. Jean Quan fucked up bad and has now taken a hands-off approach. The cops could have stopped people from returning to the plaza, but they didn't. They gave it back. It's terrible, but I wonder if the cops had never broken up the camp, especially in such a violent manner, would we have never become a big international story? Would Scott Olsen (a vet who got his skull fractured by a tear gas canister, when people ran to his aid a flash grenade was thrown into the group) have been wounded? Would we have called a general strike? Maybe, possibly, at some point. If we had attacked the cops would we have ever been let back into the plaza? I don't know. However, things were shoved forward because of violence.

As I have stated, so far every general assembly, every march, every protest I have attended feels frustrating and discouraging. I hate the human mic. I hate that so many take so much time to be respectful and listen to each other, while the few that spew bullshit are never called out on it. I hate the peace police that line up in front of the riot cops and face the crowd waving peace signs, as if we are all four years old and being told to use our inside voice. I hate that the occupation/decolonization is used as an excuse to party. I hate the amount of "hey babies" I hear at the camp. I hate that certain survivors of police brutality are martyred while others are forgotten based on how good it will look on a press release, how much it will sway the public. I hate that all the lip service given to police brutality is about tear gas at the riots rather than the police oppression that is ongoing in the streets of Oakland.

I started to see the general strike as a litmus test, the thing that would make me believe rather than continue to hope. At 9am downtown was already thick with people, as Angela Davis addressed the crowd from the back of a truck outfitted with a PA. The day was filled with marches, workshops, speakers, and entertainment. I wandered around the camp with a friend and it felt so unreal, the plaza has been transformed into this place where all these people from all these different walks of life have shelter, food, medical among other things for free. Sure, its all in a DIY, ramshackle sense but still it exists and it's happening and it's working to some degree. Around two in the afternoon there was an anti-capitalist march that wound through the streets of Oakland passing by the banks and a certain upscale grocery store that threatened its employees with termination if they attended the strike. And it finally happened, the type of action that I had been waiting for—paint bombs were thrown, windows were smashed. Actual property damage. Something that would disrupt people's daily activities. The cost of a window is probably equivalent to a quarter lost in a couch to a big bank but it forced them to close up shop for the day. It sends more of a message then waving a peace sign. It destroys something that is held in such high regard in corporate culture: property, stuff. As the windows of one bank were shattered someone yelled in "you hear us now? We tried everything: we wrote letters, we signed petitions, we protested, and you didn't listen. Did you hear that though? Do you hear us now?" Our anger finally manifested in a physical way.

I understand the sentiment "don't destroy Oakland," but the banks are not Oakland. If anything the banks have a hand in destroying Oakland. That big yuppie chain grocery store that got paint bombed deserved to get paint bombed. That is not our neighborhood, they couldn't give a fuck about our neighborhood, they threatened to fire their employees if they participated in the strikes. Or the idea that the people of Oakland had worked hard to "clean up the city" and that property damage somehow destroyed that work, but the people who broke windows are also the people of Oakland; there's not a band of black blocs who travel the country smashing windows. If there are out-of-towners smashing windows, it's probably narcs, it's fucking cops. And though I've used violence and property damage pretty interchangeably in what I've written so far, really equating breaking a window with beating a person is to say that property is human, that the banks are a person and this is exactly the problem, in the eyes of the law corporations are people.

Later on waves of people filled the streets towards the port to shut down the night shift. As we crested an overpass the sun was setting and you couldn't see the beginning or the end of the crowd, it was just an endless stream of people, and regardless of our specific thoughts on the occupation, regardless of our feelings about non-violent versus violent protest, we were all headed in the same direction to do the same thing.

This is the thing: radical ideas, radical things can only be implemented and/or can only happen if everyone agrees to it to some degree. There can be some slight ideological differences, but if everyone can agree on a broad idea than things can happen. More than enough people agreed to leave work, more than enough people attended the rally, more than enough people went to the port to shut it down.

Later on we reclaimed a building that was formally a homeless outreach center that was now owned by banks. Books were being moved in to it to create a library, there was plans for housing for the occupation as the winter months come along. People were dancing in the streets, it was a gigantic celebration. Then the cops came.

The media claims that the cops came due to bonfires in the streets. The cops were advancing on us when the fires were lit. Some people think that the fires were started by narcs. I'd believe it. Some protesters believe that the cops came because we began to occupy private property rather than staying in the public property that is Oscar Grant Plaza. I have a hard time believing that that many riot cops could assemble that quickly. I'm pretty sure that the sheer number of people that were there during the day — not to mention the number of families that attended — forced the cops to stay away. If there had been a crackdown during the day that would have been the beginning of another PR nightmare. I mean, cops didn't even show up when we were smashing in bank windows. Not a fucking cop in sight. It didn't even make sense. But as midnight hit, after the crowds thinned, after the families went home, *that's* when the cops showed up. I wouldn't be surprised if that was the plan for the whole time. Probably was.

When the cops showed up that was when the general destruction started. That's when the random property damage happened. During the day everything was specific and strategic. It was only banks and a shitty chain. The cops came and it became a destruction free for all. But this is what always happens. For as long as I've been going to protests and actions, things don't get tense and chaotic until the cops show up. They bring the shit vibe.

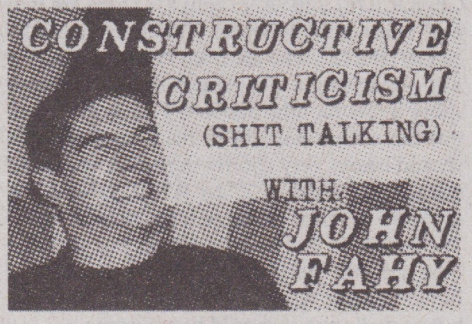
The tear gas was stronger that night. On other nights I had been gassed and it was just uncomfortable. This was like, intense pain for 45 minutes. Instead of being a situation where it was like "this is a protest where you will probably get tear gassed, you may get arrested" and everyone runs away from the tear gas in the same direction and the medics are there when you need them. Instead, this was like a party gone bad. Of course, though we realized the cops would probably show up, it still ended up in utter chaos. We got gassed, there were rubber bullets, people were arrested.

Of course the media mainly talked about the shit part; that is to be expected. Even if the day hadn't ended in violent chaos, the media would still find away to act like the movement is all just evil anarchists. Why do we expect anything else?

But earlier at the port, as I stood on top of a truck surrounded by tens of thousands of protesters, the glimmer that I mentioned before became real. We did it. We shut the fucking city down. It is possible.

I still have a lot of problems with the movement, as I said before labeling ourselves "the 99%" collapses all of us into the same situation, as if racism and sexism doesn't exist, as if classism is exclusive to the 1%. It's vague. I'd rather just say "fuck the one percent." The fact that the people who believe in peaceful protest are trying to have an overall policy of nonviolence for Occupy Oakland. While I think it's fine that the General Assembly doesn't condone the violent actions of protesters and tries to distance itself from that, an overall policy of nonviolence will not convince those who believe in violence otherwise and it will only divide us. So on and so forth.

But I do, I feel hopeful. As Angela Davis said on the morning of November 2, 2011 "To quote June Jordan 'we are the ones we've been waiting for.'"



Micro-Interview

We live in the age of the status update. In an attempt to lure the modern punk rocker with the most major of attention deficits and slow the frenzied flipping of pages to the "What's The Scoop" section, I have devised the ultimate cheater-column—behold the Micro-Interview. Below are eight extremely brief interviews with people throughout the Midwest and East Coast areas who were graciously—somewhat rudely—bothered and questioned for a moment; these interviews are just long enough to tug information from them and satiate my own scattered mind.

[All interview subjects were asked one to two (last minute) questions over modern communication methods (phone, text, and email) and asked to limit their answers to roughly one hundred words—not an easy task for some queries.]

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Greg Mazur lives in Washington D.C., plays in DEATHRATS, booked a killer show in the capitol for my band last summer and generally rules.

What's happening with DEATHRATS right now? Are you doing any other musical projects?

In terms of DEATHRATS, we are unfortunately breaking. We have one last tour in December and our last show is in D.C. on January 13th. I also sing in a band called HUBRIS. We are a '90s sounding hardcore band. We have a demo and our 7" will be out in December, hopefully, but since most of us are in a bunch of bands it's hard to do a lot. We will hopefully be doing some weekends once the record is out. My newest band is called PLIANT and I play bass. This is kind of a project band. Two of us live in Washington, D.C. (Zack from STATE VIOLENCE and myself) and the other two live in Amherst (Jeff and Jack from SKVLT). Our motto for the band is "Practice in D.C., Record in Amherst, Tour for Life." I am really excited for these songs since they are the first I have written in a long time and they are really heavy. Not to mention everyone else in the band is so good at what they do.

Scott Bentz is well known for his cover art on many punk records in the last decade (my personal favorites among his work are the two RATIONAL ANIMALS EPs on Feral Kid Records). He is originally from Tampa and now lives in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Tell me about what kind of artwork you're working on, personally and for others. Do you have a set price for artwork when bands approach you to do a record cover?

For me it's always lady faces in various states. For bands it varies. I try to go on as much detail about what they want as they will give. Usually, I charge around 50 to 100 dollars. It weeds out the flaky bands that ask me for stuff that then break up a week later. I love drawing for punk bands so hit me at bentzsco@gmail.com.

Meredith Graves, of SHOPPERS, lives in Syracuse, New York and does National Handbag zine along with other DIY projects...

Tell me about your clothing business. Is it rewarding in all respects?

I run an online vintage clothing shop called Hank & Company. Work means going to thrift stores, garage and estate sales, anywhere there might be old clothing, picking out the stuff I think is really special, mending and modifying it as needed, photographing it, getting it online, and then getting people to care. Effectively speaking, I make less than minimum wage. I have to support it with other work (mostly doing tailoring and alterations, or modeling for life drawing classes), but it is incredibly fulfilling and sort of punk, as I do literally everything involved myself and can completely control my schedule.

Joe Mangum lives in Lexington, Kentucky, collaborates with local bands, and plays in THE ELSINORES, who are about to release a 7" entitled, You're The One, *followed by their LP,* Chapter One *on Karmic Swamp Records.*

What are some reasons bands should come to Kentucky?

First off, there's Ale-8 One; a local soft drink that, in my opinion, is one of the greatest in the history of mankind. Second, if you come to Lexington, I'll watch *Beavis and Butthead* with you. Third, some of the coolest people I've ever met live here and I think that the people who live here come up with some of the coolest and most original ideas as far as making music (and being cool) goes. To quote Adam Brewer, a fellow Kentuckian and the genius behind

GLOBSTERS, "I think people in Kentucky express themselves in some pretty beautiful ways."

Chris Sommer lives in Springfield, Illinois and is endlessly busy working on collaborations, a tape label, solo projects (notably YEUNG), screen printing, zine-making, cooking...

First, update me on what you now have going as far as zines and bands.

YEUNG is playing in a couple weeks with CLOUD RAT and a new mongoloid-distort band I play drums in called RENEGADE ASSAULT TANK. *Eat Yr Young* #2 will be done as soon as I have a couple hours to stone my life away in Office Max and *Earth Noise Eternal* #1 will be out after December.

What's happening in Springfield?

The scene here is super boring, but I've been putting in effort to liven things up... Started a distro again that only goes to shows, bringing a small snack-bar of vegan treats from my work, playing VHS showcases on the big-screen TV there, lots of fliers/posters for gigs I'm related with. St. Louis is only about two hours away and there's something solid worth traveling there for at least once a month.

Karen Heeringa lives in Michigan and writes an online column in grscreamer.com, alongside publishing several zines. Her contact info: crablezines.wordpress.com / PO Box 6912, Grand Rapids, MI 49516

You've been doing some public speaking lately—how did that come about? What are you reading from?

I became more active in letting people know about zines, which includes pestering people into taking my zines home with them instead of me just tossing them on a table at a show. I'm fortunate to have friends who are very ambitious in making G.R. a great place for alternative art, and they're usually the one's that ask me to speak at events. I have a lot of zines out and I usually read from one of them. My ghost story zine, *Haunted Ground*, is the best to read in front of an audience because the stories are scary and depending on the situation, people get really scared and start to cry. One of my other zines about mixtapes isn't really good to read aloud because it's kind of awkward and short.

What do you have shaking next as far as writing?

For the future, I'm planning on writing a second issue for my personal story zine, *Jesse Owens*, and also sometime next year I'm going to finish the fifth issue of *Mixtapers Do It Better*.

Chris Moore lives in Washington, D.C. and plays drums in COKE BUST, SICK FIX, and D.O.C among others.

What's next for D.O.C.?

D.O.C. just finished recording and mixing for a split LP with TRIAC from Baltimore. It will be out on RSR sometime in early 2012. We just put out a split 7" with MIND AS PRISON, which is another Baltimore based grindcore band. In the winter time, we are going to be doing an East Coast tour with our homies TENEMENT from Wisconsin and my other band Coke Bust. If you haven't listened to TENEMENT, go out and do so ASAP; they are probably the best punk pop garage band out there. Their newest LP, *Napalm Dream* is fucking awesome. Then at some point we are going to record for a split with SHITSTORM and do a West Coast tour with those dudes.

Do you want to talk about your experiences with Scion?

Yeah, being a millionaire is awesome.

Dan Barker lives in Boston and runs Shock To The System Records while also playing drums for FOREIGN OBJECTS and LIBYANS.

LIBYANS just went to Japan, what blew your mind?

Pretty much everything there blew my mind. I think the coolest thing was how considerate people were of each other's space. People wear masks if they're sick so they don't infect others, which is pretty thoughtful. Also MIGHTNIGHT RESURRECTOR covered OUT COLD, so that ruled.

What's cooking right now with Shock to the System?

Over the summer the 7" by RESIST CONTROL came out as well as the GOD EQUALS GENOCIDE/ LIBYANS split 7". There are two new releases in the works. The first one is a 7" by OUTDATES who are from Western, MA. It's a two-song single. They did their record release show a few months ago and I have the vinyl, but the covers have been held up forever. It should be out very shortly though. The second release is the debut 7" by ANCIENT FILTH, who are an incredible, newish Boston band. The record is six songs, I think. I'm splitting that with the band. It should be out soon. I think some artwork just needs to be finished, but once it's out, it should be awesome.

Chris Donaldson lives and teaches in Miami, Florida while also operating Drugged Conscience Records. DCR has recently released the SHOPPERS debut LP and have upcoming releases including a ROSE CROSS 7", TENEMENT – Napalm Dream *2xCS box set and a NO CHILDREN 7", the latter being a UK pop/punk-ish band Donaldson recently joined. Chris has played drums in many a band, constantly confuses Russell Simmons with Richard Simmons and is a rascal.*

I would like you to go far over the word limit for the purpose of telling me your Wyoming tour story.

Summer of 2006. I filled in for a punk band out of Chicago playing drums. We did a full U.S. tour and had an awesome time, but like any tour, ran into troubles and big fucking weirdos. We played a show in Denver, CO, only to shoot through the night towards Washington. We ended up getting gas in Wyoming, which is probably the only reason to ever stop in Wyoming. It was ungodly late at night and me and another band mate (Geekboy) wanted to grab some chips and sodas for the road. We stood in line, overhearing an issue between the clerk and a customer in front of Geekboy. Said customer was trying to pay with this stupid, toy coin that's like 6" around, with an anonymous face on the front of it and "COPY" printed huge across the back. He keeps telling the clerk it's the new $5 coin, similar to a Sacagawea, until finally the clerk takes it and starts counting out his change. Geekboy, in disbelief, just kept staring at what was going on, only to say, "Fuck this," under his breath and walk out with all the snacks in his arms. I waited in line and paid because I'm chicken shit and can't steal anything without my whole body shaking. I left the gas station to two confused clerks arguing over where to put this $5 coin, since it obviously wouldn't fit in the register. That is why Wyoming is stupid and you should never go there.

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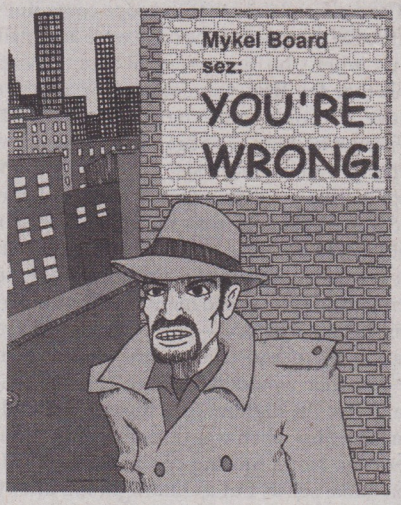
This was a good time. Big thanks to all micro-interviewees, people I think are legit and doing admirable things. Contact me here: faheyjohn@hotmail.com or John Fahy, 15011 Lakeside View Dr. Apt. 2402, Fort Myers, FL 33919.



"Nobody reads anymore" —Steve Jobs

I write these columns long before you read them. Today is October 24th, 2011. For Jews, it's 5773. Yom Kippur...the Day of Atonement... no food or water for 24 hours...a concentrated Jewish Ramadan... has just passed.

As I write this, a few of the most exciting weeks in history have also just past. Occupy Wall Street started and spread around the world. Steve Jobs died of liver cancer. Muammar Gaddafi (the name with a thousand spellings) died at the hands of U.S. aided Libyans. Can I put all this in one column? Do I have anything to say about it that hasn't been said before?

You bet I can. You bet I do.

PART 1: Considering what's been going on in Israel for the past 40+ years, I never thought I'd be supporting an occupation. But this Wall Street stuff is inspiring. And it's more inspiring because so many people *just don't get it*.

I visit the site for an Occupy Wall Street Yom Kippur service. I've arrived early to check out the other occupiers. The park is a punkhouse turned inside-out. Paths with free food (I avoid it because Food Not Bombs, whose nauseating fare has converted thousands of vegetarians to carnivorism, has probably provided the food), free clothes (I avoid them because of the bedbug scare), free sex (yeah, right). Key point: people give stuff away. They don't sell it. Posters, silk-screened T-shirts... give it away. Free.

On the propaganda front, there are leaflets and signs... stuff about Israel, the Middle East wars, the bank bailouts, and human consciousness... as many anti-Obama as anti-anything else. (After all, it *was* Obama who bailed out the banks.) Everything is permitted.

An old bearded fat guy sits on a wall. He looks familiar. "Aron?" I ask.

He nods.

"Mykel Board," I say re-introducing myself.

"I remember you," he sprays into my face. It is indeed Aron Kay, the famous '70s pie-thrower and Yippie who hit Andy Warhol, G. Gordon Liddy, and Phyllis Schlafly among others. Once a folk hero, now he's almost forgotten. Not by me.

There's more to see... to report... too much for this column. Besides, I have to get back across Broadway in time for Yom Kippur services. And through the magic of print... *BANG*! I'm there.

Someone hands me a prayer book. Free. I see that the books have been donated by Congregation Beth Simchas Torah... the homogogue I usually go to for this holiday. We pass them around to new comers.

There are about 1000 of us Jews here. Makes and models range from men with curly sideburns to men in dresses. Ages 6 to 80 or older... mohawks to white shirts to Aron Kay. Our purpose? Support the occupiers — of Wall Street, not Palestine — and celebrate Judaism's holiest day.

Electric amplification is prohibited in the occupied territories. It would give the cops a chance to bust us. The rabbi speaks loudly.

He starts the service. "We start with the blessing on page 32," he says.

"WE START WITH THE BLESSING ON PAGE 32," shouts the crowd closest to him— human amplifiers who pass the word on to the rest.

As the rabbi continues, the crowd repeats the prayers and chants, making a human PA system. It lasts the full two hours of the service.

As I wrote in the beginning of this column, Yom Kippur is a "Day of Atonement." Jews ask forgiveness for all the bad stuff we've done during the year. Here, the rabbi asks us to volunteer a promise of something we're sorry for and we resolve not to do the next year. He starts.

"I will take all my money out of the Bank of America," he says.

Someone else stands up, "I won't continue to let Jews blindly defend Israel until there's really a Palestine."

Another person, "I will visit my friends in the hospital, even if it's inconvenient for me."

There are dozens: Political, personal, humorous, serious, and dumb, ("I will not drink orange juice right after brushing my teeth")... just like the signs and leaflets across the street at the occupation.

Fast forward: Later in the week, I read that professional liberal, Susan Sarandon, visited the Wall Street site and complained that the participants "lack focus." Others have said the occupiers have "no issue"... "no clear-cut plan." "They're just a bunch of dreamers."

I say, *yeah*! All that!

When Aron Kay —and I — were in the Yippies, we had three demands. 1. An end to the war in Vietnam. 2. No more pay toilets in New York City. 3. Mass ecstasy.

The Wall Street Occupation is like that. Anyone can join. Your dream is their demand. Focus shmocus. The sky's the limit. It's your chance to show what you really want. Fuck possibility. Fuck practicality. That stuff is for politicians, not dreamers. Occupiers *are* dreamers... and that's a great thing.

How 'bout: 1. Pull out the troops from Iraq, Afghanistan, and everywhere else. 2. Re-regulate the banks. 3. End capitalism

Sound good? At least for starters. What's your dream?

Part 2: Why I'm happier about a dead Steve Jobs than I am about a dead Muammar Kadafi.

Steve Jobs, glad he's dead:

1. He was a corporate shmuck just like any other corporate shmuck. Yet, somehow, he could trick a generation of anti-corporaters into loving him.

2. He helped kill real human interaction. Go out with anyone today and you're lucky if you can get two words in between the texting, cellphone answering, facebooking, app-hell created by the iPhone. It used to be, when you left home or left work, you left that shit behind. Now it's with you all the time. Being with someone is never *being with* someone. It's being with someone and their i-connections to other people who are ignoring *their* live mates to check their i-tweets.

3. He helped wreck independent music. Felix Havoc's columns have been a great introduction to how Apple strangled independent music. Records, covers, vinyl, even CDs... They're all dead. If you don't distribute through iTunes, you won't be heard. Related to that is...

4. He wrecked music quality. The sampling rate for anything you get over the internet is much lower than the CD sampling rate, and much worse than analog vinyl quality. Subtleties are lost. Quality and *live* sound is lost in the urge for "convenience." People listen to iPods/iPhones for the same reason they eat at McDonalds. It's really easy. Shitty, but easy.

5. He blocked the city sidewalks. You can't walk down the street without rear-ending some idiot talking/texting/map-reading on an iPhone.

6. He made consumers out of producers. How many people still have blogs, or personal webpages? No one creates content anymore... except professional content creators. You don't need to make it. There's an APP for that. PLUS Apple killed porn apps, with censorship much worse than government censorship. With the government, you know it's there and you work around it. With i-Censor, you don't even know it's there.

7. He killed bar bets. You can't bet your friends that Dushanbe is the capital of Tajikistan. They can just look it up on their iPhones. The thrill of "finding out," "looking up," "discovery," is gone. Now you just push a few icons. Why *know* anything at all? You can find out with your iPhone.

8. He killed diversity. Go to an internet café and you'll see a sea of soft white apples blazing out of collective computers. It's a monopoly. A mind monopoly of anyone under 30. I said "mind," but anyone with an Apple anything is a zombie. Forget about mind.

Muammar Qaddafi, sad he's dead:

1. Now the Obamites are gonna have to find someone else to go after. Another day, another target. It could be *you*! The Obama administration said it has the right to kill American citizens without trial if "they present a danger." Details at tinyurl.com/amerikill.

2. *Time* magazine, in its May 16, 2006 issue, had a feature story "Why Khadafy's Now a Good Guy." In that article, Khadaffi talks about entering the League of Nations and negotiating rather than destroying.

3. He was a leader in the African Unity movement against American, Chinese, and Russian imperialism. In 2001, he hosted the inaugural meeting of the new African Union.

4. Women lived better under Khadaffi than in the Shiekdoms of America's friends the Saudis. Gadhafi was one of the few secular leaders in the Arab world. He did not believe in Islamic fundamentalism. In Libya, women have been able to go to school, join the army, and walk around with their faces hanging out.

5. Khadaffi was a natty dresser. *Vanity Fair* gave his clothes the thumbs up for innovative dressing. Sometimes he wore medallion military chic... dictator black. Sometimes, it was almost drag. He just didn't give a shit about Western fashion tastes. In other words, he was punkrock.

6. Khadaffi did not tax his citizens. Their housing, education, healthcare were all *free*. The leader built a huge water pipe across the desert to ensure water was in supply for all of his major cities, as well as irrigating the desert to give them food security. Free.

7. Under Khadaffi, Libya had the highest living standard in Africa. According to the Human Development Index, it ranked in the top third out of 172 countries in the world — before NATO and Rebel interference

8. Ron Paul (wrong on everything domestic, right on (almost) everything foreign) wrote:

"Momar Khaddafi was not the evil rogue portrayed by Western propaganda. In fact, he was a hero. Qadhafi's Gold Dinar Plan and Libya's Public Central Bank would have changed the monetary system and freed all of Africa from the Private Central Bank System. Ultimately, it might possibly have freed the NATO host nations from their own parasites – Vampire Private Central Banks.

Qathafi's courage and pioneering efforts in trying to restore national sovereignty and making the government responsible to the people instead of to the Global Banking Elites is the reason why he was targeted and killed.

NATO terrorist attacks will not get the Western nations out of debt – only an honest Public Central Bank – like the attempted Bank of Libya – would. But guess what? With Gaddafi now out-of-the-way, the

IMF and The World Bank have moved in to Libya, and have reestablished their control and dominance there. And (black man) Obama was the ringleader in the effort to reassert the impoverishment of Africa.

There will be no independence, and there will be no freedom.

The only way for a Country to be Sovereign is to have sovereign control of its money."

9. All those ways to spell his name! Ah, that fun will be lost.

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or blog viewers (mykelsblog.blogspot.com/) will get live links and a chance to post comments on the column.]

-->Occupy this dept: According the *Washington Post*, the top-earning 0.1 percent of Americans (average income $5.6 million a year) saw a 385% raise in their income since 1975. The bottom 90%... we lost ground.

-->Separation of mouth and brain dept: Speaker of the House, John Boehner, keeps saying the country is "broke" so Americans United for Separation of Church and State asks why he is determined to funnel $20 million in tax dollars to religious schools in Washington, D.C.

Boehner is attempting to railroad the reauthorization of a nasty school voucher "experiment" through the House. "Speaker Boehner says we're broke and have to slash federal spending," said the Rev. Barry W. Lynn, executive director of Americans United. "Yet, he's willing to throw $20 million at religious and other private schools."

-->*Great ideas dept:* I'm waiting for the first all girl Lebanese punk band. I've been saving this name for you for the past few years. You're welcome to it. Just give me credit: **LEZBOLLAH**.

-->Speaking of punk rock dept: I've seen so many bands during the last month... hell, the last week... it's making my head spin. Tons of oldsters still making punk... or doing it again. Former *MRR*ers, Fly and Jennifer Blowdryer, played on the same bill as COJOBA for Girl's Night at Otto's. Not long before that, I saw NOFX (thanks for the guest list Mike!) with ANTI-FLAG and cowpunkers OLD MAN MARKLEY. Wow!

And now, I'm still feeling the hangover (thanks Kenny) from last night's MEATMEN, BLACK FAG (check out the YouTube video if you don't know them... homo versions of B.F. songs), RUNNY, and BEER AND CABLE... two bands you never heard of, both whose members are... er... not young... both among the best things to wreck my ears in *months*. Oh yeah, thanks Tesco for the great *Touch and Go* book and the admission!

-->*How 'bout some equality dept:* The Oakland police force has shot into and seriously injured Occupiers in that city. One former Iraqi vet has brain damage from the attack. So we've got the government attacking its own people. Well, Mr. Obama, how 'bout a no-fly zone over the East Bay? Or even better, send in the drones!

-->*It's already working dept:* As of today, you can already see the effects of Occupy Wall Street. Obama has publicly criticized the Bank of America for its ATM card fee *and* (except for several thousand "advisers,") announced the end of the war in Iraq. Newspapers may give other reasons, but don't ever doubt *WE did it*.

It's honestly starting to feel like the world is fucking ending. Slowly, steadily crawling out from the shadows behind the back of collective humanity with a glimmering, freshly sharpened knife clenched in its sweaty palms. Like a vengeful, sullen beast who has had enough. I'm looking at the headlines; I'm looking at the downed power-lines everywhere amongst a snowy Halloween (the first one in the 31 years my father has lived here, damn). I'm looking at the panic, the anxiety, the protests, the indifference, the anger, the apathy...maybe it's just 'cause I haven't been around long enough to see how bad it can really get, but can you honestly say you've seen it get like this? Kids are getting fucked by rubber bullets in the street, cities are being looted around the world, and maybe those end-times fortunetellers finally have it right. Maybe it's over, or about to be over.

It's staggering to see how many people are swallowing all the bullshit and telling themselves everything is alright. Amidst all the confusion, the obvious tumult, the obvious anger, people simply just analyze the random snippets of news reports and tell themselves that there's nothing to be mad about. That it's all fine. Going to school and hearing the shit that comes out of both the kids' and teachers' mouths is depressing. The inclination to get up and go for it, pick up an instrument, start a band, or whatever, do *anything*, it seems decreasingly irrelevant and increasingly necessary.

The number of incredibly fucked things happening in the world is piling up and people are still nestled in boredom. I'm not trying to write some sort of manifesto here, I don't care what the fuck anybody else does. But, despite the weird internet-presence and muddiness of what I've observed in the "occupy" movements, I empathize greatly with what the wilder sects of those movements are doing. I don't give a fuck about their agenda at this point, if they even have one, or anybody's for that matter, so long as it's not steeped in the desire for subjugation of others. I can't help but respect the simple act of stomping feet and crying out, even if it's just to kill the boredom. This all might seem melodramatic to the "dignified" parts of the world, blowing out amps, and screaming 'till your hoarse, but fuck them.

I'm losing care about the fact that I'm just a first world suburban brat, despite being of a status that the more hardened and blistered population might scoff at, there's little that's status specific about the anxiety that's on the rise. Despite the fact that punk is not a coherent social movement, and shouldn't be, it's becoming more and more relevant by the day. Who the fuck cares about people posing when there are plenty of people who aren't? All the intricacies of jadedness and disillusion seem moot, while all the carnal lust for release swells into prominence. All of a sudden music sounds more alive in my ears, playing it sends new sensations down my spine, drawing feels more necessary, writing feels more necessary: inspiration is flowing. When I see these headlines and look at what's happening around me and all around the world a desperate sense of anxiety falls over me, it feels as though there is nothing more urgent than to try to make something out of all of this and undercut the expanding void that lies right before us. It feels as if there is nothing more urgent than to make it all count, even if it's all meaningless in the end. This has little to do with the insularity that punk has succumbed to in a lot of ways, and much more to do with the necessity of making life matter. In this case though, for me, and for most people reading this rambling mess, punk is an integral part of the life we seek to make matter, so to cut the ramble short and pick up somewhere else I'm gonna write about ten hardcore songs whose sounds have been bringing sweat to my hands and curl to my toes.

1. "Fake Bands" – Dicks

I don't even need to tell you that live records suck, you and I both know this. But guess what, the Dicks were probably one of the wildest, most obnoxiously impassioned bands to ever come out of the desperate Cold War era. This song rips through with so much fervor, with whiskey soaked vocal chords snarling over a jangly, hard-hitting riff and an impassioned attack on drums. As with many of their songs, the lyrics ring out with such resounding, timeless truth that you raise your eyebrows, while you ask yourself "how?!" "Hate the Police" deserves a spot on this list too, but that's kind of a fuckin' given, don't you think?

2. "Ripped and Glued" – The Repos

Take this as a Trojan horse for every song on both their 12"s. I'm starting to truly believe that these might be two of the best hardcore records ever made. They bottle the most depraved and dejected feelings and pour them out with the most deranged delivery imaginable. Rabid, frothing vocals double-tracked over knife-like tube-distorted guitar riffs and cardboard-box drumming, all colliding to create some of the most blunt and catchy hardcore music made. They've bottled the most base and undesirable aspects of hardcore as a whole and perfected it to an enraged craft. You'd think with old age they'd lose some of their bite, but The Ropes sound all the more vile. Seriously, how do you write 17 songs that span over 11 minutes, so condensed and vast in its substance that it feels

like an anxious clusterfuck of an eternity, in the fucking studio?

3. "Knives," "Tooth and Nail," and "In the Thick" – Crazy Spirit

Three songs that work together to encompass the exact feelings that make me come back to punk no matter how much logic stacks against it. "Knives" emanates the throbbing, wretched feelings that run through my mind as I deal with all the people around me with a morose guitar lead and a sweating delivery. My body runs cold whenever this plays, thrown into a solitary bliss of anger sweating out. "Tooth and Nail" fits with the carnal, primal themes of its lyrics so well that it's uncanny. And never have I so consistently wanted to stomp my feet and yell as much as when the wailing desperation of "In the Thick" slithers into my ears. New York rules.

4. "Cold Comfort" – Poison Idea

While "Pick Your King" as a whole serves as the best thing this band ever did, with all its teenage dejection and depravity, lashed out in some of the most finely crafted bursts of alcohol soaked hardcore, this song serves as a serious contender for my favorite thing the band ever did. The total, absolute hopelessness and spite expressed has maybe never lost its relevance, it only swells more and more as times get increasingly bleak.

5. "Crash the Clubs" – Deaf Mutations

The most obnoxious, discontent, pimply and pissed off aspects of hardcore seem to be channeled into one hell of an anti-hipster-club-trash anthem. Vocal chords cracking with spite, drums marching like an army of pimply faced freaks stomping down the street with violence in their minds, and a song structure that bubbles and seethes with the most taut, simplistic tension one could produce from worn out amps, a shitty drum set, a sore throat, and broken guitars. If you didn't already have violence on your mind when you walk briskly past a group of obnoxious dance-club fuckheads, this song will make sure you do.

6. "Nessune Ragione" – Indigesti

1-2-3 go, don't fucking stop till it hurts. Don't ever look back. There's the beauty of hardcore, it's a worldwide language and arguably one that expresses more than anything else contending with that title. Tightly wound riffs, wailing vocals, drums barely holding on, and a conclusion that makes you think they couldn't have possibly produced more. This snotty, deranged nut from Italy circa 1982 could be singing about anything for all I know, but the rabid intensity spilling out of every note they produce makes me nod in agreement regardless, as I fight to prevent myself from flailing on the ground in a fit of release.

7. "Hello Tomorrow" – Condominium

This deranged battering is one of the most simplistic offerings from a band that has managed to push the boundaries of what you can term "hardcore" effortlessly. 1-2-1-2 simpleton pounding with enough density to clog your thoughts, as the vocals—which sound like they're being delivered in spite of a chloroform rag stretched across the guy's face—drive you insane. Every time I come across another band that is actively adding a completely deranged and revamped approach towards making punk music, I'm in awe. Condominium, Crazy Spirit, Dawn of Humans, Hammerheads… the list is alarmingly long and it brings an ear-to-ear grin to my face.

8. "Punch" – Tar Babies

This song just fucking crawls. Like few others. Maybe no other. The first time I heard it I was sitting in a living room with a battered up face gifted to me by some meatheads stomping around during an Avon Ladies set, as the swirl of piss-beer drained from my head. I couldn't think of a more perfect atmosphere to hear it. Knuckle-dragging, dirty, vile, and wide-eyed in its delivery, this is a real fuckin' gem of a hardcore bashing.

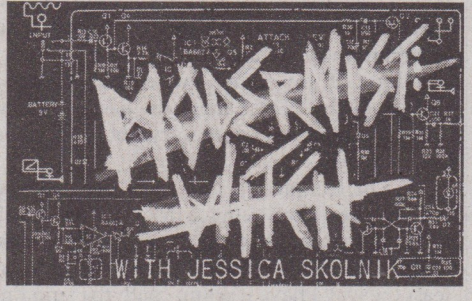
9. "Suburban Fight" – Vile

I really question myself about digging this band as much as I do, constantly fabricating rationalizations for being behind a band so blatantly imbecilic in lyrical content. I hear some of these absolutely mentally retarded lines and can't help but think they had to have been taking the piss out of everyone. But, this song brims with the kind of hostility than any suburban kid can get behind, thankfully bereft of the dodgy bullshit contained in their other stuff. Noisy, violent, hostile, and thick-headed. We fucking hate you, we fucking hate you.

10. "Every Day" – Vile Gash

Blunt, savage *noise*. Relentless and stupid, executed with such a violent fervor that you'll be overtaken. Their songs beat with such a hypnotic simplicity that you'll be driven into a rage whether you felt great before dropping the needle, or you already felt terrible. I saw a picture of the two founding members of this band in *Nuts* #8, hanging out in some sort of North Western nature oasis type thing, and they still manage to look hostile. If that's not "living it," I don't know what is. This particular mid-paced basher takes up the whole B-side of their just released, less-than-three minutes-long 7", and it fills that time with such a density that you'll feel like you just came out of an atomic bombs blast when the grooves end.

I guess that's all for now. Listen to punk in your headphones as you watch the apocalypse unfold, or better yet, do some of the damage that will bring it all to a screeching, vile end. Contact me at eggmangel@gmail.com for whatever, and send me your Repos 12"s.



The Law Can't Stop The Anger of the Crowds (or, Why Organized Labor Matters to Punks)

With the momentum that the Occupy/Decolonize movement has given organization around issues pertaining to the struggles of working people in this global/local capitalist system we're all participating in at the moment, I figured I should use this space this month to talk about why organized labor is forever a punk issue. Full disclosure: I think I've mentioned this before, but I'm a union staffer from a union family. (Yes, corruption is possible within the union structure, as it is in any bureaucracy. Everyone I know and deal with on the union side has clean hands and is invested in being above-board and transparent.)

At any rate, the environment in the U.S. in regards to organized labor is a pretty bleak one at the moment. If you live in Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, Maine, New Jersey, or Oklahoma (there may be other states out there I'm not aware of), during 2011 there was at least one bill passed or proposed in your state that guts the collective bargaining rights ostensibly protected under the National Labor Relations Act. Not since the passage of the Taft-Hartley Act in 1947 have our rights to collectively bargain been challenged and, in some cases, curtailed. The anti-union rhetoric propagated by a relatively small but extremely vocal contingent of the extreme right wing is constant.

Before organizing, wages were much lower (in most cases absurdly low, especially for our members who have families), and some members weren't allowed sick days at all, let alone affordable healthcare and a reasonable retirement fund (I could write a whole column about the disaster that is the state of defined-benefit pension plans, but you'd probably be bored to tears). Just struggling to protect the rights that we've won along the way through the collective bargaining process is a daily fight these days. Lest anyone tell you that union workers make too much, I have yet to see any evidence of that – sure, we make more than non-union workers (though there have been a lot of studies done showing that in areas with strong union presences the average wage also rises because non-union companies have to compete for staffing with union companies, and if you have the choice between someone offering you a decent wage and someone offering you two dollars less an hour, which would you take?), but without the protection and backing of a union there's nothing stopping a company from offering absolute bottom-line wages and benefits (so that they make more profits, of course). In my opinion, that's not how things should work.

Punk business pretty much runs fairly because we're such a small community, there are very few people in this community trying to turn a profit (most of us are just trying to survive, obviously) and we remain accountable to one another — standard practice is to make sure the touring band gets enough gas money to get to the next place, shelter and housing (even if the local bands have to give up their share, which every band I've ever been in has done with no complaints many a time). We make an effort not to rip one another off, and people in the community who *do* rip others off

are generally called out. We do this because we all are invested in this community, through friendships and relationships and labels and zines and bands. I have yet to see that work on a larger-scale level, though, partially because U.S. culture currently prizes the achievement of the individual over the health and welfare of the community (however community is defined), partially because regulation of such things gets really tough as the definition of "community" gets larger, partially because of the whole personal investment thing.

That brings me to the crux of why I'm writing about this here — because punk as a movement is steeped in working-class struggle, and a lot of the punks I know are out there in the streets working with these movements at the moment.

A thing I worry about with the Occupy/Decolonize movements is longevity; I worry that without connection to on-the-ground everyday community organizing (particularly community organizing in impoverished communities/communities of color) and organized labor (some of the more visible protests in bigger cities like New York and Oakland appear to be learning this lesson quickly) the movements will run out of steam, ending up a lot of noise with no follow-through, no impact. I hope that's not the case, and I do see people within those movements working every day to ensure that this is not just an attempt to claw back to the top, forgetting about the people who have been suffering all along, and I am heartened by that. It's key in my eyes to these movements continuing to be relevant (and being based in an idea of true social justice, a leveling of the playing field for everyone) that nobody be left out or behind of these movements who wants to participate, and that means addressing broader socioeconomic issues than just, say, the forgiving of student loan debt. (This is not to say that student loan debt is not a real issue that impacts a lot of us, but that even getting to a place where we have the resources to be accepted to and attend college depends on many factors, some of which involve privilege that not everyone enjoys.) It means making sure that the differences in perspective and experience that privilege grants some of us (in varying ways depending on our backgrounds and the nature of those privileges) are addressed honestly.

I know that organized labor as it stands in 2011 is bureaucratic by nature. That's what happens when you have to stand toe to toe with companies that have a lot of resources that you don't have — you end up with a lot of paperwork that has to be done to make sure everything is aboveboard and you're running as efficiently as you can and your members are getting the services that they're guaranteed under their collective bargaining agreement. No matter how radical you are, there are going to be some bureaucratic elements to your organization. Not the best way to organize yourself, perhaps, but one that makes a lot of sense to a lot of people.

I've had a lot of arguments recently with people who believe that because of that bureaucratic structure that organized labor shouldn't be part of these people's movements, even when we have resources and experience organizing around these issues and are happily willing to ally ourselves. A lot of those people I've had these arguments with are punks, and a lot of those people don't seem to understand what unions actually do these days and why we do what we do. The bottom line is that the company will always be bigger and more powerful than you are alone, and your best bet of standing up to that company and making sure they don't fire you for fucked up reasons or cut your wages or engage in wage theft or any number of other totally awful practices is to make sure all your coworkers stand up with you. That's the basics of what a union is and does. The bureaucratic structure exists for the reasons explained in the above paragraph and the fact that we need to remain accountable under federal labor law. This isn't news to a lot of you, and if you already knew everything I explained in this column — awesome! I feel very frustrated, though, with people who don't seem to understand why organized labor is still relevant and why collective bargaining rights are important and how this all ties in with the economic situation and people's struggle we're in the middle of.

Protest is important. It's important to be out there in the streets making noise, being visible. (If you can be out there in the streets right now, awesome. Not all of us can.) It is equally valuable to be behind the scenes working to make sure that your community isn't getting completely fucked over by the large corporations that live within it, that small businesses are being supported, that your neighbors aren't getting forced out of their homes, that people have enough to buy food to eat, to sustain their families, for us to have places to sleep and affordable access to healthcare should we get sick, and that we aren't being ignored or harassed by the police in our neighborhoods. This is basic, basic stuff — and the more people engaged in community support, the more resources put to use in favor of these goals, the better.

If you have an anti-collective bargaining bill in front of you during the next election (like Ohio SB-5, for example), I'd urge you to vote to protect collective bargaining rights, and to especially go out to vote in local elections where such issues are at stake. It's not just the currently unionized workers in your area who benefit from such things.

I'll get off my (union-made) soapbox now. Ha. All of this is just about the basic shit that we already know as punks; try not to fuck one another over.

P.S. In completely unrelated pedal news: I discovered that using a Metal Muff + '65 Deluxe Reverb pedal with my shitty junior guitar creates the weirdest, coolest sounds (at least the way I have it set up/with the amp I'm currently using). It sounds almost synthesized and a little bit painful to listen to. I really love it.

MIND LESS CONTENTMENT
WITH CHUCK BARRELS

I apologize profusely for shirking my duties and allowing this column to fall by the wayside these past couple of months. Playoff baseball will do that to you. I suppose congratulations are due to the St. Louis Cardinals and Tony LaRussa, and I'll cede that they did play some great baseball. Even if Ron Washington and the Rangers deserved it more in my eyes, they still came up short, despite some rousing locker room speeches. And it was a fitting finale to what was a very long season. But now that America's Pastime is put to rest until spring, the #2 greatest sport in the world is freshly upon us again, and the 2011-12 NHL season promises to be a good 'un. Especially for us Sabres fans, even if Ville Leino has the offensive skills a midget league winger. And I'll say it now, Sidney Crosby will play in no more than a dozen games this year, if any, which is sad but true. Thank god we have Jaromir Jagr back!

So, we are gonna talk about some genuinely *great* records this month. Not just good ones or even really good ones. *Great*. And we'll begin with the latest long-player from Vancouver Canucks boosters SEX CHURCH that goes by the name of *Growing Over*. I thought these Northerners made quite a stir with their 12" on Convulsive Records from last year (which should be long out of print by now if there's any justice in the world) but this LP takes things to further extremes of guitar-based rock spelunking. I like to think they take the guitar force(field) of a SPACEMEN 3 and combine it with the rugged and natural spirit of a GUN CLUB. Twin guitar fry, an exceptional rhythm section (ex-CATHOLIC BOYS no less) and songwriting that balances Kraut-like drive and repetition with primal pedal-effects scree. Absolutely fantastic in a real stick-to-your-ribs fashion, these songs pull you under and keep you there. Also, they're the real deal live if you had the pleasure to see them on their recent US jaunt. Buy this record, an eighth of some cheeba and a Hawaiian pizza and you're all set for one hell of a night. (www.loadrecords.com)

If you survive getting your mind blown by SEX CHURCH, then perhaps you'd like to continue the head injuries and step into the ring with the debut LP from the TRUE SONS OF THUNDER and get your clock truly cleaned. *Spoonful of Seedy Dudes* is the work of some heavy dudes from the Memphis area and it's some dangerous shit indeed. The axes on this record roar so loud at times, I was left wondering if they had recorded the album on an in-use airstrip with some jets taxiing overhead. I feel like they have three guitarists playing four guitars, with the extra one left leaning against an amp…and they kick it every once in a while. They use some sort of "technique" to give the

best songs a feral sounding background roar that is just...frightening sometimes, quite honestly. I'm gonna go out on a limb here and say it sounds like CHEATER SLICKS covering FLIPPER while doing a HAWKWIND jam. I detect whiffs of ACTION SWINGERS guitar-hate and the noisiest of the In the Red roster as well. Total Guitar Destruction is what I'm saying here. Buy it, listen to "Tonight" about twenty times and just drive your car off a cliff. Life stinks, but this record sure doesn't. Screen printed sleeves that look they were packaged while still wet, adding a nice homegrown touch. (jethrowrecords.blogspot.com)

Speaking of trash, how about we discuss a band from New Jersey? No, not the WORST. I'm talking about the nearly-as-legendary LIQUOR STORE, who have dropped a nuclear bomb of a 2XLP on the world by the name of *Yeah Buddy*. If you haven't been witness to their greatness (or Sarim's Journal) yet, well you're missing some serious rock'n'roll business. Because that's what LS are: a genuine rock'n'roll band, one that understands what it means to be a rocker. What guys like Diamond Dave and Handsome Dick and Sweet Lou all understood and did their best to bring to us puny humans through their performances. It's about being larger than life, having a good time all the time and no excess being too absurd. The best way I can sum up LIQUOR STORE's modus operandi is for you to think of a bunch of New Jersey juvenile delinquents (and maybe a Detroit Rock City transplant or two) forming a punk band taking VAN HALEN and THE BOSS as starting points. S-I-C-K. As death. For real. Today's answer to BLUE OYSTER CULT. There's nothing "psych" or "folk" or even "garage" about this—it's just a straight blast of rock heat to your dome. These guys should be headlining arenas not playing shitty bars. Where is the justice?! Deluxe gatefold sleeves feature "Too Hot for *MRR*" cover model Vanessa Blue in a tasteful pose. If these guys aren't classy, I don't know who is anymore... (www.almostreadyrecords.com)

And speaking of kids with a great attitude... the BRAIN F≠ LP has been released on the general public, and *Sleep Rough* is a testament to rock evolution. No matter how many curmudgeonly old dudes (and young dudes) want to say there's no good music being created by the youth of today, it's bands like BRAIN F≠ that keep me from throwing in the towel. I've discussed them at length in this very column, but to reiterate, they take the best of '90s garage punk and hardcore (and everything that came before as well) and meld them together into some sort of hybrid punkola that is energetic, invigorating and ultimately catchy as hell. TEENGENERATE, Dangerhouse Records, American hardcore, Aussie punk, etc, etc...it's exactly what you would want from honest to goodness punk rock in 2011. Speeding tempos, guitar hooks and some of the best girl vs. guy vocal interplay I've heard in a very, very long time. Rookies of the Year, even though I'm not sure if they're eligible for the award this year. Even if they're not, you should stock up on copies of this release. You never know... (www.sorrystaterecords.com and/or www.gravemistakerecords.com)

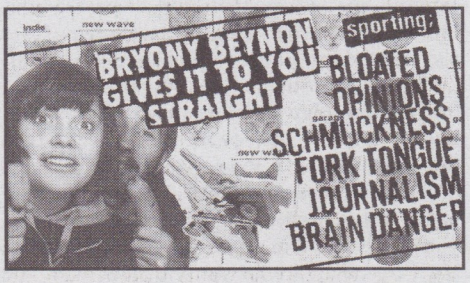
Saving the best of the kids for last...BROWN SUGAR. The LP is called *...Sings of Birds and Racism*. If I didn't know these young bucks already, I'd say that they're probably the best hardcore-punk act in the county right now. But since I do know them, I can verify that *this is a fact*. This record will split your wig. Hardcore velocity, crushing riffs, Rust Belt attitude, the modern-day Robo behind the kit, a highly entertaining frontman, the best elements of NINE SHOCKS TERROR and the ROLLING STONES all rolled into one crushing juggernaut of punk fuckery. Are those horns I hear? Is that a PINK FLOYD riff that dude just peeled off? Is that bass player's beard responsible for his gnarly tone? Do you own this record yet? Why the fuck not?! Even if this band wasn't from Buffalo, I'd still be jocking them hard. That good. Get your wallet out or get mugged. (www.feralkidrecords.com)

IN THE RED RECORDS DEPT.: Larry "Dr. Butcher MD" Hardy is still at it with a release schedule that defies logic. Since I'll only allow myself to talk about one ITR record per installment, and I never break the rules, I'll throw my hat into the ring in regards to this LP by THEE CORMANS. It's referred to as *Halloween Record with Sound Effects*, and I guess that about sums it up. Believe me, I never thought I'd be discussing the merits of a surf record in 2011. I figured we'd all be listening to techno by now. Thank god I was wrong. This isn't just any plain ol' surf intro outing though—this band generates some of the nastiest and filthiest fuzz-scuzz guitar sounds I've heard in ages. And not just the guitars are raunchy, this thing should have an "Adults Only" sticker on it. Not for kids! Or douchebags who think they're too cool to listen garage bands (no sauce). Think of the most gone DRAGS instrumentals, or of NECESSARY EVILS impersonating MAN OR ASTROMAN....or maybe THE BEGUILED? Did someone say HAUNTED GEORGE? Get this even if Halloween has already passed. (www.intheredrecords.com)

SMALL SIZE CALIBER DEPT.: You want seven inches? From the rock'n'roll capital of the world, Cleveland, Ohio? Well, there are two out there now that are worth their weight in platinum. Or aluminum at least. One is the unofficial debut of BAD NOIDS, who are the next big thing in the grand Clev-o hardcore tradition. Young pissed off/on kids playing instruments and singing about shit. Ridiculous. Some are referring to it as the *Ticket to Mars* 7", I refer to it as "The Gamma Toaster EP", but you can just call it a bloody little ripper. The other small-sizer I'm going to mention here is the first "official" release by the mighty FEMSICKLIVER (I guess, they had a lathe/flexi thing out a while back that you don't have...) and it reprises the smash radio hit "Weed Whore" and adds some more FM gold. It's hilarious, yet also a ripper in its own right, for fans of a less attractive MENTORS perhaps. I challenge you to find and purchase both of these records.

REISSUE OF THE YEAR DEPT.: You know, there's been a ton of candidates for reish of the year already...it's gonna be harder to figure out a Top Ten Reissues list than it will be new releases for sure. I will say one thing though, a new label called Superior Viaduct has made it really easy to decide what the #1 spot will be. *Love God–Love One Another* is a reissue of the sole LP by SF's own BLACK HUMOR and it's one of the best things money can buy at this moment in time. I don't really know how to describe it. It's the best parts of SF art-punk: industrial, noise, FLIPPER-esque sludge all done with the utmost intelligence and dark...humor. Not too arty, but very visceral and primal in its DIY attitude. It's something you won't soon forget, and I've yet to see one person listen to this and not be impressed. Unless you have an original copy (which you don't), you need to shell out for this one. Great artwork and packaging (including offset printing, silkscreening and a rubber stamp) with liner notes and thick wax make a purchase mandatory. This one will make a great xmas present for your friends as well! (www.superiorviaduct.com)

That's all for today kids. Now go write your own column...Tribe in 2012! REST IN PEACE SMOKIN' JOE.



So this month I finished *Modern Hate Vibe* 5. This questionable achievement came by way of some more intense than usual laying out hell, including but not limited to a rather heavily confrontational telephone shouting match with a usually perfectly affable print operative, London's cheapest printing hustle, the very same place that Tony uses for *More Noize* (so you know its legit), run by an ebullient but slightly mental Italian chap named Giorgiou, one man, one set of endlessly expressive eyebrows, and his very stolen-looking fleet of dusty, monstrously huge photocopiers, located on the third floor of a business centre somewhere in the discarded ventricle of London's now sprawling venture capital district. It's cool, we're buds again now (and it was him shouting at me, I don't shout.) I've also recently found myself spending increasing hours putting together other bits and pieces of design for the punk world, from the fear-inducing mouse-moves of inserting record cover designs into painstaking digital templates, to the cut-and-run abandon of countless flyers (sometimes remembering to include the date, sometimes not) and not forgetting, of course, layouts for the darling viewspaper you're currently caressing. All of these things have got me thinking about punk art, why it's so rich and interesting, and with

its privileging of the physical cut and paste-isms once borne out of necessity, what it means to carry on those traditions on planet internet. Call it a poke about amongst the endlessly satisfying trinity of cut, glue, stick. The tropes we look for, images we collect for later use, my little obsession with hand rubber stamp letters, all that shit.

In invoking the words "punk" and "art" consecutively, I suppose I'm really talking more about graphic design, if you must, maybe you could call it punk art's more mercenary, better paying younger brother. Most of the most iconic or famous images and assemblages we could call punk art came into existence for promotional or decorational (as in, accompanying a record, adorning a shirt) purposes. Not for hanging on the walls of your bourgie squat, at least in the first instance, anyway. As such, the act of making visuals for punk projects is very different depending on where those visuals are gonna be going. I feel like exploring this subject has pushed me down two distinct but occasionally parallel paths, so let's take a brief foray down both. I mentioned already the fear that wells in my belly when putting the final touches to a record cover that's going to cost you half a month's wages to print and be replicated in its hundreds. By contrast, the lack of that kind of painstaking care involved when knocking up a flyer for a gig, whether on Photoshop or my living room table, has resulted in me forgetting to put the date on them on more than one occasion. Record art and sleeves for singles and LPs, then, seem to have their own distinct history, in being both symbolic and symbiotic of and to the music itself; an advert for a band, often at the very point of purchase, displaying what they are about in the most instant way, the clearest aesthetic accompaniment to the tunes or anti-tunes contained therein. Flyers (and by extension posters) by contrast have another distinct purpose, role and method to their design and distribution. They're disposable, valueless (well, until years later, although god damn do I wish I had been more vigilant about keeping them, just as memory aids more than anything) and meant to be disseminated far and wide. They also age and lose their purpose once the gig is done with, even displaying their use-by date proudly within their design, losing use value in ways record sleeves (and their accompanying records) will not do, at least until people stop making record players. Ask anyone who's had to fish months of out of date flyers from the bottom of their backpack. And yet, with the constant flow of gigs, shows, and fests, there exists a world of commonalities, key tropes, ideas and visual languages with flyer design that you might not have thought of, probably because its quite a rare thing to compare and contrast them. They make their impact in a few seconds, at the best as a mental "save the date" (or, in these Facebook event days, with a stinky "oh yeah, I already clicked 'attending'" rebuttal) before being folded into a jeans pocket and reaching a sad, untimely, fluffy death in your washing machine.

Despite their disposability, it seems there's a perfectly sensible historic lineage to be had in the world of flyers, which might have something do with conscientious older punks digitising their archives over the last ten years. The cool thing about looking at old flyers is getting an idea about how things were in that scene, not only the bands (because its always endlessly fascinating to discover how bands that seem so different shared bills, from Mission of Burma/Negative FX to Heroin/Crossed Out) but also the sense of humour and general sense of aesthetic. That classic Minor Threat flyer with its harsh letraset headline "Would you force a mutant child to walk a mile to see…" has been copied hundreds of times, and a cursory glance through Bryan Ray Turcotte's awesome *Fucked Up and Photocopied* will give you plenty more examples, and cool ideas to rip off, too!

By contrast, and rightly so, designing record sleeves is a far more venerated and agonised-over practice, not least because the packaging a piece of music comes with forms a part of product itself, impacting a potential owners idea of whether the record is worth having as a cool thing in and of itself, as well as a flat surface with some music put inside it by wizards. Deny that at your peril, or put out a really crap-looking single and see what happens. In saying that, crap doesn't necessarily mean ugly, of course, because ugliness in punk terms is, (cf. Iron Lung Records recent LP release of the incredible Total Control – *Henge Beat* LP) a potent and engaging thing. I also had to design a sleeve for the latest Love Triangle record we just put out, the brief of which was to effectively teeter on a hysterically aesthetic vom mish mash brink of Aboriginal dot paintings and cod pysch a.k.a. Uggers as Sin. The only real ugliness, I think, is in a weak concept and/or something that's badly executed. A case in point — regardless of any efforts to shun computers, there is really absolutely no excuse for pixelated artwork. *Come on now it's 2012*! Your children will laugh at you, and perhaps adorn your headstone with badly kerned Comic Sans "RIP, Dickbag." Unless its part of your concept, I guess. For you and for them, you can do better. There are so many different options to think about, different signifiers that speak to different people, that it can seem overwhelming. Good advice, I think, is that simple is always effective, you don't need gold embossed sleeves to get people to buy your record, so don't overspend on the proviso you're going to "make it back." One of the first steps when thinking about all this, in fact, might be a look at the excellent blog Art4Punks, run by a feller that was in Tear It Up, I believe, who publishes cool and fun "record" reviews but *only* as they pertain the physical product, meaning packaging and artwork. This blog gives the kind of detail and narrative that perhaps only someone who's both a profesh designer and a punk can give in terms of "getting it," it is really interesting and insightful, and a cool way of understanding *why* certain things look cool. I learnt what "tip on" actually means from this blog, too.

Deliberate referents abound. Refracted through a punk lens, everything has some kind of new slant, a secret significance. Sitting in the kitchen as I do now, looking upon the '70s Kenwood chef food mixer I inherited from my grandmother (everyone else wanted jewellery, weird) an elaborate set of paring knifes and a whisk, if you squint, and are slightly high from paint fumes as I am right now, I could be the missing piece of a Linder Sterling collage with irons for tits. Fine, so the initial necessity of cut and paste is long gone, and existed before punk anyway, but the fact that we haven't completely abandoned these techniques says something cool, I think. Similarly, as things develop with what's possible digitally, there's a kind of inevitable historicising of the early attempts to incorporate computers into punk design. This is true both for records, thinking about the nascent experiments with "computer aided design" in the mid-'80s (looking back on a lot of these sleeves, "aided and abetted in crimes against eyes" might be more apt) and for flyers, if you check out any zines from the mid-'90s when people first got access to desktop publishing programmes. Who knows what the next trend will be, I kind of hope it is sleeves made in O.G. versions of Microsoft publisher.

Referencing and mimicking the artwork and packaging of records that have gone before is a way to wink, nod, and ultimately link back lovingly to classic eras of outsider music through echoing their aesthetics. Including in that everything from angles to font and the images themselves can be risky, though, because there's a queasiness inherent in striving for authenticity that, like it or not, is just not of our time. It's a thin line from admirer to throwback, though, and if the graphical "look" of our time is endless Helvetica and triangles out your ass, then you can count me out, and frame me in Crass stencil lettering while you're at it.

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1. In reference to some of the above: There are a few copies of *Modern Hate Vibe* five left—if you're in the USA please get it from excellent Sam Richardson in excellent Richmond (www.feelitrecords.bigcartel.com) or get at me here www.modernhatevibe.com
2. You can hear and buy the farewell Sceptres single, which is the band I sang in for four years with my best mates, as well as that fugly Love Triangle single from me and Timmy here: www.direrecords.com
3. The Legion of unstoppable posh turds in the House of Lords are voting to outlaw squatting in this country as I type this. While the impact this will have is way more about the fact that it's going to fucking criminalise homeless people (one year in prison and a £5000/$8000 fine) rather than the punk gigs that occasionally happen in squats, next month I'm going to write about what squatted spaces mean to me and how important it is that we find new ways to resist the shrinking and eventual annihilation of public space.

Word to your mum. (She's lovely.)

[The following is a chapter from my second book, *Surfing Armageddon: Fascists, Fishnets, and Body Fluids In Florida* put out by Soft Skull Press. Check it out! Punk Rock!]

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So there I was, back in New York City, having only been in the bowels of the Redneck Riviera for a few weeks when I saw *them* come onto the tiny stage at CBGB.

It wasn't like I really knew who they were, with their black leather motorcycle jackets, soup-bowl haircuts, and heavy Queens New York accents. I was at this scary club with the most disgusting bathroom in the world an hour after meeting my old pals Chris and Nickhil from Greenwich at Grand Central Station.

We were going out and getting drunk for the night because we knew in the city they served underage kids, and they *never* asked for an ID.

Which was a shame, because our fake ones looked so real.

Anyway, after taking my two pals to *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, and busting their cherries so to speak, we were well on way to CBGB.

Still virgins in real life.

But things eventually would change.

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"Did you turn gay when you moved to Florida?" asked Chris, on the cab ride towards the diviest of bars on The Bowery.

"Huh?" I ask him, confused.

"That movie was the fuckin' faggiest thing I've ever seen," he tells me in his thick French accent.

"Yeah," says Nikhil. An Indian. From India.

That's what he always told us when he asked him where he was from.

I was "George the Jew", Chris was "Chris the Frog," and Nikhil was "Nikhil, the Indian from India." We had more than enough black eyes and bloody noses to prove it.

"You are gay, aren't you," exclaims Chris, "I always knew it. It's cool your mom and stepfather, Nick, let you out of your closet!"

I could have told them I wasn't really into men, and that the joys of masturbation had just been bestowed upon me as a strange gift from my father the cross-dresser, but I let it slide. We were almost to the club, and if they wanted to think I had sex with men it was fine with me. At least they thought I was having sex.

Which, at that point in my life, is really all that mattered.

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"Tip the man," Nikhil yells at me as I'm the last one out of the cab at the corner of Bleeker and Bowery. I tell the guy my tip is to check out *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, he'll see lots of naked women in the isles, and then he just smiled back me with an almost toothless grin.

"Tank you, sir" he tells me. Meaning it.

As we enter the graffiti covered club—well, not really that graffiti covered, yet—we feel the stench of dog shit and stale beer work its way up or noses. Mine and Chris's first, since ours are the biggest.

"It stinks in here," I tell the bearded biker at the door, who charges us each around four bucks, a lot of dough in those days.

"Uh huh," says the smelly Hell's Angel looking guy who takes our money to enter and then goes back to reading a copy of *The Village Voice* he's got laying on his desk. The newspaper that's the bible of what's going on in New York.

Where we'd read about this band, The Ramones, that were to perform that night.

I'd been to the club after *Rocky Horror* before, but this was the first time the place was packed. The bar was three people deep, and it was hard to see the stage off to the right of the club.

"Is this band supposed to be any good, fag?" asks Chris, and we let Nikhil fight his way through the crowd for some bottles of beer.

I tell him I hear they are pretty rockin', like that band Kiss and Thin Lizzy, what all us "freaks" listened to in the tenth grade. "You were a freak," Chris reminds me, as we both stand there in our Izod shirts, "Nikhil and I were normal."

"Yeah, whatever," I tell my still preppy friend.

"A freak, and now a fag," Chris says to me, "What's next, you going to run away and join the circus to fuck elephants? I hear wonders about their long trunks!"

I try to ignore the guy who used to tell me in tenth grade that he liked to eat-out women with a spoon. That he loved drinking "pussy juice," and a table spoon full was just enough, while a tea spoon was too little.

I had no fucking clue what he was babbling about at the time, and felt sorry for any cat that got in his way.

He also taught me those five magic French words that got me knocked on my ass by this beautiful French girl named Monique, who rode on our bus to high school everyday.

I remember the event as if it were yesterday. She got on the bus in super-tight jeans and a warm fuzzy pink sweater that made my heart ache.

"Go ahead and say it," Chris prods me, as he steps on the school bus after her.

Nikhil smiles.

We'd all met on this bus a few weeks earlier, and I think I thought I was in love.

"What were the words again?" I ask Chris as he takes a seat next to me.

"Stop being a dirty Jew and just walk up and say it," Chris yells at me.

So I do.

I walk up to the prettiest girl on the bus, and spit out those five french words.

"Te shat, me fe bonde."

At first Monique just stares at me with those wide open beautiful brown eyes, that so match her hair. "She likes me," I think to myself.

Then the next thing I know I'm sitting on the slotted and rubberized soaking wet floor of the school bus.

Monique is standing over me with her biology and math books, with my blood on their back covers.

"You creep," she yells at me, then kicks me in the cheek, "go back and tell my fucking brother he's dead. I'm telling mom!"

I'm not sure if I'm in shock, or awe, as I crawl my way back to Chris and Nikhil. They're laughing, of course. But at least Nikhil has a *slight* look of guilt in his face.

"Ha, ha you dumb Jew," laughs Chris.

"What's wrong with 'I think I love you?" I say, feeling the warm fluid on my head make its way down toward my eyebrows. Both guys laugh some more, and eventually, their humor wears off when they realize I need stitches when we get off the bus.

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So, there we are, all drinking the imported beer Nikhil had purchased when *they* walked onto the stage.

At first I thought they were either a platoon of hippie soldiers, or superheros that dressed almost as cool as The Fantastic Four.

The bass player and guitarist plug in, make some noise, then the thin-as-a-rail singer says, "Hey, we're The Ramones and this one's called Rockaway Beach."

"One-two-tree-fo," the bass player spits out, and twenty minutes later, we find ourselves still standing in the same spots, not having had one sip during their entire set.

Finally, able to speak, and be *heard*, I say to my Greenwich pals, "Did you see that?"

Their looks of amazement and unmoving lips told me all I needed to know.

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Later that evening, as we all laid on my Mom and Nick's floor in their apartment on West 4th Street, we kept talking about *that* band. How they played so fast, and didn't ever stop. Once.

When Chris tried to turn the subject to me being a homo for taking them to *The Rocky Horror Picture* show, Nikhil ignored him, and just kept saying how loud and cool the band at CBGB was.

Of course, I agreed.

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A couple of weeks later I found myself packing up to return to Tallahassee and start the 11th grade. It had been a wonderful month of *Rocky Horror*, french fries, and coffee every day with my Mom at a Village restaurant called Sandolino's. And, it was my first exposure to a live band that didn't play disco like The Village People that I actually liked.

Of course I couldn't remember their name, and upon arriving back down south after paying in cash my mom gave me for my flight on People's Express, it all just became a drunken blur.

A blur that would come back and change my life.

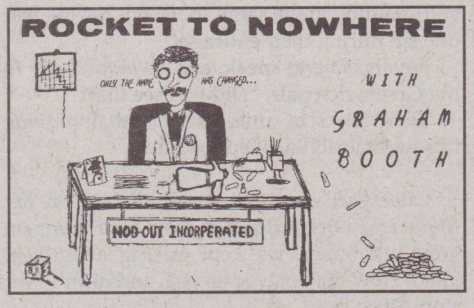
Forever.

Take My Life, Please!

Endnotes:

1. Most people, I'm finding, don't know I have two books out. They are in paperback so they are cheap and easy to carry around! They are the book from the chapter above, *Surfing Armageddon: Fascists, Fishnets and Body Fluids In Florida*, and *Playing Right Field: A Jew Grows In Greenwich*. Both books are lots of fun and please check them out if you haven't already. You can also ask your local library if they have it, and if not, tell them to get it! Thanks!

2. The chapter above is dedicated to my late pal, Steve Mach. He was the lighting guy at CBGB, played bass in Skrap, which became Charm School, a band the Furious George played with all the time. Steve was also a very good friend of mine. He constantly put on benefits at CBGB and other venues under the name Action Cat Productions. See, Steve loved animals. So much he'd raise money to save them. A lot. He was a very sweet guy, soft spoken, who could rock out on the bass. He was the last guy in the world you would think of who would get shot dead in his own bed by the police in Baltimore, where he had recently moved too to take care of his sick mother. The whole event makes me so sick I can't write about it. Just google his name and see what I'm talking about. Steve did *not* deserve this. Nobody does. But this is what happens when rookie cops really don't know what they are doing, and have even shot Police Dogs before. Ironic and sick. Steve, this column is in memory of you my friend. R.I.P.



Long time no see! For that tiny handful of y'all who actually noticed my absent column last month, I traveled cross country on a most gluttonous record buying binge. Yes, it was that time of year again for October's famed double header: Austin Record Convention (ARC) followed by the WFMU Record Fair in NYC. This is the second year in a row I decided to brave both shows, this time with brief stops along the way in Houston and Philadelphia.

Now that I have that out of the way, I guess you guys are already eager to hear of the year's teeth-gnashing scores. Well, it sure ain't 1996, but there was one pretty mega score in NYC to report. Distinguished *MRR* alumnus, Ryan Wells was our lucky puller this year, who, halfway through the second day found a ghost of a NY monster, the lesser known SINATRAS *Teddy Crashes Blonde Dies* 45 for, well, 40 bucks. If that means nothing to you, I don't blame you, but he could probably turn it around for 20 times that. It's not even that great of a single, just punishingly rare, hear it on *No One Left To Blame* LP compilation from a few years back.

40 dollar "scores" is about where we're at circa almost 2012. Shit just isn't slipping through the cracks like it used to. Yeah, a real bummer for those with limited funds or a mind for flipping potential. But in some ways it ends up working out better for the people who, you know, actually collect records. That $40 pricetag might be the only thing keeping your top want in the bins that couple extra minutes/hours/days before you meander over to buy it yourself. God knows, anything even halfway decent priced under $10 is gone within a millisecond these days.

Last year's shocking record show development was learning that everyone and their grandmother knows all about internet record prices on eBay, popsike, what have you. No more doughy white-haired geezers with $1 bins of tasty items, now that shit's all priced right. But at least there was that nether-region of rad records worth less than $30 you could still score on the cheap because they didn't chart on the internet priceguide roundup.

No such luck this year tho... discogs.com has now changed the cheap record game as well, with untold millions of records, once pretty much unsellable for $1-2 in real life, now flippable for $8, $12, $20 on the internet. Guys aren't even bringing that shit out any more. If you liked scoring '90s Emo and SXE EPs or those deep unheard Radio X or Siltbreeze titles on the regular, you're in for a world of hurt. People can just as easily sell it on the internet for four times the price.

Again, those in the business of the grip and flip just ain't paying for the trip anymore. If you're thinking about going to a record show in 2012, you should be doing it for the love of the music, not on some deal finding conquest. Otherwise you're likely to come up short, waaay short. Lucky for me, I actually like music, so I ended up doing OK record-wise at both shows. No uber-grails, but I found quite a few really rare records I've been on the lookout for that you just don't see.

I'll start with ARC. The best punk "find" I heard about was kind of a fake find, since a deal was struck before the show even started. Some lucky negotiator picked up two copies of THE REACTIONS *Love You* 45 and three copies of the EAT *God Punishes The Eat* 7" EP, both early Florida punk semi-grails. Actually, THE REACTIONS, this their second single, is truly a great aggro pop punk gem. For years THE REACTIONS first 7" EP was the wantlist staple, but those who'd actually heard the other clearly knew the second was best. One of the top US pop punk / punky powerpop EPs out there, hearable on several blogs, and there's a 10" reissue (bootleg?) of both 7" EPs floating around. THE EAT's second EP on the other hand, has never been a big spin for me, although I know some of today's deep powerpop fans think it's ripe for rediscovery. Find it on a blog, *God Punishes The Eat*.

Beyond that, I didn't hear of many punk scores besides what I brought home with me. There was an immaculate table of Mexican punk/hardcore raers, with pretty much every record you could ask for, LPs and 7" EPs alike... except that pesky first DANGEROUS RHYTHM 7" EP of course. It's not often your eyes can gloss over on a spread boasting both ATOXXXICOs, both XENOFOBIAs, both YAPS, both SEDICIONs (with both black & white covers of *Extintos*), yes MASACRE 68, yes SECTA SUICIDA SIGLO 20. Of course the prices were way too high, or all that stuff would've sold first thing on day one. Ultimately I couldn't resist, so for my one Sunday splurge, I coughed up for a copy of the previously unknown (to me) DANGEROUS RHYTHM *Electroshock* 12" EP on black vinyl. Apparently the first pressing, and pretty rare, because every copy I've ever seen has been on red wax.

Probably my best Friday score was a HUNS *Busy Kids* 45 for $60 complete with its "controversial" oversized sleeve and insert. I've gone on and on about that 45 before, but it's easily a Top 10 US KBD Punk 45 for me, with that cunning combination of out there and over the top-ness that still does it for me after all these years. It was a double, so I ended up turning it around Saturday as part of a big trade for a FAD *Run Back To You* 45, one of Austin's most elusive powerpop gems.

Was happy Saturday morning to snag a clean copy of Dallas' psych-punk entry off *Bloodstains Across Texas* LP, the EJECTORS *Hydro-Head* 45 on VVV. And in the more rare than good department, I got the IDEALS *High Art* 7" with its limited to 100 hand-painted sleeve. But for me, the score of the show was finally getting to scratch the FUNERAL *Waiting For The Bomb Blast* 7" EP off my wantlist. No cash there, just a semi-epic trade. It's crazy to think it took me eight years to finally replace that FUNERAL EP, which seemed downright common circa 2000. Hardcore fans will no doubt love the FUNERAL 7" EP (but steer carefully around their lesser metal-ish LP from a year later), blog it, youtube it, whatever you need to do.

I managed to find a few records between Austin and New York, tho probably not much readers of this column would care about. Some of my favorite Houston come ups were the elusive first 7" EP from Houston powerpoppers the PENGWINS, the third 7" EP, DADA 2 from LAFMS sideliner RICH LA BONTE, whose first two 7"s as RICH AND FAMOUS are some of my favorite US Minimal/Art Punk/DIY EPs, and a very elusive UK DIY LP compilation, *From Bromley With Love*, which is also a more Minimal/New Wave/Synth/DIY affair.

Yet again tho, WFMU was the real place to find the punk raers. I'm not sure what all records everybody was buying, but there were four to five tables with heavy punk 45s, priced accordingly. As usual, lots of trading behind the scenes, I think everybody went home with a few things from the wantlist. Some of the rarer records I saw change hands were PLUGZ *Mindless Contentment* 45, BAD BRAINS *Pay To Cum* 45 2nd press, the MAD *Fried Egg* 7" EP, SKINNIES *Out Of Order* 45, XENOFOBIA *Muerte En America* 7" EP, TAZERS 7" EP, BLITZ BOYS *Eddie's New Shoes* 7" EP, another HUNS

Busy Kids 45, GG ALLIN *Always Is Was and Shall Be* LP and a ton of shit I've already forgotten.

Some of my bigger pickups were replacing my AUTHORITIES *Soundtrack For Trouble* 7" EP (another one I'd traded away), the CONSUMERS *We're American* 7" EP with really tough OG red picture sleeve, NEGAZIONE *Tutti Pazzi* 7" EP giving it a try again (I've traded this away a couple times now), and one I'd never run across before, Hungary's BIKINI *Ki Csinal Szodat* first 45, A-side is a cool Euro punker, with full-color sleeve and a different recording to their 1983 album.

But my favorite WFMU score was the Australian REAL TRAITORS 7" EP on EMI Custom circa 1982, and reviewed in these hallowed pages by Jello Biafra circa 1982. You can read the review and hear all the songs on the highly exhaustive Early Aussie DIY Punk blog over at wallabybeat.blogspot.com and be sure to spend a few hours combing the archives. Seriously one of the greatest blogs to surface in recent past, giving even us know-it-all old-timers a reason to pant again over dozens of previously undocumented (and often great) obscurities.

At this point, I think I've already done too much damage with word count this month, so I'll stop it short here. It's just great to know that cool rare punk records are still lurking out there in the real world. Keep hunting!

"Johnny, Would You Love Me If My Dick Were Bigger" b/w "Sex With Junkies"

I was an American Waiter, bored at work. I had been suffering from an acute depression for two and a half years. I woke up from a two hour nap and was about to miss my 12:05 am BART train to the city. I never slept because I knew that I was meant to be tired. I had woken up feeling like God had punched me, put on facial moisturizer, and left the house without jerking off. I had worked for way too long at the dinner and was privy to some pretty tawdry bullshit. I had seen that movie *Milk* and how SF was once a bunch of dudes with beards (or mustaches) and flannel. Clone core. I hate nostalgia. This was not a blip on the cultural screen, this bullshit still happens. Daily. Every night before my shift I light a prayer candle, sprinkle goat blood over my alter, and say my chant: *"I WILL FUCK, KILL, AND EAT ALL YOU CASTRO DÉBUTANTE BITCHES."*

All night they play the same shit on the jukebox and after years of repeated listening I finally allow myself to say it in my head: *I fucking hate the Smiths*. Sometimes I don't know if I feel like I don't fit in because that's actually what's happening or if I've been a punk so long that I really don't know *how* to fit in or if its straight up combo of the two. My therapist really fucks with me about it. She says shit like "is it hard being one of the few black fag boys in a sea of white boys?" and "Is it hard being poor in such an affluent city?" and "Do you feel like these factors effect who you date/who will date you?" I always want to ignore questions about race and class because the true answers to these questions never seem to work in my favor and also I feel like if I can just ignore it, it will (hopefully) all go away. The answers are true but no less true the answers I have come up with—that being that I do not *not* fit in because I'm black. I do not *not* fit in because I'm poor. I don't fit in because I want to fucking *kill* and I want to find the boys that feel the same way I do. I know that they are out there. I don't date anyone and all the couples come in on a Saturday night. I hate seeing couples because they make me feel lonely. I'm not discouraged overall and I've fucked too many peoples boyfriends to question my desirability but my inner child won't let me not feel like something unfair and conspiracy like is going on here. Maybe it's the way I dress. On my way to pick up a burger I look in the full-length mirror on the way to the kitchen and after dissing the clone boys I'm ready to admit some things about my fashion victim-ness. I dress like an asshole Berkeley student for some undecipherable decade mid-century. I hate nostalgia. I'm talking awkward glasses, anonymous black shoes, plain white tee, and fucking *khakis*. Like, who the fuck wears khakis? I basically dress like I did in grade school and I'm now ready to forgive all the bullies for kicking my ass. I look like a dweeb. *But* if you dress like a nerd people give you the once over and never really guess that you're falling apart on the inside. Or that you want to kill. Camouflage. Urban camouflage. The ultimate problem with dressing like a child from the '60s (and being black) is that you can *say* to yourself *"I'm dressed classic American"* or *"I'm a Modernist* or *"I dress like the black dude in Weezer"* the problem is that the rest of the world doesn't have that much art, and so all that those Eastern European / Australian / Mid-Western / Clone-Core tourist assholes who pollute the restaurant see is Urkel. *Stephen Fucking Urkel*. It always hurts. This bitch actually called me Urkel one night. I looked around the restaurant and hoped that some one would come to my defense and no such luck. Every one of these shitty clones looks like the dude on the Brawny Paper towels cover but if I were to really cry (or shit myself in anger) not one of them would offer me a tissue. This is called irony.

I *almost* cried at the girl's insult but then I remembered that it was the future and I could certainly get away with slapping a white woman. I didn't though. Like, what if she slapped me back? What then? I had no time to entertain a stand still. Fifteen assholes walk in the door and I have a panic attack. Ten more walk in behind them and as is the case in my life I ignore my own emotional needs for a job well done. The rush leaves and then shit really hits the fan. Michael walks in with Johnny. Me and Johnny fucked a week ago and I even told him he didn't have to use a rubber so he would like me more. I felt bold enough to ask why he didn't call me and he said plain as uninked paper "Because his dick is bigger." I wanted to be mad but new that you can't really argue with that reasoning. My mom had a saying for worrying about things you can't change "Your arms are too short to box with God" she'd say. Apparently my dick was too. *FUCK THIS I'M GETTING HIGH*. I bought some shitty coke from the cook, got off at 5 am, and went straight to the parking lot of the travel lodge in the Castro. But wait! This isn't shitty blow! This is good blow! Or speed?! I've never felt like this. Sweating, short of breath, dick rock hard and *lonely*. *SO FUCKING LONELY*. I meet this guy who looks like he's tried every drug ever offered to him. He takes me to a room in the Lodge that he's sharing with some other dude and that shit looks like a tornado had hit it. Like I could actually get bitten by a snake if I walk in. He says we don't have to stay and that he lives in the Fillmore. On the walk to his apartment I learn:

1. He's a drummer.
2. He's into jazz. *REALLY* into jazz.
3. He plays drums in a jazz band in Berkeley *and…*
4. He likes to shoot up.

Before we walk into the apartment he casually says, "I need to shoot up before we fuck." At first I pause out of modesty but then remembered that I can do whatever the fuck I feel like. It's too late to try to fuck someone else. This ship was sailing. He puts on a jazz record and dips his syringe into a cup of water and says "don't drink out of this cup" and even with the very limited knowledge I have of his "lifestyle" I remember the thought bubble above my heard reading *"duh, bitch."* We started fucking and like the animal I am I got right the fuck *in there*. I was like "Yeah, take *all* that little dick ya fucking *junkie*. You ain't got no future and neither do I!" (giggling in my head like a little school girl the entire time) when all of a sudden he was like "My room mate lives down the hall. She's chubby. We can fuck her too." *EWWWWWWWWWWWW!!!!!!!!* Did he really fucking just say that?! But then there's really no fuel left to be scandalized when your barebacking some junkie you just met. Fuck it. Charge it to the game. Or not. I had lived in SF some years and subsequently known junkies with a heart of gold who would have *never* said some bullshit like that. This dude was clearly an asshole. The sun had come up and he told me he liked the way I dressed and that we should be boyfriends. I took mental survey of the scene around me. I was in the Fillmore with my junkie jazz drummer boyfriend, fucking to jazz records, dressed like an asshole Berkeley student from the '50s. Dude fuck that. That's some beatnik shit and I *hate* nostalgia. I run out of the apartment completely naked.

Epilogue:

Three days after Johnny told me he loved Robert more (because his dick was bigger), I

began to get all affected. First I started binge eating, then I started cutting myself, then I took control. I did some yoga, rinsed out my ass, moisturized, put on a pair of black Calvin Klein mesh briefs, Black Levi skinny jeans, monochrome black Adidas, black gloves, black faux football face paint (like Left Eye from TLC, RIP) and a black skull cap. A gold chain and one diamond earring. I sprayed on some Calvin Klein Obsession. I either looked like a hip cat burglar or a member of the Black Bloc. It was time for justice. In a black bag I put a black rope with a grappling hook attached to the other end and a brick with a note attached. I snorted some X left over from the night before for a calming effect and hopped on my bike en route to Johnny's apartment. I locked up my bike and shimmied up the side roof ladder to the top of the four-story apartment building. From there, I took the grappling hook and repelled down the side of the building till I was on the ground looking up at his second story apartment window. (Technically I could have just walked to the other side of the building but I was addicted to the drama of the grappling hook). I said a prayer to Ogun (the African god of War) and with solid aim and dexterity threw the brick through Johnny's window laughing my ass off on my way to my bike. I imagined the look on Johnny's face when he took the note off the brick, revealing the message (written in crayon) "JOHNNY WOULD YOU LOVE ME IF MY DICK WERE BIGGER?"

ß(Two months later Johnny forgave me and threw a brick through my window with a note attached that said "YES.")

For the last several months there has been a refreshing amount of protest and social unrest all around the world. Dictatorships have been overthrown in the Middle East. Uprisings continue against other regimes in the region. The wall of repression has cracked in many countries and the rulers of other autocratic regimes are clamping down in fear that they are next. On top of this, there is widespread protest and resistance—largely by the young—against the neoliberal global financial elite and its machinations in Spain, Israel, Greece, and lately the USA. Although I don't necessarily agree with all the protesters methods or actions, I am encouraged to see some public form of counter narrative to the media's portrayal of all protest coming from the right. At least for once the media is forced to report on a point of view that runs counter to the corporate elite's interest. Although I haven't occupied anything since the early '90s, it's nice to see some young people taking action and standing up for something they believe in. That said, the tired old activists and blowhards who seem to dominate around here are a reminder of why I "dropped out" of political activism many years ago.

In many countries it is rather expected that young people will protest and rebel against authority and as a result, a certain amount of protest is tolerated, especially if it's led by middle and upper class student types. In the post 9-11 world, dissent has often been portrayed by the media as somehow being linked to terrorism and subversion. The repressive actions of the FBI have encouraged this view, raiding and rounding up peace activists and using severe repressive measures at protest rallies. As in the 1960s, there is an attempt to fix the media narrative by trying to portray the protestors as somehow belonging to a counter cultural fringe that is out of touch with the mainstream. I find it ironic that the same cops who are tear gassing and clubbing protestors, will probably be the next in line to get their pay cut, pensions raided, and health care benefits reduced. Some of the recent repressive actions against "occupy" protestors seems to show that the establishment is worried about how such a movement is subverting the media narrative and could provide a counter narrative that begins to challenge the propaganda message of the ruling elite. The only times real social change have occurred in America are when masses of common people began to take to the streets because the political process wasn't delivering the changes they demanded, such as the labor movement and civil rights movement. The "occupy" movement seems rather amateurish by comparison, but it's certainly better than nothing and perhaps is the nucleus for further demands for social change. At the very least it provides a welcome alternative to the status quo or corporate sponsored "activism" on the political right.

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As I noted last month, this magazine is doing such a great job of covering the obscure and underground, I'm going the opposite direction and writing about "starter" punk. I have a very soft spot for late '70s UK punk, so last month I covered the Clash and this month I want to talk about X-Ray Spex. *Germ Free Adolescents* was one of the first "rare" records I bought back in the '80s (it was $20, an eye watering sum for a record in those days). X-Ray Spex, like many of their contemporaries, could play and write good, catchy songs and appear to have brought some existing skills to the new genre. As with a lot of these late '70s bands, my guess is that most of the members of the band had some previous musical experience prior to forming X-Ray Spex. In all of these '70s UK bands I hear the influence of Bowie's guitarist Mick Ronson, a huge but rarely cited influence on early UK punk. Poly Styrene is one of my all time favorite female vocalists, and for '70s punk she is up there with Alice Bag and Penelope Houston in my book. Her voice is so strong and powerful, she doesn't try too hard to be melodic, but carries every song from start to finish. Poly wrote great lyrics and had a great voice, and in an era when traditional mainstream rules in the music business were being shattered, she rejected the idea of a female singer as necessarily cutesy or an overt sex symbol. There have been very few punk bands that successfully integrated horns into their repertoire. The Big Boys are the only band I can think of with a full on horn section that are in the front rank of hardcore punk bands. A handful of bands have dabbled with sax and made it work out— notably Naked Raygun, the Stooges, and a handful of Finnish bands such Olotila. Of all of these bands, the only group that has really taken the sax and made it rage is X-Ray Spex. Almost every other band that adds horns sounds lame, but X-Ray Spex has that sax in every song and still sounds great.

For the time, Poly Styrene's lyrics addressed issues such as technology, alienation, and the struggle of the individual in modern consumer society. Her "outside looking in" critique of consumer culture is counterbalanced by such genius as "I am a cliché" and "I'm a poseur and I don't care." Rebellious, sarcastic, provocative, and catchy as hell, these are punk lyrics you can still sing along to and relate to. X-Ray Spex produced a handful of crucial singles, the monumental *Germ Free Adolescents* LP, and then started to slide towards more mainstream pop sounds and solo projects. Worth seeking out at almost any cost are the BBC sessions, which have been bootlegged on vinyl and also appear as bonus tracks on some CD versions of *Germ Free Adolescents*. Poly's vocals are at the most powerful on these raw demo versions; the way they are mixed she really sounds like she's screaming those lyrics out right in your ear and the guitar has a great raw tone, with a dirtier sax. You can't help but pump your fist and sing along "1977 and we're gonna show them all!" even if you were only eight years old in 1977.

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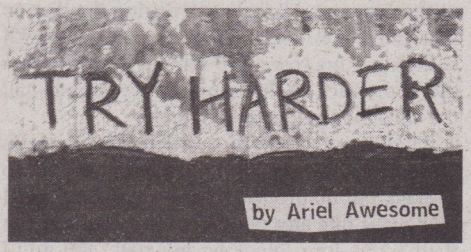
While working at the record store here, it came to my attention that the L.A. pop punk band NOFX released a 10" of hardcore covers. My first response was that anything that prevented this band from writing more original material was a blessing. That said, I spun it out of curiosity. I rather expected something on par with Megadeth's cover of "Anarchy in the UK." Instead, NOFX rips through some classics with verve and panache. Far from covering the obvious mall punk staples, they include some under the radar ragers by Rebel Truth and Sin 34. This makes me wonder—if this band had the skills to play this kind of hardcore all along, why have they been bombarding the public with Fat Records Warped Tour mall rock for decades? To test my analysis, I took a NOFX LP off the shelf and played it, just to verify I wasn't somehow missing something. Indeed, it remained generic, overproduced mall punk. So presumably, if these guys really like hardcore, why are they playing this other music—just for the paycheck? I don't think I'll ever get the appeal of this kind of stuff. But the crass commercialism and shallow vapidity of

things like the Warped Tour have always run counter to my understanding of punk. I guess there's always the excuse that "if we don't do it, someone else will." That said, I'm happy I have a good day job and don't have to rely on punk music to pay my bills. The compromises made to circulate in that world rarely seem worth it. The artist sacrifices so much of their integrity only to see the benefits accrue largely to someone else, such as labels and promoters who can easily move on to the next big thing and leave you in the dust.



"Don't forget to buy a lottery ticket today! 800 million!" My brother holds up his stack of yellow lottery tickets before stuffing them back into the breast pocket of his shirt.

"Fuck, how many tickets did you buy?!"

"About 60," he says, "50 quickpicks, and 10 I really thought about. I think this one is the winner though," He selects one from the stack for me to consider.

"It just gives me that lucky feeling, you know?"

Hmm. No, I don't know.

When I admit I don't plan on buying any tickets, he is incredulous. "They're just a buck! At least buy one, it could be your turn!" He is beaming at me with a belief and enthusiasm I am finding it a little hard to bear. I continue to say no, and I see his smile turn. It's mocking now, sneering.

"You don't even like money? Do you?"

There are some arguments you can't win. No matter how well spoken you are, no matter how beautifully you present your case, you won't be able to alter of complicate the other person's opinions. Some things cut too close to the core, or are too mired in myth, belief, or the quicksand of cultural "truths." If what you have to say falls outside the narrow confines of their worldview you'll do better slamming your head into the wall than to continue talking.

My family isn't very interested in god or religion, but money they believe in. As an unbeliever I am treated with the same kind of sad pity. They stop just short of saying "I'll pray for you" but they do say, "we'll, it's not to late for you to figure out how the world works," which is actually so much worse.

Talking to my average fellow Americans (the ones in the grocery store, or restroom line, not at the show in the alley with 40oz's, ya dig?) let alone my family about money, or capitalism as a whole, feels like telling a zealously devout person you are an atheist.

I don't want to be rich. I don't. I don't want a fucking sports car or a helicopter on top of a mansion. Not now, not ever. To a surprisingly large amount of people this sounds like I'm saying "yes, I know heaven exists, and no, I don't ever want to go there."

It melts their fucking minds to hear that, and in a way I get why. From an early age we are fed fantasies of lottery jackpots, lifestyles of the rich and famous. Gilded lives played out on secluded private islands. Again and again we are told if we are hardworking enough, ambitious enough, and lucky enough, it could happen to us. If it doesn't happen for us, we tell ourselves we are too lazy, that we don't want it bad enough, that we are unlucky: the three greatest sins to a capitalist. The single creed of this religion is "more."

I try to get my thoughts across, that this heaven, this life of eternal luxury is made up, and getting there is not based on merit, though it certainly has some dumb luck involved. The vast majority of very wealthy people were born that way, and they will die that way too. They may have luxury, and power, and privilege but you know what they don't have? The life I want, one I would be proud to live, that I could be interested by.

The things I can't afford right now are things that ought to be basic human dignities. I need 1100 dollars of dental work, I want to see a doctor if I get sick, and I want to finish up my degree without crushing debt. Somehow those things seem just as out of reach as a winning lottery ticket, that is just one of the many tragedies of the world we are living in.

I wonder if there is anything I can say to make this make sense to my brother. Even if he doesn't feel the same way, could I get him to see where I'm coming from?

My friend Kristin's step-mom is psychic, or at least she claims to be when it is convenient to her. Whenever they disagree and Kristin makes a good point, her stepmother will sit back with narrowed eyes, arms folded casually over her chest and say "Please Kristin, I'm psychic." Meaning, she has foreseen this whole argument, and it's eventual outcome, and that no matter what, inevitably she will win. She sees the future, the past, and things hidden, so she never has to concede a point to her adult stepdaughter. But Kristin continues to argue. She continues to say, "really? did you see this coming?" as she flips her the bird. She knows she'll never be able to get around this woman's delusions of psychic ability, or her refusal to lose even a small disagreement, but she keeps calling it as she sees it, keeps up her end of the one sided argument. Why? Because everyone else just rolls their eyes and lets it go.

You disassemble big myths slowly and patiently. You eat away at it, bit by bit until there is nothing left. It takes endurance. It takes backbone. It takes commitment. Someone has got to say it, someone has got to stand up to the absurd and unjust.

For just a moment I let myself fantasize about winning this lottery my brother is so amped on. I imagine the sneering smile wiped off my brothers face when I dump a mountain of cash on his lawn and set it on fire.

This column is dedicated in solidarity to everyone who is debunking the myth of capitalism, who are demanding justice, who will not move until their voices are heard. Occupiers, decolonizers, revolutionaries: I send you my love. Oakland may be raided again tonight as I type, and I'll be there with them soon. I'll be there to tell the world I don't want to be rich, I don't want to be oppressed, I just want to go the fucking dentist.

When you're like me (old) and you're laid up with an aching back (sigh), sometimes the only balm that soothes is the sweet, sweet sound of noisy fucked up punk rock. Fortunately I've got the VARAUS S.S. 10" on my turntable and I'm feeling better already. It's a ballsy but telling move that the record starts off with a cover of "Warsystem," as this is some prime early Scandi-worship, heavy on the noize, pounding drums, and very slick vocal trade-offs. From the name (a mash-up of the band's two favorite influences) to the songwriting—which includes some craftily expropriated riffs—this is deeply derivative stuff, but it's delivered with such verve and such an engaging sense of fun that I'd probably love it even if it were a straight covers record. It's not though, and having culled these songs from three demos there's only strong material here, much of which stands up in quality to the bands VARAUS S.S. is so proudly influenced by. The KAAOS-influenced "Kuolema" is especially effective, and the live tracks tacked on to both sides are welcome exercises in third-generation DISORDER-live-tape-style noize chaos. A great release, and a fitting testament to a band that put out a handful of good demos, played a bunch of gigs, and probably had more than a few crazy nights in their day. (NARM Discos, www.narmdiscos.com, Konton Crasher, kontoncrasher.blogspot.com)

From Japanese punx imitating Finnish punx of old, let us turn to American punx emulating Japanese punx of old, as the world's best (and still only) KURO worship band has returned with a new EP! I was quite impressed with the HELPLESS' demo and especially their songs on the split cassette with LEPROSY, but this new set of tunes is leaving me a little flat. The vocals are still on-point as ever, and the bass work is fantastic, but the riffs just don't quite grab me the way they did on the earlier material. I suppose it could simply be a case of the novelty wearing off a bit, but I think these songs just might be a

little on the uninspired side this time. Kudos to whomever did this recording though, it sounds absolutely fantastic; the engineer obviously gets this style. It's a solid EP, and well worth your raw punx dollars, but if the high import price puts you off I'd save the dough for the split tape (or the semi-mythological allegedly upcoming 8") instead. I was led to believe this record was pressed on transparent gold vinyl, but I found it very charming that mine came on adorable Avon-lady peach instead. (Crucifados Pelo Sistema, www.crucifados.de)

Looking for all the world like the bastard spawn of a mid-'90s local death metal band's single and an MCR scene comp, the *Kotaro Mission* comp captures the cream of the crop of East Coast noize for your listening pleasure. And fuck, what a line-up! You ought to know New York City's CERVIX and NOMAD by now, both having been celebrated in these pages already and both having taken the Japanese approach to noisy punk in their own interesting directions, CERVIX with a more metallic ZOUO/LSD style and NOMAD with a DISCLOSE-meets-the-frozen-north approach. On the Boston side, BLOODKROW BUTCHER disappoints a bit with their ultra-stripped down UK82 approach, as there isn't quite enough of a hook to either of their tracks. Still, they're a young band and I'm interested in hearing more. EARTHPIG has a bit of a primitive 9 SHOCKS TERROR meets '80s USHC thing going on that didn't have me jumping out of my chair, but definitely made me imagine that they would kill live. It's a solid comp overall, and the NYC side alone makes it worth the price of admission. (NARM Discos)

I've frequently suspected that CHAOS DESTROY is a crew of semi-inept aliens sent to Earth on a mission to approximate the style of our planet's "punk." The new tracks on their split with NEKROMANTIKER have done nothing do disavow me of that notion. Filtered through an ungodly mess of distortion (aka the "guitar"), they've added ultra-ridiculous low vocals to their arsenal alongside the usual ranting vox, gorgeous pop bass lines, and frenetic drumming. These new songs also show off a number of different tempos, from ballad to warp-speed. On the flip it would seem that the same alien menace has infested the Netherlands, as these invaders (in the guise of wizened punk veterans) also come at punk from a very outsider perspective. The entire recording sounds like it was filtered through sand, the bass is inhumanly fast, the vocals are as crazed as possible, and the noize is in the red throughout. I for one welcome our new noize overlords. This record is limited as fuck, so get one now or cry later (like with most CHAOS DESTROY jams). (SPHC, find it your damn self)

If there's a gold medal for GLOOM worship, let me hand it to the members of LASTLY now—along with a lifetime supply of distortion pedal batteries—because *fuck* this is good. Having made their vinyl debut alongside some heavy hitters on the *Yotsuva* comp, this self-released EP (*Noize Core from Under-Depopulated Areas*) picks up right where those songs left off. This EP features driving, completely uncompromising metallic noise-core of the highest caliber that makes LASTLY the worthiest band to claim the mantle of crasher crust in I don't even know how long. The bass sound is like a physical presence in the room, simultaneously ultra-distorted and booming like Geezer Butler, while the vox takes a page from the DECEIVING SOCIETY handbook and the guitar and drums just run with it all in the finest tradition of *Recommendation of Perdition*-era GLOOM. I can't recommend this highly enough to anyone with a taste for heavily distorted crust punk. If my back were feeling any better I'd be running around the house throwing shit while blasting the B-side of this EP over and over again. Brilliant. (Dowse Records, ip.tosp.co.jp/i.asp?I=lastly666)

Finally, there's a new issue of *More Noize* (#7) and it is as brilliant as ever. The highlights—beyond the fantastic photo spread on the back cover that is—are an in-depth interview with Italian weirdos FOGNA, who apparently have two full EP's worth of material recorded that I am *dying* to hear, and equally involved conversation with NY garage-based noize punkers DEFORMITY, along with the usual top-notch reviews. This should be reviewed in this month's issue (and it better be a good one!) so look back there for contact info. It's probably sold out anyway.

For once my cup overflows and I actually have more to write about but I'm going to save it for next month in case of sudden drought. Send all correspondence, demos, cool records, Percocets, and muscle relaxers to me c/o *MRR* or email me: agunderwood@gmail.com. See you next month!

I'm on the train to work, right, sitting in one of these orange plastic seats the trains out here all have, head against the window. I'm watching the rain and the umbrella people run in these short little bursts from shelter to shelter, glad for the momentary peace I have, all the better watching others who don't have any at all. There's a weird sort of zen calm to the City on days like this, when it's been raining long enough for the weather to have sunk in, and everyone's prepared with their galoshes and rain slicks—anywhere in America can become very Norman Rockwell pleasant during Autumn rains. Living as I do, I'm not fully awake, and my head is throbbing a bit, but not overmuch, and overall I'm nearly content anyways not completely miserable. Just the slightest nip of melancholia that the sight and smell of rain on pavement brings to anyone with half a heart.

I'm hustled out of my little trance by a commotion nearby. Naturally, I turn my head, and see this giant, scowling Eurasian type sit down on one of the bench seats nearby. I pay him little mind—the neighborhood I work in has plenty of his sort in it, the product of Russian and Asian upbringings that only seem to absorb the bad parts of both. You know, Stalin and sparrow-killing instead of Trotsky and the Bunker twins. In fact, he might as well be any of the customers I deal with during the day, so I let him slip out of my mind easy, knowing I'll be holding his roses and forcing a grin within the hour. Back to the window, rain, streets, all the clichés I could ever desire.

Here's my stop, so I stand. The train is crowded now, I hadn't realized it'd got so packed, but no problem, I'm an expert at this, I maneuver like any regular subway rider. Then there's this form blocking my path, the guy I mentioned above, Eurasian fellow, and I can't believe it, Christ, he's no transportation athlete like myself, the man has got no grace. He's pushing, swearing, that whole act. Manageable and forgettable, which is what he would be, just a forgotten thing on the train. But before he gets off, right before, he takes his elbow and just smashes this woman in the face, on purpose and everything, a weird little brutal act on the train. My eyes widen and I have to kick myself to keep moving. The woman gives out a bit of a yelp, can't blame her, and then he, well, I can't believe it either, he grabs her breast, and lets out this insane snarl, baring teeth and all that. Shocked as I am by this psychopathic display of pure animal behavior, I position myself between him and her and sort of hustle him down the stairs. She yells, he turns, and with a great crackle in his throat, spits squarely on the middle of my chest.

I can't believe it. I look down at the gross, sick looking yelloww splatter across my white t-shirt. I look at him with what I can imagine was an expression that summed up all the impotent and useless rage I've felt at horrible, awful huge villains throughout my life. I start to speak, but, for the first time in a while, nothing comes out, so I end up just squinting at him, balling up my fists. He reacts swiftly, holding up his hands and protesting, sputtering words like a dying pump, "But, but I meant to spit on, on her!" No better, of course, you meant to spit on a lady you just molested, and I realize this, and I hate him, I can see the dumb piggish look in his eyes and it reminds me of all the dumb, piggish animal-men who've kicked me in the face, football cleats and punk boots, the pricks, the crumbs, the dogs, the shits. I grab him by the throat and punch hard his nose, then burrow my knuckles in his eyes, push him against the train, but remember, he's a giant, a god dam vicious mutant giant, and he throws me like I'm nothing. Then, in an instant and seemingly out of nowhere I'm covered in this splash of awful, vicious liquid, just like he's spit the entire contents of his massive body upon me. I'm covered in his fluids, like I've just been

vomited out of his horrible mouth. But it's not spit and it's not stomach bile, it's fucking peach iced tea, and he screams this crazy animal scream and runs. I'm left standing, in the rain, covered in this guck, as the train lurches off. I realize of course then, that I was at the wrong stop.

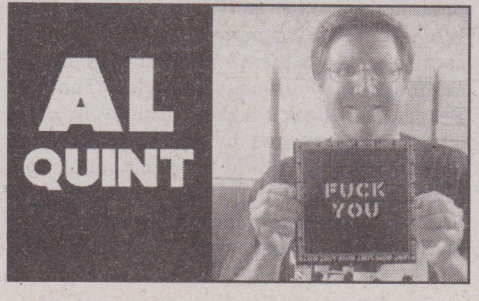
What makes a human conduct themselves in this manner? The question haunted me all day, as I stood outside at the stand I work out, the rain slowly washing my sticky hair and clothing. I've known for a long time that most of the people in the world are absolutely out of their minds. I say most so I sound more realistic—if I said nearly every person, you might think I was being hyperbolic and take this as some sort of humorous missive. Think about the myriad ways that insanity touches your life (that is, if you yourself are not insane—I cannot guarantee you aren't, particularly if you paid five dollars for this magazine). Think about the last time, if you were a woman, you were whistled at, or more likely, followed down the street or chased by some creep in a van. This sort of harassment happens to every single woman I know seemingly every day. When I was younger, I admit, I didn't really believe it all, or rather, I figured the women I knew must be exaggerating their stories, like so many people do to add some danger or zest to their lives. I know now I was of course wrong, having witnessed it so many times over the years, and recently (in a different incident than the one I detailed earlier) facing quite a bit of time in jail due to my reaction. But who are these men? There are hundreds of thousands, hell, there are millions of them. Who are they? What do they do before they got to sleep at night? Do I know any of them? Do they truly think they are going to get laid by yelling at someone from their fucking Mazda? More than anything I'm appalled at the pure futility of their actions. Albert Einstein is (likely mis-)quoted as saying "Insanity is doing the same thing over and over again, and expecting different results." I refuse to believe anyone has ever gotten laid, let alone a date, from following a woman down the street and yelling their cell phone number at them. The people who do this sort of thing quite likely do it often (this is conjecture, of course, but it's one of those "you know it's true" conjectures, if you follow me), ergo, they are (going by Einstein's definition), insane.

I'd like to say that's an extreme example, though it's clearly not. I don't have the space to go into the insanity that runs rampant among the top sectors of society—from Ron Paul to Israel, that insanity should be, hell, self-evident, if you posses even a dim glimmer of intelligence. It's something like a disease—once someone gets in any sort of power position, they trip over themselves, all of a sudden they're buggering some young kid in an airport bathroom two hours after signing a bill banning gay adoption, or they're stealing money they don't even need—no, this is something I cannot fathom, having no power myself. Plebian impotence, you might call it. No, I'm more concerned, and (arguably) more affected by the small insanities which litter the garbage dump minds of the people of this planet. Car-yellers and drug muggers. Rapists and hackey sacks. The sort of people who comment on news websites.

Clearly, there is no real response I can have to the insanity that surrounds me, outside of avoiding it the best I can and staying safe from it's infectious nature. I can't always, of course, being a fan of punk music and some of the people that perform it, and insanity being a seemingly major component in most leather boys lives, I do have to confront madness on occasion. Such occasions like meeting a skinhead; I'm always confused by skinheads. I live in San Francisco, the greatest city in the world, far from East London or anywhere like that, English slums or docks or wherever bald boys hang out in Merry Old. You see some no-hair flight jacket bruise boy strutting up the sidewalk in this city, it's a cold-water shock, I don't like it. It's a look that invites trouble, which is something I used to really dig, but not anymore, now, yeah, I can understand wanting a good punch-up now and again, in fact that's totally fine and I'd be a liar if I said otherwise, but to dress up like what most people think is modern-Nazi attire and then parade around with your cro-magnon brow and crimson boots with whatever dumb colored laces mean whatever this week (the skinhead version of the fetish-proclaiming gay bandana), that's dumb. Ask a skinhead why he's a skinhead, he says it's because he's proud, ask him what he's proud of, he says of being a skinhead, ask him what the hell a skinhead is, he either tells you it's a culture revolving around the pride of being a skinhead or that you wouldn't understand. He's right on both counts—I don't understand. Madness! No pun intended, of course.

Anyways, that's not all I'm freaked out by. Take those nasty little leather boys you always bump into at shows. I'm not talking about a genuine cow-hide drug addict like myself and many others, no, I'm talking about those creepy little soapheads who rumble around looking and acting like greasers with purple hair. Whatever they want to call themselves, street punks, raw punks, it's all a laugh, a bunch of people dressed like Wendy O Williams with less money. Forget em, but I'm still wary.

Anyways there's no real point to all of this. I'm just rambling, complaining, that's all I'm good for these days, a few sighs and a couple mutters. That's it. Sometimes I think I'm the crazy one, that maybe it's one of those *Twilight Zone* things where I've just got some stunted viewpoint and things are really alright. That's when, of course, people drop iced tea on my head.



Flirting With Temptation

No, not *that* kind of temptation...I'm talking about gastronomical temptation. I just endured a round of it in the past week or two. It's now after Halloween and I was a good boy and didn't buy any of the half price leftover candy. That was probably a good thing because I bought two more bags than necessary for our trick-or-treaters and, well, the rest can't go to waste. So it ended up going to my own waist. I've been losing the battle of the bulge lately as it is, and munching on those stray Nestles or Kit-Kat bars, even the miniature ones, isn't going to help. It's a sure sign when I bring T-shirts out of retirement because they're not as snug around my gut. At least my old DISCHARGE shirt is still cool looking. Curse you, slower metabolism! Ah, to be a kid again. Not that it was always a lot of fun. Oh, but for the days when I could eat everything in sight without any repercussions and I wouldn't have to worry about eating a candy bar or other favorites like Bottle Caps (sweet candies that were different colored bottle caps—root beer was the best one), Nik-L-Nip, which were plastic bottles filled with liquid and you'd bite into them and suck out the liquid but not eat the plastic around it. Damn, that sounds almost perverse.

But enough misty-eyed reminiscing. It wasn't only the Halloween candy that had me thinking about the aforementioned battle of the bulge. It was also hearing the corpulent Republican governor of New Jersey, Chris Christie, announce that he wouldn't be running for President in 2012. Christie's politics are just as disgusting as most Republicans' these days. I have a theory as to why he didn't run. It might be that Christie isn't confident he can knock off the other Repuke candidates or Obama and he's biding his time for 2016 or 2020 (he's still only 49). I think the real reason is that he's not just pudgy, he's morbidly obese and is probably going to have to drop at least 100 lbs. before he would consider running. There's no way in hell I want him elected and I hope that the people of NJ eventually come to their senses and vote this bastard out but it's not because of his weight. It's because of his retrograde politics.

There's definitely a stigma about being overweight and it seems to be one of the last tolerated bastions of prejudice. When you find something objectionable about someone, if they're skinny, you'll usually call him/her an asshole, shithead, dickwad or any other creative combination. But if someone is calorically challenged, the epithets often turn to the likes of fat-ass, lard-belly, bubble-butt, etc. The latter was actually the title of a song by MOD and, considering that their vocalist Billy Milano wasn't exactly on the svelte side, it could be an example of pot-kettle-black. When Rush Limbaugh (deservedly) gets ripped on for his knuckle-dragging, regressive, venomous viewpoints, a reference to his size is usually part of the equation. Of course, right-wing pundits love to make hateful references to certain politicians' girth. Years back, the Mass. House of Representatives Speaker was a portly

gentleman by the name of George Keverian and a local gasbag columnist/radio host named Howie Carr, used to list his district as "(D)-Papa Gino's" (in reference to a local pizza chain). It should be noted that Carr is on the chunky side himself so, once again, cast stones-glass houses. I should note that I'm guilty of "sizeism" because, yes, I'll make those kind of cracks myself though I know it's not right.

As I said, I'm sensitive about my weight these days. Starting at the end of 2005, I made a conscious effort to slim down and managed to lose around 30-35 pounds. Unfortunately, in the past year or so, I've managed to put back on around 10 of them and, like I said, I've had to take some of those old t-shirts out of the back of the closet. The problem isn't a lack of exercise. The problem is I'm home a lot and snack incessantly and even when I eat "healthy" snacks, if I empty half a bag of rice crackers, it's not going to help that much. It's still probably better than gorging myself on the dark chocolate bars that were calling my name when I was standing in line at the grocery store yesterday. At least I *think* they were calling my name but I didn't pay attention. This time...

Ear Candy

... with no calories although there's a good chance some of these recordings may still prove hazardous to your hearing if you subject yourself to overexposure. But go ahead—live on the edge! I'm not kidding about that claim when referring to RETOX's album, *Ugly Animals*. This record features people from the LOCUST and affiliated bands playing frenzied, chaotic hardcore with more than a modicum of relentlessness, as you'd expect. The parties involved have made a career out of playing abrasive head-throttling music. It's pretty cacophonous, but there are distinct songs and a few standouts—the DEAD KENNEDYS guitar signature for "Thirty Cents Shy Of A Quarter" or the haunting bash of "A Funeral On Christmas Sunday" and "Piss Elegant Beats," for instance. Retox is cut from the same cloth as the Locust only they've left the keyboards home. This has that "mysterious guy" hardcore aura, although these guys were successfully bashing out this sort of inspired noise long before there was an arguably vague, catchall term for it. (Three One G/Ipecac, www.threeoneg.com/www.ipecac.com)

Another mind-melter comes from BRAIN F≠ (aka BRAIN FLANNEL) on their debut album *Sleep Rough*. It took me a few listens since some of the songs aren't as immediately accessible as on their previous demo and 7"s, but it was worth the effort. Brain F≠ creates a gnarled and gnashing punk sound. It's a distorted whirlwind of tumultuous guitar, bass, and drums. It's not, however, an atonal mess—in that fray, discernible melody lines emerge from the dense arrangements. And then there are the vocals; Nick and Elise aren't John and Exene or Kevin and Bilinda (from MY BLOODY VALENTINE) but their harmonies and tradeoffs are engaging and give the band another distinctive element. I don't have any niche descriptions at the ready except to say they play raucous, boisterous, garage-y punk that actually *was* recorded in a garage. Hopefully, that's enough to convince you. (Grave Mistake, PO Box 12492, Richmond, VA 23241,www.gravemistakerecords.com/ Sorry State, www.sorrystaterecords.com)

DRY HUMP comes right out and tells you what their album is going to do to 'ya—*Fuck Your Ears*. On the back cover, it says "This is Lowell: Fuck Boston." A bit of parochialism directed at a city that is a HUB (pun intended, although only locals might get it) of parochialism itself, both in a universal sense and punk scene sense. Since their *Culture Fuck Experience* EP, vocal duties have passed from Erik to PJ Kuda, whose formidable drumming skills are on display in such bands as MALE NURSES, BLOODKROW BUTCHER, CONFINES and probably a half-dozen I'm forgetting. Whereas Erik's vocals were delivered in a high-pitched rant, PJ emanations are harsher and more guttural but the music remains the same—rampant, thrashy hardcore with rock 'n roll riffing and leads sprinkled in, such as on the BLACK SABBATH-y (without the doom) "Sex Cult Pt.2." "I Am The Doorway" has a solid, mid-paced DISCHARGE pulse. These gentlemen mainly hail from the suburbs surrounding Lowell and there's a large amount of annoyance directed at their stifling surroundings or "Fucksville," as they call it. Dry Hump effectively channels their bile into a walloping sonic attack. (dryhumpsexcult@gmail.com)

Next, a couple new ones from Loud Punk Records. COUGHING FIT's one-sided 12" features faaaast and hyper-fast hardcore that also breaks down into mid-paced floor-pounding parts. There's nary a break between songs. Once in awhile, they have a punkier moment, as with "Flash In the Pan." Then, completely out of left field, the disc ends with a rowdy (and uncredited) cover of the KINKS' "All Day and All Of The Night." This is unhinged, raw aggression that is threatening to ride off the rails, though I think a bit less reliance on brute speed would be to their benefit because there are some moments of dead-on rage here.

Meanwhile, the final GERM ATTACK album, *Fear Of The Unknown* doesn't go into the unknown—that was BAD RELIGION's job and they eventually returned to the known, anyway. As I've written before, Germ Attak started out being strongly influenced by CHAOS UK, DISORDER, etc. and they've still got the UK82 bug but it's been coming from the VARUKERS / EXPLOITED / GBH side over the past few albums. The songs are mainly fast-paced ragers that conjure up visions of mohican youth running around in a big happy circle. If there's a running theme, it could be *give us a future*, to paraphrase another early '80s UK band, ONE WAY SYSTEM. Or, more accurately, it might seem as though there's no future, given the sentiments of "Poisonous Lifestyle," "Face The Reaper" or "Back's Against The Wall." This album was recorded by the two remaining Germ Attak-ers, with Jo handling guitar, bass and vocals along with his drummer compatriot Will. I always thought these guys were slightly above average, if not exactly top tier and *Fear Of The Unknown* reconfirms that opinion. Solid, competent, headbangin' punk. The limited package is great, by the way, featuring a huge poster, a flexi disc with two extra songs, and colored vinyl. Just watch out for your fingers when handling the rough edges of the record—you don't want to get any blood on it like I almost did! (PO Box 3067, Albany, NY 12203, www.loudpunk.com)

After a passel of 7" releases and CD anthology of them, NIGHT BIRDS have unleashed their debut album *The Other Side Of Darkness*, and it's more of their West Coast ADOLESCENTS-meets-DEAD KENNEDYS punk sound. Surfy guitar and driving arrangements exhibiting a high level of musical skill fuel the band's catchy oeuvre. The lyrical inspiration comes from plenty of time watching movies, bookwormery and even catching up on the news, occasionally, as with "Paranoid Times." "Hoffman Lens," is based on the schlocky John Carpenter movie *They Live* (you know, with Rowdy Roddy Piper) and there's a Woody Allen reference on "Landfill Land," which is one of the better songs here, encapsulating this band's energetic appeal. Snappy 'n' catchy. (Grave Mistake, PO Box 12482, Richmond, VA 23241, www.gravemistakerecords.com)

Speaking of the DKs (for the third time in this column), POISON PLANET has a 7" covering two of their songs, "Bleed For Me" and "Nazi Punks Fuck Off." They're given a raw bludgeoning—Nick is certainly a lot meaner-sounding than Jello and, even with the faithful surfy guitar trill on "Bleed," this ain't exactly a subtle treatment. The intro for this version does convey a good amount of menace. The short essays state, in essence, that not a whole lot has changed since the '80s regarding economic or foreign policy and that there are still idiots who, pretending or not, think it's funny to spew racist and other hateful terminology. Not bad but not really essential, either. (ThirdxParty, www.thirdxparty.blogspot.com)

Another two song 7" comes from NEO CONS and this one has an original, "Hardcore Elite" and a ravenous cover of JEZUS AND THE GOSPELFUCKERS' "Kill The Police." Speaking (or writing, actually) as someone who has been harping, at times, about the "hardcore elite" in Boston and other places—and lost some people I thought were friends in the process—I have to give this feisty, snotty punk song a big round of applause. The song's target is people who pull the age card and slag off younger kids but I think it can work the other way, as well. You respect me, I'll respect you. OK, end of lecture. Time to turn up the buzz. (Abscess, www.abscesstrax.com)

From Brazil, NAIFA plays tuneful punk inspired by (though not entirely) classic '80s-era West Coast fodder. There's plenty of drive and chops from all three musicians on their self-titled album, with the guitarist, Arthur, handling the vocals as well. They complement each other perfectly. It's tough to miss the burn and hooks on songs like "Nada," with the jabbing, angular guitar underpinned by a bass line that pushes the melody along. That's also

the case for "Pau No Cu and "Colisao." All of this is reinforced with impassioned vocals. It all adds up to a strong, power-packed collection. As Arthur yells at the end of side one, *all right*! (Faca Cega Discos, www.facacegadiscos.wordpress.com)

Finally, it's back into the figurative (maybe literal?) vaults for the reissue of THE FAITH's *Subject To Change*, the 1983 follow-up to their split LP with VOID, appended with their first, eleven-song demo. *STC* represented a stylistic leap for the band, having added a second guitarist and fusing melodic shadings to their straightforward, speedy DC hardcore sound. "In The Black," from the split, was kind of a harbinger of what would follow with this EP, which is moodier and more inventive. It's a stirring fusion. The bass playing really shines on songs like "Limitations" and the title track. Whether this disc represented the end of that original era or a bridge to what followed in '85 with the Revolution Summer bands, there was definitely a change in D.C., and this captures that transitional moment. The demo tracks include ten songs that were re-recorded for the split and one for *STC* ("No Choice"). They were still finding their footing a bit and the songs were played at a slightly slower tempo—though I don't think that's to their detriment—but these recordings sound warmer/fuller than the versions on the split. No hyperbole, this is absolutely essential. (Dischord, 3819 Beecher St., NW, Washington, DC 20007, www.dischord.com)

Al Quint, PO Box 43, Peabody, MA 01960, suburbanvoice@earthlink.net, www.sonicoverload.net, subvox.blogspot.com

I think I can speak for everyone when I say that the passing or more likely incarceration of Miss Cleo (I'm not sure if she's dead or not) really left a hole in the psychic world. Today, ladies n gentleman, I am gonna do something that I feel has always come naturally to me. Something I've tried and tried not to use for evil. That's right all you little pimps and lady pimps. I'm gonna predict the mother fucking future. Clearly a person (albeit more god like then man) such as myself is more then qualified to meddle in peoples lives. For all of you folks out there unfamiliar with the mind magic of Miss Cleo let me fill ya in. Everyone wants answers, right? Well, Miss Cleo had them to offer. Born Youree Dell Harris, Miss Cleo rose to fame pretending to be a middle aged Jamaican women who could predict the future. Genetic debris from coast to coast would call her, spend about $2.50 a minute and just fucking unload. Is Greg cheating? Does this baby belong to me? Is Ricardo cheating? When am I gonna die? Shit like that. Her voice, southing like the a Jamaican bobsled chant, would somehow magically erase whatever tribulations these fucking mutants seemed to be facing and then one day, she was gone, leaving the vast majority of emotionally disconnected Americans empty inside. No more *"Leave himmmm"*, *"The cards don't lie"*, *Is he incarcarted"* and of course *" I lub you"*. I've decided to carry the Miss Cleo torch and take matters into my own hands. I give you *The Amazing Logatraz.*

For my first prediction I'd like to discuss the obsession with Japanese hardcore . Just because they have interesting hair cuts and incredibly worn pants doesn't make their music the second coming of Discharge. They play too goddamn fast and no one knows what the hell is going on. In 2012 the world's obsession with Japanase hardcore will shift. The same kids buying everything that comes out of the "Land of the Rising Sun" will be suddenly obsessed with the Simon and Garfunkel deep cuts. All of the uni-dread ,yahoo weirdos from Mauser will all start minimal wave projects thus trading in their Chaos pouches for black pointy boots and paper thin Depeche Mode tees.

PRINT MEDIA IS DEAD. We (*MRR*) will sell out to Amazon. You will only be able to read *MRR* if you have a kindle of a kindle like device. The record archive will be sold to support Brace's junk habit and the magazines headquarters will be moved to Jacksonville Florida. Layla Gibbon will start a very successful sweatshirt company and a very handsome ginger bloke will knock up Mariam Bastani, taking zero responsibility for the child, nevertheless insisting that she carries on the family tradition of having the baby's middle name be "Dean."

Some more predictions for the year 2012:

In the next year you will once again be able to smoke on airplanes.

Morrissey will be hit by a double-decker bus. He will then subsequently go straight to hell. No, not because he's gay, but because he's British. And a racist. And an asshole.

Dr. Pepper will replace water in all drinking fountains across the south east and Texas.

The entire punk scene will realize that Antisect fucking sucks, throw away all their patches, buy stock in JNCOS ,bringing that shit back like a mother fucker

Stevie Wonder will be exposed as a no talent hack and all of his records will be burned rendering his star on the Hollywood walk of fame obsolete and undeserved.

A new law passes stating that you have to be somewhat intelligent and more or less good looking to have a child.

Rick Perry will be elected the president of the United States of America. Headline will read, "Well, fuck me running."

All Russian literature will be banned from schools .Not for being too racy, but for being boring as fuck.

A Bay Area teen wearing a Death in June shirt to a gig will get the shit beaten outta him by a former San Quentin inmate who didn't see the irony.

Sons of Anarchy enthusiasts realize they are all closeted leather daddies. Ratings go through the roof.

The Black Sabbath reunion will suck serious balls.

"La Bamba" will replace " Who Let the Dogs Out" at all major and high school sporting events.

Yaphet Kotto gets back together and the world rejoices. Co-Headlining tour with Moss Icon shortly follows and the world emotionally moshes.

Due to the overwhelming success, "La Bamba" also replaces the national anthem.

2012 is gonna be quite the party. Mayans think we're all doomed. A new president. I'll probably have to get the truck inspected again and from what I can see pretty much everything will stay the same. Except for the whole Morrissey thing. Fingers crossed about that. Him and Danzig should have been on the Titanic when it sank. Not the movie, but the historic boat trip the movie was based on. You know, the one featuring Billy Zane. Talk about a good looking man.

PS. Antisect *rippppssss* and so does Isterismo.

P.P.S It seems to some folks that my column last month was glorifying the use of drugs. This was my not my intent.

Send bullshit to ldworrell@gmail.com

I am sad that the best underground music and culture fanzine writing from Sweden that I have seen recently is not actually from a real fanzine, but from a promotional "authentic scissor-and-glue fanzine" with outtakes from a book about Swedish metal history (*Blod Eld Död*). It's yet another sign that most Swedes have moved on to various shapes of metal, while punk and hardcore is no longer considered worthwhile to write about. It's like I am expecting Swedes to be astonished and shocked and slightly embarrassed to hear about how passionate punx around the world care about Swedish hardcore's past and present. No one seems to care back home. Instead, boring old clichés about crusties and squatters abound, and what are left are heaps of metal magazines and fanzines (and books). In this zine-that's-not-a-zine — called *Nekrospya* ("Nekropuke") — there's an interview with the guitarist of possibly brilliant thrash metal band AGONY (neé AGONI, the hardcore punk band made world famous by *Stockholms Mangel* hardcore

punk compilation). Pelle says that nothing particularly fun happened in punk by 1986, and that the only options left for self-respecting musicians was to turn to heavy metal. Perhaps the last straw was touring with Jonsson and gang in the UK that same year? Retrospectively, and for youngsters like me, it's easy to glorify the stuffs of hardcore punk history, like Anti-Cimex, Agony, and Napalm Death playing some dingy bar in England to some fifteen or so drunk punx in dreads, while perhaps in reality, back then, the realities of a maturing punk rock lifestyle was nothing but disillusionment, and facing up to brutal realities. As Pelle said in the interview, at the time of that tour, Discharge had just begun playing that really ridiculous heavy metal style and with Cal crooning like Led Zeppelin or some shit.

Yet, reading *Nekrospya* (I haven't actually read the book yet, but will ASAP!) I am starting to reassess my current total hard-line stance towards all sorts of modern and extreme metal, for willful ignorance of metal shit is for sure going to cloud my quest for understanding and enlightenment regarding all things in underground music! Case in point, I've been playing the DEATHSTRIKE demo, which Jesus just reissued. It's good, kind of like hardcore punk and Venom (I like Venom a lot, but get bored after a few songs). Then I put on some Exithippies and the world is all good again. By the way, I just got a batch of Exithippies shit from Recordshop BASE in Japan, I think old new stock, discovered under a bed somewhere, or maybe reissues, who cares, all you darlings out there who cry over that void left in your meagre record collections because you don't own the Joy / Exithippies 8" or Acid Rain flexi shoot Takahiro an email right now!

Hey, talking about Swedes, I am sorry for suggesting that Swedes don't read *MRR*, apparently the good Krogh sells 'em and he even handles subscriptions, and for all you others that extreme metal shop in the old town of Stockholm is also selling 'em. No idea about you guys and girls down in the real capital of Sweden (Gothenburg), but harass those poncy hipster record shops down Andra Långgatan to start selling 'em ok?

Before I talk about the zines I've selected to talk about in this column, as part of my hare-brained history of Swedish HC zines, I'd like to repeat something that Mikael Sörling (who interviewed EATER last issue, of *Profitblaskan* zine fame) said in an interview on a blog. He said, "I have always wished for a Swedish national punk zine like *MRR* or *Trust*. And even if magazines on paper do not seem to be the future any more, that is something like that that I want today." Come on all you great drunk retarded Swedish hardcore punx: Terminate your stinking blog, and start a fanzine!

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The first zine I pulled out of Ola's old box of zines was the orange paper and partly colour printed fourth giving of *Crash-Mag Fanzine* from December 1988. You will probably know of the slate of brilliant and underrated Scandinavian hardcore sevens released by Crash-Mange on his label, which is called the same as the zine. Oddly, this may be the first time I ever read this totally fucking amazing Swedish hardcore zine. Growing up this was one of a handful of fanzine titles that you heard about described as among the best, but painfully impossible to read as that was way back before the information revolution (aka the internet, duh!). Upon reading this zine, I instantly recognised that all the talk is entirely correct, as *Crash-Mag* is no doubt up there with the greats; it's very much like a Swedish *Raising Hell* zine (England) if you know what I mean. We're in the late 1980s, so it's not so much punk anymore but hardcore and something called "speedcore," and it's international, it's DIY and it's political in a way that from the dis-ad-vantage point of 2011 feels exactly like something that is greatly missing in today's international hardcore punk conspiracy network of friends. Next to band interviews with the likes of Krixhjälters and Ashram are poems, the zine is laid out with flyers from all over the world and slogans ("co-operaton, no compentition" and "If you're only in it for the music – fuck off & die!!") as well as an anti-McDonalds article that's neither stupid nor "preaching" but actually still as relevant as it was 23 years ago. There's even a Glasgow scene report in there for fuck sake. And a Sore Throat interview! Where the band is introduced as an English answer to Protes Bengt! I love the Chaotic Dischord review that starts with "I almost cried of joy when I saw that there is a very brand new record with Chaotic Dischord"! Or how about that Ataque Frontal EP review ("Fucking raw vocalist and then added to that a pretty heavy driving hardcore")! I don't really know anything about the zine, like how many issues came out or whatever, since unlike the info you can find online about obscure records and tapes info on old zines is virtually non-existent. But I do know that I desperately need a complete *Crash-Mag* fanzine collection! I love this zine! Please help!!!

The second to last page is a full-page RAPED TEENAGERS advert, which makes me very happy because that band is one of the lasting loves of my youth. The song "I Kräftans Klor" is one of my favourite songs of all times. I might have mentioned before how happy I was to score a *F.R.E.D.* EP for a quid or something at Punk Illegal 2010. Apparently some US label (I think) claims on the internet that a discography CD is due sometime soon. Sveden (who also does the brilliant KBD Records mp3 website) has said that there are tons and tons of old Raped Teenagers tapes with unreleased recordings of the band, I can only hope that some of that shit gets released / made available soon. As for me, I finally scored the *Klok* compilation CD (2 RT LPS and the aforementioned EP as bonus) this month, which is great because it came out in 1991 but it's taken me ever since to get a copy! And that fucking Swedish punk discography book gives this a three star in obscurity (i.e. not at all "hard to find." What? It took me 20 years to get a copy!!!). Anyways, old and matured raped teenagers Sveden and Packe's have a new band called PUSRAD, who boast seven songs in about two minutes; a record is due. Old fools and nostalgia besides, I like Pusrad, a lot and you should buy the damn thing when it's out (Hej Sveden, får jag en gratis skiva nu?)

Back in 1985, there was a RAPED TEENAGERS and RÖVSVETT and MOB 47 members side project called HERRAIDS ("Mister Aids"), who are perhaps of interest to obscure noise nerds mostly for splitting a tape with the almighty French noise freaks RAPT. HerrAids are interviewed in the next zine I picked up from the stinky rat-infested box of Swedish hardcore zines that my girlfriend is threatening to divorce me for bringing to our house. This zine is called *Skrik Ut*! ("Scream Out Loud!"), and it's a great fucking little zine! It's very chaotic and very crap, but with hidden treasures! Herr Aids was Sveden on guitars and vocals with Löken on drums and Jögga Punk on bass, and they pissed about during 1985. Mikael, who I mentioned above, told me that he started collage in 1985. On the first day of collage the students had to get to know each other by saying something about what they had done during the summer. Mikael said that he had amongst other stuff been to see HerrAids (ha!). Upon which the funny kids in the class made a joke about Swedish pop boy band Herreys. It took awhile before they understood that he meant a band called HerrAids, not the famous dancing brothers Herreys. Sveden adds that it was Löken who hooked up the Rapt tape as the French guys were into HerrAids. Interestingly Rapt even played in Sweden, with Raped Teenagers. Apart from the ridiculous HerrAids interview, there's some stuff about another of my all-time loves namely DOM DäR: the band was asked to write some info about themselves, and they responded by answering in as generic punk zine questions as possible, like "are you anarchists?" which is both hilarious and stupid. Predictably, their interview ends on a sour anti-punk rant and ultimately the statement that "the band has split up." Like *Crash-Mag*, *Skrik Ut!* had plenty of flyers filling the pages (as well as really shitty comics) and requests for bands to send tapes for compilation tapes, and then suddenly an interview with the best band of all time, namely G-ANX! The interview states that the band started in '82 but with a different line-up, that the best gig so far was the gig at Ljubljana (have a look on YouTube kids, you won't regret it!) and that they're splitting an EP with Filthy Christians (described in *Crash-Mag* as "the most awaited hardcore EP of all time"). Personally, I was amazed that G-Anx cites the incredible Spanish raw-as-fuck hardcore band Auto-Defenca as an influence! I played the early G-Anx demos recently and was surprised to hear something more akin to CONFUSE, than the clean produced proto-grind hardcore band of the G-Anx 7"s (compiled on a extremely accessible CD, and soon to be reissued on vinyl — with the demos! Yes!!!). But little known is that G-Anx was basically two bands from the start that merged, with the noisecore half achieving dominance over the other, and that half was previously a band called PENISKNYCKARNA. I asked

Hoccy from G-Anx about Penisknyckarna and he said that unfortunately he had long ago taped over the only tape he had of a Penisknyckarna rehearsal. Worse, twenty years ago Steve pissed into his box of old rehearsal tapes…. And finally the other member, Putte, does not have anything either. "Sorry," they said. I wonder what Penisknyckarna sounded like, perhaps like Tatuerade Snutkukar? I guess I will never know. Finally, like *Crash-Mag Skrik Ut!*'s got a second-to-last page advert, and it's a fucking advert for Polish punk with photos of Dezerter! Absolutely brilliant, and another sign that hardcore punk was pro-actively international by second half of 1980s.

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Next up I'll be talking about a zine called *Painkiller*, from the 1990s, and with Kalle who did the zine (if he can be arsed to get back to me hahaha), as well as some more old Swedish zines.

Meanwhile, with *More Noize* 7 out and out the window, Mario from *Tortura Y Mierda* zine outta Barcelona and I are putting out a split zine this December, and I've got two great interviews with SUN CHILDREN SUN and THeSWINDLES [sic], both from Japan. Super excited!!!!

And finally, I just have to tell you about my latest exploits: Earlier this year I got a CD compilation by Connor from the INJECTiONS and *Pogo & Laugh* fanzine (you guys need this zine!) called *Life's a Bitch* (on MCR). It features four Japanese Oi! / pogo bands and it's fucking great! Japanese Oi!/pogo punk is probably the best thing in my world right now. Particularly THE HAT TRICKERS, you know the band that does the whole Clockwork Orange shit.

Here's how U.S. state-controlled media covered events at Occupy Oakland:

"A day of demonstrations in Oakland that began as a significant step toward expanding the political and economic influence of the Occupy Wall Street movement, ended with police in riot gear arresting dozens of protesters who had marched through downtown to break into a vacant building, shattering windows, spraying graffiti and setting fires along the way," reported the AP.

Then they quoted an Occupy Oakland member: "'We go from having a peaceful movement to now just chaos,' said protester Monique Agnew, 40."

The lede of this November 4th AP story frames a larger narrative. "Political and economic influence" cannot be achieved through violence. Ms. Agnew's quote is used to support that framing. The move from "peace" to "chaos" represents a setback for the Occupy movement.

Violence = tragedy.

Considering that recorded history does not include a single instance of a nonviolent movement effecting radical change, it is interesting that anyone would argue that violence is by definition a negative development. It is equally astonishing that anyone would believe it.

In a revolution, one set of elites gets supplanted by another. There has never been a nonviolent revolution. *Never*.

Gandhi was nonviolent. But his allies did resort to violence on numerous occasions. And India wasn't a revolution. It was an independence struggle. The rich remained rich; the poor stayed poor. Conversely, there has never been a revolution in which violence was the primary tactic. Even the bloodiest revolutions—France, Russia, China—relied more on national strikes, sabotage, marches, and demonstrations than shooting people. Revolutions are mostly nonviolent. But violence must always part be of the revolutionist's toolkit. Movements move.

Sometimes against the will of many of its members, the nascent Occupy movement is being propelled forward into its second phase: increasingly direct confrontation with the security apparatus of the American police state. The consideration of violence as a tactic is the inevitable result of Occupy's own internal logic, resulting from a combination of its timing—at a time when revolution is needed and desired by millions of Americans, it's the only insurrection in town—and its leaderless structure.

Never in history have the wealthy or powerful voluntarily relinquished substantial amounts of money or power. The corporate elite and the political class that enables them—the "1%," as Occupy calls them—will never give into the Occupier's demands to reduce their power or wealth unless faced with violence or the credible threat thereof.

As Peter Gelderloos writes in his book *How Nonviolence Protects the State*: "Time and again, people struggling not for some token reform but for complete liberation—the reclamation of control over our own lives and the power to negotiate our own relationships with the people and the world around us—will find that nonviolence does not work, that we face a self-perpetuating power structure that is immune to appeals to conscience and strong enough to plow over the disobedient and uncooperative."

If voting or writing letters to the editor worked, we wouldn't need Occupations.

The Occupy movement can wind up in one of two ways:

1. Failure.
2. Or success, partly via the occasional use of violence and/or the credible threat of violence that results from those sporadic outbursts.

First let's define terms. Vandalism, theft and destruction of property are not violence. Inanimate objects do not suffer. Violence can only be inflicted upon living beings. Breaking a window may or may not be morally justified, but it is never violence. Further, violent self-defense is not the same as violence. Until now the violence at the Occupations has all been initiated by the police. When policemen fire rubber bullets, bean bags, tear gas and pepper spray at unarmed, peaceful protesters, their victims have every right to defend themselves—to run away, to avoid arrest and yes, to strike back. Every civilized society recognizes the right to self-defense.

Perhaps because they were retroactively spooked by the bombings, bank robberies, and kidnappings that marked the disintegration of the Vietnam protest movement, throughout the last 40 years American leftists have adhered to a strict code of militant nonviolence. Abandoning the tactics of disruption and non-cooperation (both of which were central to Gandhi's approach), demonstrators' ridiculous cooperation with government authorities reduced progressivism to farce.

Marchers apply for permits on public streets. Organizers give the police pre-printed lists, last name first, of activists who volunteer to be arrested; they are quickly booked and released, rarely less than $100 poorer. It is theater, a mere pantomime of genuine protest.

And it never works. You need only look back at the political history of the United States between 1971 and 2011 to see what 100% nonviolence has accomplished. Even under Democratic presidents and Congressional majorities, the Left has lost one battle after another.

The Left's only major victory during that period followed the 1999 Battle of Seattle. Riots and broken windows disrupted the World Trade Organization for years. Countless American jobs were saved as a result. Yet liberals were ashamed.

Violence! How terrible!

Not as terrible as the wars and the massive unemployment, apparently.

At the core of the cowardice of protests carried out by establishment liberals has been slavish adherence to nonviolence at all cost. At most protests over the past few decades self-appointed "peace police" patrol the edges of crowds penned into "free speech zones" (which are inevitably placed out of the way, far from cameras). The peace police don't lift a finger to protect demonstrators against police brutality. Instead, they act to prevent protesters from doing anything to "provoke" the cops, even when they are trying to protect themselves from brutality.

What makes the Occupy movement different and so compelling is that it moves beyond going-through-the-motions toward real resistance against tyranny for the first time since the 1960s. Seizing territory without a permit and refusing to relinquish it, as has happened at Occupy Wall Street and hundreds of other cities, presents an inherent threat to the system. The authorities can't win no matter what they do.

They can't do nothing. Tolerance signals legitimacy, even tacit approval of OWS and their message that rich individuals and big corporations have too much wealth and control over us. Can't have that. Rupert Murdoch's house organ, the *New York Post*, ran a front-page editorial on November 3rd screaming: "Enough!"

But crackdowns make the movement grow even bigger. A video of a NYPD official pepper-spraying four women at OWS without provocation inflamed public opinion and drew more people to Manhattan's Zuccotti Park. An announced plan to evict OWS was scrapped after hundreds of people traveled there to gird for battle.

Speaking for New York's business community as well as Murdoch, the Post editorialized: "Time's up. The Zuccotti Park vagabonds have had their say—and trashed lower Manhattan—for long enough. They need to go. Be in voluntarily—by packing their tents and heading off in an orderly fashion. Or by having the NYPD step in—and evict them." They blame OWSers for urinating outside. Which merely reminds New Yorkers how unresponsive their government is: there are no public restrooms in Manhattan.

You can smell the fear along with the pee.

Meanwhile, as politicians feel more pressure to crack heads, Occupations will have to move indoors. Freezing temperatures have arrived in New York and much of the country. Tensions will rise. As clashes with the authorities intensify, the ridiculous fetish of nonviolence—a faith-based tactic with no more basis in historical fact or reality than creationism—will be forgotten and, one day soon, laughed at.

[Ted Rall is the author of *The Anti-American Manifesto*. His website is tedrall.com.]

Black (and Brown) Punk Uprising and Solidarity in Chicago

Disclaimer: This article is not about white privilege, or about how fucked up the white punks are. I am tired of wasting my energy on such topics. This is about the scene that I know, and the kids that I have met and identify with.

The kids from the ghetto, the kids who are undocumented, the kids who face adversity in many folds and layers. This is also not about pitying the poor black kid. I'm just trying to explain the complexities of our lives. This is a struggle, not a fad. Just as our lives were not meant to be bad.

This is also not about *Afro Punk* the documentary. I feel as if that idea of the ultimate *Afro Punk* has been commercially appropriated and does not represent the kids I know who play music and actually give a fuck about this scene. This is dedicated to Lucy... you know who you are grrl.

***

Chicago is a city of cliques, organizations, familiarity. Since the beginning of its history, it has always been the epicenter of cultural segregation, mass migrations, and class warfare. The city is known for it's culturally homogeneous neighborhoods, where lines have been clearly drawn.

Whether a show is on the north or south side, a local will likely know what kind of show it will be. Southwest shows are generally Latino punx shows whereas Northside shows are predominately white. There's only one side of town that definitely needs to begin hosting shows in the community: the far South side.

Chicago's South Side community contains a third of Chicago's black population. It is also one of the most isolated communities in the Chicagoland area. It has seen two great migrations of Southern Blacks in the past decades, the creation of numerous art and music cultures, and communal resistance to the very system that forgot about them.

The isolation was deliberate and children who live in these neighborhoods are not aware of the highways and train tracks that were put there for them.

Most Latino neighborhoods are living in a state of fear and rebellion due to the deportation round-ups and gang violence. However, despite all adversity directed towards them, the youth and the elders have fought back with activism, communal interdependence and music.

Immigration and citizenship are very popular topics within the Latino punk scene. With these issues, comes brutality and pressure from the state and police. The only thing is, they have something that universally unites them: culture. Though first generation kids still have to cope with the pressures of assimilation, they still have a safe haven within their own elder's knowledge of what it is to be themselves.

DIY is something that has been a part of POC cultures throughout the post-industrial decades in this country. However in the black community, generations lost throughout the years have taken a drastic toll. Many young people have not been taught the DIY ethic from older generations.

The racial profiling, police intimidation, and forced segregation in this city are more than enough to create a rebellion. Whereas a lot of POC youth turn to organized crime in order to find acceptance or survival, there is a small division that is willing to smash the expectations and create a new and vibrant world. Reclamation of one's self is the basis for the rising Black punk movement.

Though different, the struggles faced by both of these groups remain synonymous. The social stigma of "avoiding the other colored" syndrome is completely unorthodox and needs to be eradicated. All forms of division are a device used by the ones who have the power to create them. There needs to be a way of exchanging struggle and resources in order to create a defense against bullshit thrown our way.

Black punks should start attending more shows and making connections. People need to open up and not be intimidated by the unknown black kid. If reading that made you uncomfortable, you're a bullshitter. This is a condition of a fucked up society, and done all of the time without a blink.

It should be known that while there are a lot of Black punks out there who know their shit, there are some that are new and just want to figure it out. Your first punk show can be eerily terrifying, especially if you don't know the music or the people. These kids are looking for another alternative that could possibly help them figure themselves out.

Creating a DIY space in a predominately Black community would not only be awesome, but quite possibly revolutionary. It will provide a space for punx of color to go and build in their community, and produce bad ass music. There are kids who want to do this, just check out Pull the Plug, The Breathing Light or Knif (three awesome black Chicago punk bands who were just recently "discovered").

These are not fool proof suggestions, just something I want to see attempted. I am going to try to do my part to help build something stable—a framework for future black kids who want to get out of the ghetto and start thinking for themselves.

Punk helped me escape, and it helps others who want to resist and find their own trail to contentment. Our bodies have been dissected, oppressed, and exploited since the beginning of this country (and still are). To stand up and say "Fuck you! I'll be who I want to be" is revolutionary and needs to be heard in the shadiest corners filled with despair. Let the uprising begin.

Everyone has a story about the first time they picked up *MRR*, I can remember the cover of the first issue I picked up but not much else about it. I remember more clearly why I stopped reading it. There was a review of the classic to me Slant 6 LP *Soda Pop Rip Off* that insinuated that Dischord only put it out because of the pin up quality of the band. This was a clear indication that the magazine was was not for girls like me, it was for those who could not relate to music made by women without commodifying / writing it off in the same manner as in the mainstream press. Women in rock. Makes me wanna review every average bro band with only their style of dress and visual impact as humans in mind. Because reading a review of a band that I loved, one that meant a lot to me, who wrote subtle, evocative and powerful songs, some with feminist undertones but with a million ideas at work... Not riot grrrl, but existing on their own terms in their own context in the same era. The guitar sound evoking Greg Sage and Dead Moon

and Wire, skittish self-taught drums with the most devastating voice over it all... A band that seemed like a girl gang, that created their own world with its own set of signs.

I am sure I have written about this exact thing before, but I have been thinking about Christina Billotte's guitar style and voice a lot this week... Someone uploaded an Autoclave video to YouTube that set me off on a Billotte discography trail. Autoclave was I think her teenage band with Mary Timony, who is now in indie rock sensations Wild Flag. You should watch the video, they play my three of my favorite songs, and are a fantastic and unnerving punk girl group that bring to mind a post punk sound but do not rabidly xerox any specific old sound like all bands do now. "We sound exactly like the Comes / Sort Sol / Some Dull Dad Rock Band." What a boring life, to paraphrase the Slits. I have never been in a band with the intent of sounding like another band, mostly because my musical skills do not enable me to rabidly copy some old shit from thirty years ago, but also because it's boring and I do not understand the concept of punk as a reenactment troupe inna UK82 or ConfuseGai hardcore stylee. "Why Be Something That You're Not" etc etc.. At any rate, in Billotte related matters I still need the Quix*o*tic *Mortal Mirror* LP, if anyone's holding. I stupidly only bought it on CD assuming KRS would keep it in print on vinyl... doh! Someone should repress both of those CDs onto vinyl ok?

I double reviewed a record I loved this month, then decided I was just being a psycho as the other review was not as dismissive as I recalled. So without further ado it's reprinted in my column bc I labored for hours over this whilst at work serving the public at my sick retail job, my take on the Household LP. Reader, I married it! People often compare this band to YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS, perhaps because of the disquieting female vocals and post-punk girl sound, but I think the reason I freaked out is because it makes me think of early '90s CHRISTINA BILLOTTE bands, especially AUTOCLAVE who had one of the coolest updates on the post-punk girl sound without sounding like a museum piece like so many bands that do that sound now. Brooklyn's HOUSEHOLD have the secret bedroom recordings feel of the best of EXCUSE 17 and HEAVENS TO BETSY, but with a furtive post-punk undercurrent rather than anything strictly grrrl style. More ALISON STATTON than CORIN TUCKER. Whenever people reference post-punk it's always for the herk n jerk of DELTA 5 or the POP GROUP and while there are some parts that bring that idea to mind, this sound is so far from punk funk. HOUSEHOLD use dissonance in a different way, creating space and an out of place feeling with the minor key vocal harmonies and interplay between the instruments; the way they play off each other is reminiscent of the awkward and disconcerting atmospheres of the most desolate WIRE songs. Someone else suggested *Three Imaginary Boys* era CURE too, but this band has way more of a total bedroom UK/DIY appeal than anything ROBERT SMITH has done... I think it's the starkness of the songs, the music and the lyrics just create this foreboding atmosphere. The song "Desperate Times" hits me like the most evocative AUTOCLAVE songs do, and "Cold Hands" has this amazing YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS meets classic era SLEATER KINNEY feel, it's awkward and true... (LG)
(Dull Knife)

Well... what else? I reviewed a sick tape by this band the Vixens a few months ago, insane Void-core all girl HC from Canada who apparently have not responded to any emails sent their way asking for the tape / asking if they would put a record out and so forth. They have a bandcamp. But I forgot the name of it, I am assuming you can use the power of the internet to figure it out and listen to them! This was my review:
VIXENS – Holy shit! This is another raging all girl HC band, this sounds like fucking VOID playing GERMS songs, a total frenzy of noise and dissolution. Fuck this is so good! Actually scratch the GERMS this is just total chaos in vicious doses, this is what every CONFUSE/GAI nerd clone *wishes* their band was like. Seriously just intense noise with bits of destruction falling on your head, like a Survival Research Laboratory show in your bedroom with the *Exorcist* playing at the wrong speed in the background while DEEP WOUND knits you a sweater out of your stomach tubes. This is the reason punk exists. Fuck! Seriously, the singer's voice is fucking possessed! Sick!!!!! (email for $ info vixenshfx@gmail.com)
Anyway that is the end of my column! What the fuck is it even about? Team up all night workin on the magazine brain slaughter society of doom. Layla@maximumrocknroll.com whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com
PS My new years resolution is to have a new column header for 2012.

Holy Shit, you guys... I am never drinking again. Writing your column after a night of stupidity is ill advised. So, go easy on me if I have some spelling mistakes, my brain is pickled and I feel like a sack of guano. SXE for life.

First off, happy New Year! I want to wish all of you punks a better year than the one before (especially to all the independent record stores, labels and venues, and any punks with health issues and/or financial issues). Resolutions: lose those last 15 pounds, sleep more, fuck more...a lot more, break less, drink less, eat less butter, be kinder, start another band, tour with my existing band, have the strength to subdue my self destructive urges... and stick to these resolutions for at least a week. Moving on, I don't have that much room, so bare with my short and a lil' simplistic column!

A few months ago there were a couple of bands hanging out here, passing through on tour. There were also two girls from their area also visiting the Bay. All of these people were young-ish, in their early twenties, I believe. At one point a bunch of us were standing outside in a circle talking about music, shows and bands happening in their hometown. I asked one of the girls what she thought about her local scene. She was shy and quiet, but started telling me about a radio show that she does. She seemed excited to tell me about it, and having done a punk radio show in Chicago for sometime, I was as equally excited to hear about hers. As she was explaining what she plays and how it works, one of the dudes chimed, "Your show sucks." Then another dude followed with, "Yeah you just use an ipod, you don't really DJ." I then watched this girl shrivel up and recede into the background where she had been the whole time before she had an opportunity to speak about what she is doing to support punk, Needles to say, *I was fucking pissed*. Now, old Mariam would have said, "Why don't you shut the fuck up," and promptly escorted the dudes out via sleeper hold, but the new Mariam is a little more level headed...

"So I am assuming you guys have a bunch of cash to blow on rare records?" I asked them. There was no reply, except for some open mouthed dumbfounded-ness. "Most punks, especially in developing countries, don't really have the means to track down and buy a $200 7" and seeing as how you guys all seem to listen to mostly old punk, I am curious to hear where you have heard all this rare shit?"

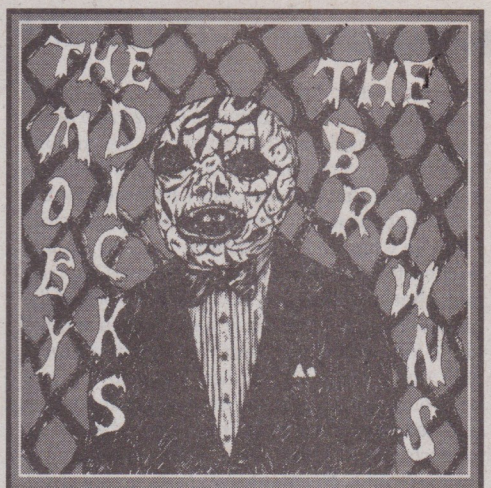
"Uh, well, yeah, that's true..." was the only answer from one dude...

"Yeah, that's what I thought..." I replied and then turned to this girl who seemed pretty surprised and said, "so you were saying about you radio show..."

In. Your. Face.

The reason I bring this story up is because I think about it often. I am sure that everyone has felt shut out, silenced, bullied in our lives, but when those things happen in punk, it's like a punch in the stomach. I expect norms to give me shit sometimes, even though what I do or what I look like is no ones business, but in between punks? Fuck that. I have come to realize that my experience as a lady in punk is a unique one, but for the girls who are just coming into punk to try escape the bullshit they get as a "girl," I hope they know that no amount of shit talking should keep them out of punk.

This past month I went to NYC to participate in a panel/reading for the POC zine project. Osa Atoe and I noticed that it just happened to be all women participating, even though it was the *People* of Color project. Another fact is that the majority of the crowd was made up of women. Interesting... I guess it is really is a testament to the fact that women have participated in punk in many ways, maybe even more so, than in any bands. Women have booked shows, done art, taken photos, made zines...documented the scene. Our place in punk is a solid one and the fact that we have all contributed in many different ways just goes to show how diverse we are in our action within the punk scene. Whether it's being in a band or being at the show, we have a place here.
Last, I have to say that my heart goes out to Jos from Seein' Red. I am sorry to hear about the damage to your hearing, it's a true loss to the punk community. Watching Seein' Red play changed my life. Mariam@maximumrocknroll.com



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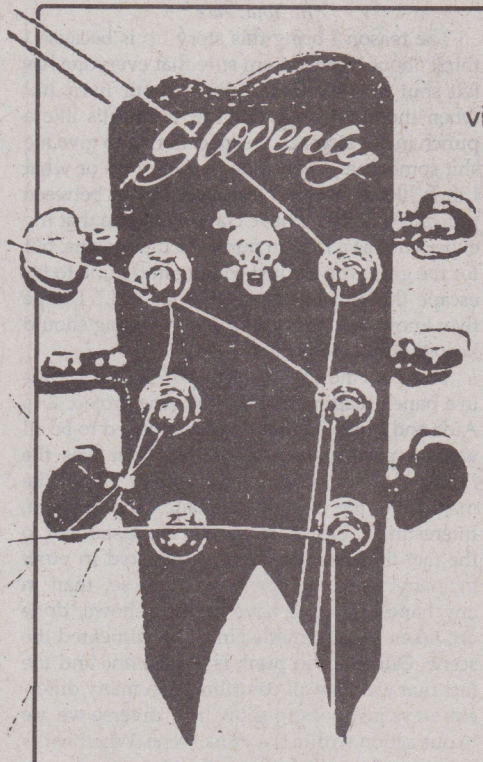

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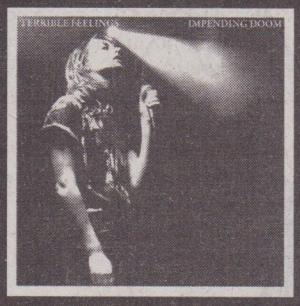

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NEWS SPECIAL REPORT

ARTICLE BY LYDIA ATHANASOPOULOU

Shitty-City Athens, GR

Dear *MRR* readers the world over... It's hard to finish up this here article. In fact, it was hard to even start it. See, I've promised *MRR* a political and scene report from Athens. I've been battling away at it for over two weeks and it's still not done. This is because everything seems to be changing so rapidly here, that every time I think it's finished and good to go, something new happens and makes me come back to it for one final check. So, I decided to split the main article and give you some of the information by way of this here article. I don't know if *MRR* will print it, but from now on I plan on writing one every month and sending it in. Better late than never.

It's a Tuesday evening here right now, and tomorrow is the first day of a two-day mass protest around Greece. Everyone is on strike. Schools and universities have already been under siege for weeks, protesting the new education reform measures. The rubbish collectors have been on strike for a week or more, meaning that Athens looks like a giant dumpster, both smelly and unhygienic. Cab and truck drivers have been on a series of strikes, air-traffic controllers have brought flights to a screeching halt on the runway, all public services are on strike, including doctors, lawyers, teachers, transportation workers, banks and the media, even commercial stores decided to close up shop tomorrow, Wednesday. Everyone is against the new austerity measures and the (probable) voting of a mega-bill/debt arrangement contract with the Troika, IMF and EU, which, if passed, is sure to leave Greece economically crippled. I really don't know what's going to be happening in Greece by the time you read this. Whatever happens, I hope it happens soon.

It had been a hard winter, full of gloomy images for the future. Social unrest was becoming a daily reality, along with tragic newspaper headlines, and heated discussions about how the Greek economy is on the verge of destruction. Even though the media yapped on about the debt crisis and how hard the new austerity program was going to be, they failed to mention that our economy was fucked a long time ago. They also, always deliberately never mention who is really to blame: in short, almost everyone. Crisis, Crisis, Crisis is all you heard. And everyone wondered how could this happen to us, what are we going to do, why is everyone against us, what does this all mean? It basically means that one way or another we're fucked. And it's no bloody surprise.

As it is, Greece runs in a corrupt, counter-productive, bureaucratically challenged way, it's inefficiency compounded by the fact that your average Takis and Soula are fucking idiots. This may sound like a harsh remark, but trust me; fucking scumbags run this country. And have done for decades—because people vote for them. Developments with the whole credit crisis and the involvement of the IMF and the EU are only pretty recent, since 2008 when Greece's real debt was finally exposed, after the general elections, which George Papandreou won.

Imagine the Greek economy like a giant bread factory. The factory was originally founded sometime back in the 1960s by a bunch of post-war crooks and is basically co-owned by the EU, which helped pay to build it in the first place, and promised the Greeks that if they were good, it would add Greece to their honored bread factory list (aka the EU).

The Greek politicians run the factory (government) and in combination with international investors (EU)

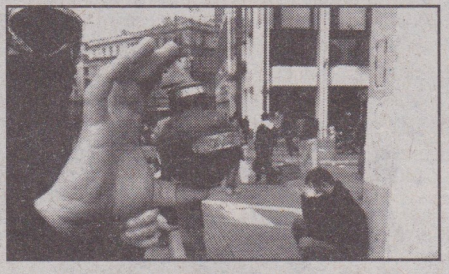
and the company lawyer (legislative system), decide how to make the best possible profit for their own pockets. The board of directors was always the same small group of people (influential political families like Papandreou, Karamanlis, Bakoyianni, Vardinoyianni, Bobola, Ebirikos plus tones more and ministers), who in turn hired workers in the thousands to bake the bread, paid them grandly and promised to never fire a single one of them (civil service, state owned services).

The factory knew it needed to sell the bread, so it set up it's own chain of bakeries. (State owned public enterprises, organizations and infrastructure, like OTE phone-company, OSE train-company, DEH electricity, EYDAP water). These bakeries, funded by the factory, managed to make a lot of money and employ a huge part of the Greek population. Some of them were even franchised by rich foreigners (German Siemens on the public Athens Metro project, USA military equipment, Russian gas pipe lines and countless more examples, both old and new).

Everyone seemed happy with the way things were, since one way or another, everyone was getting their share of the bread. You have to remember that a lot of these people lived through times of poverty, starvation and war and so when the factory allowed people to trade in their old ovens for new ones (house trading law), they found it hard to deny the offering. And so they got grants from the factory, migrated to cities and set up their own businesses. All they had to do in exchange was vow devotion to the factory, vote for it in the next elections and, if they were good, they'd get some free cheese pies. And so every four years there were elections to decide if the factory should stay or go. The bread factory would then spend lots and lots of money on convincing the people it should stay, and bribed many of them with luxury croissants and cinnamon rolls. And of course, the factory would win every time, it didn't matter what political party the SEO (PM) was, the factory has always been PASOK or ND.

However, the factory was never good at handling its finances, plus it had shitty accountants who made deals with workers or foreign investors (corrupt IRS, zero transparency, fraud, tax evasion, the list goes on...), which only lead the factory deeper into corruption, making its investors increasingly suspicious, especially now since the Greek bread factory was officially a member of the EU. Also, since there was no other bread factory around, the people who couldn't afford to buy the bread had to either learn how to make it themselves, or settle with what was offered. So, most decided it was just safer to get a job inside the factory to ensure their share. And they brought their kids up on this same mantra: get in on it, so you don't get left out.

On top of all that, the factory itself has been embezzling money for decades and was already in debt ($400 billion in fact). That's why foreign investors and the EU stepped



in and demanded the Greek factory take a loan, to make sure it wouldn't go bankrupt and negatively affect its other EU friends. It demanded the factory cut spending, fire a lump sum of its (admittedly hugely abundant and under-qualified bunch of ape) workers and increase bread prices.

This of course led to petty disagreements between the SEO and the board of directors (in-government drama) about who is to blame and instead of cutting their own fat salaries, decided to cut the pensions and wages of its labor force, both past and present. So the factory workers went on strike, as well as all the temp workers who were still waiting to be steadily hired by the factory. Plus the bakeries had no bread to sell, which meant a lot of people had to starve (unemployment).

Of course the factory didn't manage to control its expenses, and so became EUs bread bitch and now not only had to deal with its own corrupt inefficiency, it also had to find a way to make big bucks fast, so it could pay back the loan it was forced to take. In effect it brought down the very economy it once used to (marginally) sustain and (continuously) exploit. So it cut wages and pensions even more, fired more people, reduced funding of bakeries and increased taxes, stopped with the free deals and imposed even higher bread prices.

All this, including social isolation, increased suspicion of foreigners, a rise of the fascist movement, unemployed youth, unpaid pensioners and layoffs and wage cuts in every job sector, have lead to what you all now know as The Greek Crisis. Who knows what's going to happen in the next couple of days, this current week declared the most critical for Greece since the fall of the military junta in 1974.

We'll probably have elections, which are what G. Papandreou wants, because it takes the pressure off his dumbass and all his mistakes. However, those elections will probably take place in a climate of extreme polarization and maybe even national bankruptcy, if the IMF denies Greece the sixth loan of junk money this country is so blindly addicted to. But like with all hard drugs, if you cut the patient off too quickly, they'll lapse into a fit. Protests breaking out into riots are of course common symptoms of job loss, social injustice and civil unrest.

Yet if you were to dissect the Greek community, a micrograph of which is Athens, then you would see that most people have conflicting views about what should be done, since most people have conflicting interests. A large number of the population does indeed want the corrupt politicians gone, but they aren't willing to see any of their benefits go with them. As we say in Greek, they want the pie to themselves and the dog fed as well. Impossible when the Greek economy has been a vicious cycle of scam deals and corruption for a century or more.

People are just too unwilling to sacrifice the things they didn't even work hard to get. The nouveau rich were all born with a silver

fucking spoon up their ass (and a mortgage) and most of them are too damn proud to chop up their maxed out credit cards and trade in their Toyota Hiroshimas for a bike.

And sure, the civil serpents, as I like to call them, might make up a large majority of the protestors, but what they make up for in numbers they totally lack in efficiency, dignity and accountability. (You lazy parasite scum!) Meanwhile, the waning private sector is also suffering wage cuts and lay-offs, while the few that still have an underpaid job (and unpaid overtime due to wage cuts and lay-offs) can't go to protests at all, because they could get fired. Do I really need to mention the youth, who have grown up spoiled on IPods, Starbucks and MySpace, yet lack an education and a future? They're just happy to be out of school, happy to smash the very city that denies them meaning.

And so, when this mismatched mix of people take to the streets for all the wrong reasons and demand more rights so they can then just abuse them, then the ones who really have been suffering from this crisis (youth included), the (few) ones who really have been "law-abiding, tax-paying, corrupt-free citizens" for years, well... they really do start to feel indignant and angry. And so they take to the streets as well, some of them for the first time, and see close up and personal what social inequality and police brutality really means.

Of course the media takes advantage of these developments and cover up or over-expose certain issues, depending on whom they want to frame and blame each time. Add all this to the decade-long battles between the left and right wing parties (and the constant hypocrisy from all sides) and you have yourself a class war. And of course those who help make sure the government wins this war, are the legislative system and the police.

The police are not here to protect and to serve, they are here to suppress those who want to fight for change. There has always been a pretty strong anti-cop sentiment among Greek youth, but recent events and increased police brutality have deepened this hatred toward cops and all its different bodies (MAT, ΔΙΑΣ, DELTA, OPKE, EKAM). And despite their cooperation with government officials and nationalist groups to repeatedly attack various squats around Greece (*), this has only contirbuted to strengthening our resistance, unfortunately with collateral damage.

Athens is no stranger to riots and blind acts of violence. On December 6, 2008 a fifteen-year old boy by the name of Alexis Grigoropoulos was shot in cold blood, due to police fucking pig-headedness. On May 5, 2010 the protests against the austerity measures wreaked such havoc, the police injured twelve people, while three bank workers were killed inside a Marfin Bank, after it caught fire as a result of Molotov bombs. On February 23, 2011, there was a recurrence of violent protests and strikes, involving up to 100,000 people. In May 2011 the Los Indignados of Greece, the Aganaktismenoi, took to Syntagma square and demanded direct democracy. Tens of thousands flooded the streets and square and protested against the government, the IMF, the Troika and all the new measures. The most recent hit was on October 5th, when a photojournalist was verbally and physically abused by a MAT police officer, outside Parliament at a protest against the new loan package and accompanied austerity plan.

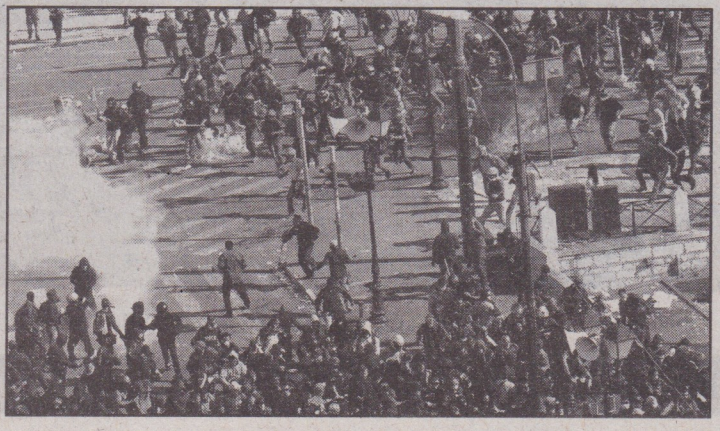
Just in 2011 at least two-dozen people have been sent to hospital because of police brutality during protests (most usually because of blunt force traumas to the cranium, which goes to show that the MAT aim straight for the head), while dozens more were arrested and charged with things they didn't do, like carrying school bags filled with illegal materials (gas masks, Molotov bombs, explosives etc). These bags are of course planted by the cops on purpose to frame (politically) "suspicious" youths and lock them up, charging sums like 50 or 70,000 euros for bail (**).

And that's only if they get a trial. There are numerous cases where people have been arrested, beaten and ridiculed by police, denied medical attention and been thrown in a cell without a phone call or a reason as to why they were detained! Fucking pigs.... BATSOS (cop in greek) + PASOK (greek government) = BATSOK! On the one hand I really do hope the next few days bring about some kind of change, I just fear that we'll have victims to claim for it at the end.

OK. I won't tire you any more, sorry for the messy narrating and I hope to be back soon with news and updates. You can find out more about what's happening at www.athens.indymedia.org (Greek Indymedia, with some English articles) http://actforfreedomnow.wordpress.com/ (anarchist news from Greece) and http://www.occupiedlondon.org/blog/ (articles on the situation in Greece, in English).

(*) Attacks on squats by fascists groups and/or police, in 2011: PIKPA Squat, Crete- 16/2. Papoutsadiko Squat, Haidari Athens- 3/4. Villa Amalias Squat, Athens- 12/5. Kilikio Squat, Rhodes island University- 24/5. Skaramanga Squat, Athens- 17/5 & 29/7, Libertatia Squat, Salonica- 9/9. Kouvelou Squat, Marousi Athens, 15/9) Elea Squat, Kerkira island- 19/9.

(**) Let me just note here that Panagiotis Psomiadis, a rich Greek business-scumbag who has been involved in numerous scams over the years. His most recent being rigged football matches, was only charged with 20,000 euros bail, after he was arrested at his secret hide-out in Sounio and then later set free. Apparently "he had nothing to do with the rigged matches" and he even had the audacity to say he was "a political prisoner." You damn fucker!)



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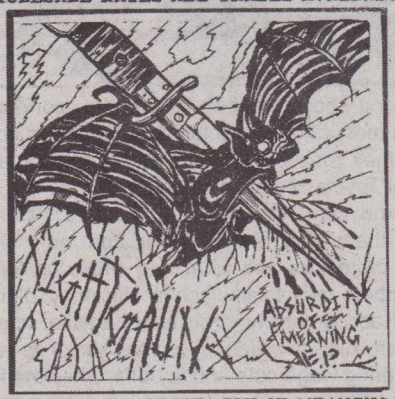

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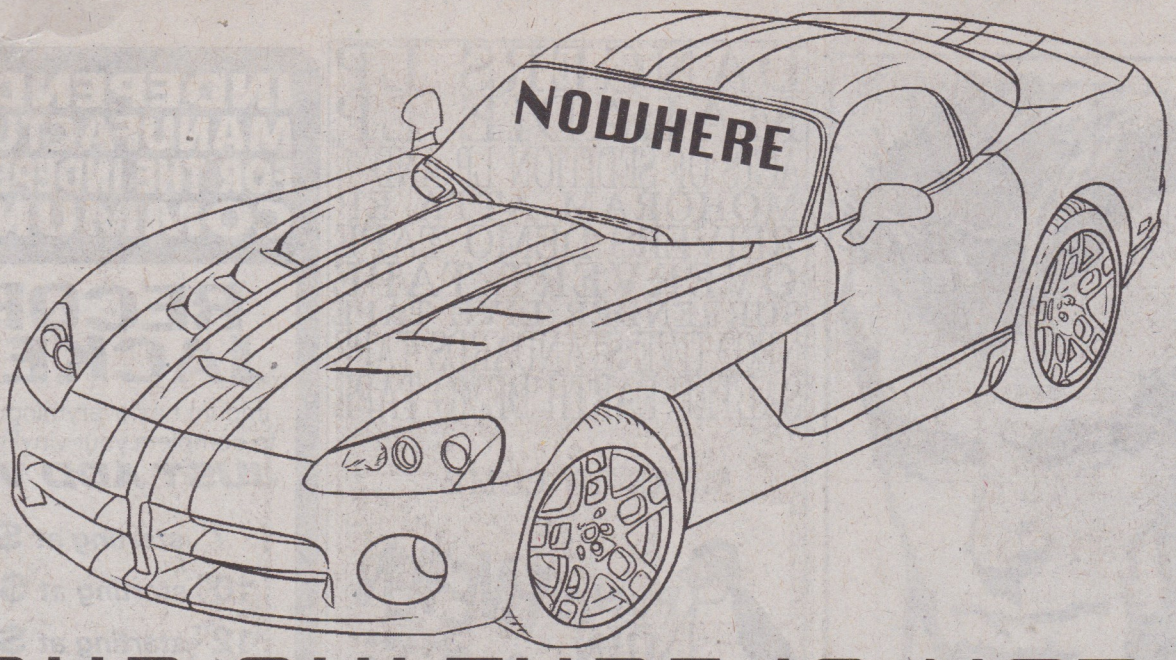

OUR CULTURE IS NOT A MARKETING TOOL

"What's important about punk rock is its independence of government and of corporations and its network that exist outside of that. That is what is political... not the words, not the music as much as the independence..."
—Tim Yohannan

Punk rock is an international network of people that put out records, put on shows, make fanzines, organize protests, that go to shows, that have created a network, a community built on trust and the concept of DIY. Doing things ourselves on our own terms, outside of the boring rock continuum, for reasons other than fame or profit. Once you take money from a corporate entity, you undermine DIY. We all know that "DIY" has become another commodity in the marketing world, but to simply accept this and wholesale your culture for a few bucks is unimaginative and weak. So-called punks aren't complaining about being co-opted by corporations and cool hunters—they are eagerly offering their work up to said corporations and cool hunters in exchange for gas money and photos of their "fans" with free branded tube socks by the merch table.

You are not only giving away your "art" to a corporate entity, you are also giving them unrestricted access to your scene, your audience becomes marketing data for a bunch of suits on another continent to process and disseminate for future advertising campaigns. You are part of the advertisement. You opened the door, and now your audience is a new demographic to be mined. Sending a signal to corporate entities that DIY culture, that our scene is up for grabs.

We live in a capitalist society, our choices are dictated by forces beyond our control. Everything we consume puts us in a different target bracket, a different lifestyle choice. This particular choice isn't between living off the land or having logos on your record cover. It's between making our own culture, our own music using a DIY network built up over thirty years, or allowing a monolithic corporation to use punk as a billboard in exchange for some tube socks. This isn't philanthropy.

Instead of pointing the finger at the "System" at large by making claims that one must accept corporate dollars in order to exist as a touring / active band, why not just accept that for years before now and for years after, DIY punk has been functioning on its own terms without corporate handouts. We don't ask for anything, we do it ourselves. Henceforth we will be producing our own sick MRR tube socks.

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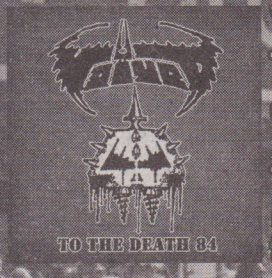

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THE MEANS TO AN END IS NIGH...

Richard Cubesville reports from the Means to an End Festival at The 1in12 Club, Bradford, UK, where liberty, equality and ear-splitting punk rule the day.

For those of you that have never had the pleasure of the UK's most enduring libertarian venue, the1in12 Club has been in the epicentre of the UK underground scene for 30 years. Set up on anarchist and mutual aid principles, it was originally a club night for bored, jobless youths in West Yorkshire before it found a permanent home in a disused mill in Bradford. Down a grim and grimy cobbled street on the city centre's margins, it has soldiered on as an independently-run venue, totally oblivious to the mainstream and hosting waves of underground bands ever since.

Every year, the Means to an End festival unites a global audience with DIY ethics and a love for ear-splitting noise. Like the 1in12, the festival draws its strength from its underground spirit, rather than the selling power of the bands it features. It gives the tribes who descend on Bradford the opportunity to see bands who are more used to plugging away in the back rooms of Bremen, Barcelona, Bergen or Bolton play to a packed-out rowdy gig room. Last year the fest was headlined by DESTINO FINAL, who sent the place completely mental. Here's a piece of punk rock trivia for you: In a totally random underground fashion, a clip of the respective singers of WARPRAYER and LIFE DESTRUCTION going mental to DESTINO FINAL armed with a bottle of Buckfast subsequently made it onto PJ Harvey's video to *The Words that Maketh Murder*. Strange, but true. In return, Means to an End organizer Steve "The Vegan Warrior" Hyland says he has asked PJ HARVEY to play the festival, but at time of writing is still awaiting a reply.

FRIDAY – NOISE ON A GLOBAL SCALE

Locals TRAUMA UNIT kick a raucous weekend off with a set of relentless anarcho thrash. With a sound and attitude owing more to early anarchopunks like CONFLICT, than much of this weekend's other crust and punk influences, they could have played at any time in the 30-year history of the 1in12 Club. They're totally fired-up for playing Means to an End too – angry and uncompromising, their animal rights and anti-government stance sets the tone for this year's festival. Following our helping of anarcho thrash, Leicester's DIET PILLS writhe, scream and struggle for breath in a swamp of discordant noise. They mix oblique jazz licks into searing feedback and chest-thumping sludge and their fierce delivery is as welcome as it is unsettling. SPECIAL EDUCATION get the crowd reaching for its crustpunk Esperanto phrase books. These teenage Israelis bolt together noise-punk influences from Kyushu to Helsinki, stopping off in mid 1980s Stoke-on-Trent for a pint on the way. With angry dual male/female vocals delivered in Hebrew, they prove that crust punk really is the language of dissent. What SPECIAL EDUCATION lack in experience, they make up for in energy, waving a big red and black flag to put Tel Aviv on the punk rock map. And INSIDIOUS PROCESS close Friday in a white hot blaze of Swedish D-beat. Singer Frida adds an otherworldly dimension to their brutal sound and her tortured, disembodied banshee vocals owe more to black metal than to INSIDIOUS PROCESS' crust punk forebears. She's electrifying and terrifying as she prowls the front row and the 1in12 erupts in brutal appreciation. INSIDIOUS PROCESS have drawn pretty lazy comparisons with Swedish death metallers ARCH ENEMY (whose front woman Angela Gossow looks like the blonde one out of ABBA and sounds like the bloke out of NAPALM DEATH). In this confined space, INSIDIOUS PROCESS are more barbarous, menacing and untamable.

SATURDAY – JOYFUL REFORMATIONS, FOND FAREWELLS AND NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK

The day starts with a punk rock pub quiz (hosted by the Reverend Cubesville) and a table football tournament. Previous years' quizzes have been brutal, competitive affairs, and yet this year has a subdued, amicable, civilized air to it, despite the dawning realization in a round called "Backward Classics" that our favourite punk songs sound just as good, if not better, when played backwards – try it with the DEAD KENNEDYS if you're dubious. The peaceful air of an idle Saturday afternoon in the upstairs bar of the 1in12 Club is then shattered with eight hours of bone-shattering noise on the gig floor below...

Opening up the second day in a burst of righteous hardcore are London straight edge politicos STAB. They pack out their sound with blurry bursts of grind, drawing favourable comparisons to the first wave of UKHC such as Ripcord or Heresy. Their singer literally bares his heart during their short, direct set, ripping apart his t-shirt in a sustained fit of angst. The reformed FILTHPACT invade the 1in12 from north of Aberdeen to deliver a wild lesson in fast, feral crust. They played at the first Means to an End seven years ago and are an integral part of the crust punk tribe, grinding away the last remnants of hangovers to warm the club for a day's noise. Continuing a theme of Celtic crust, CONTORT come over from Dublin to play a set of wayward, uncontrollable punk, punctuated with bursts of D-beat. Shirking overt technical ability for a plaguing, galling sound, they get right back to their antagonistic, confrontational punk roots and their sallow, pestilent vocals sound like STICK MEN WITH RAYGUNS for the 21st Century. Bobby Soxx would have felt a sense of paternal pride watching such an errant performance. KOBAYASHI from Bremen, Germany, on the other hand, play slick, fast, melodic hardcore with moments or screamo despair. With heartfelt sincerity, they invite us to relive some of the 1in12's most memorable all-dayers back in the 1990s – AVAIL springs to mind. Oh yes. Oh hell aye.

Autumnal '80s anarchopunks ANTHRAX open the doors to an anarcho tardis to take us back to a time of Tory rule, mass unemployment, police brutality, the rise of the

Insiduous Process/Richard Cubesville

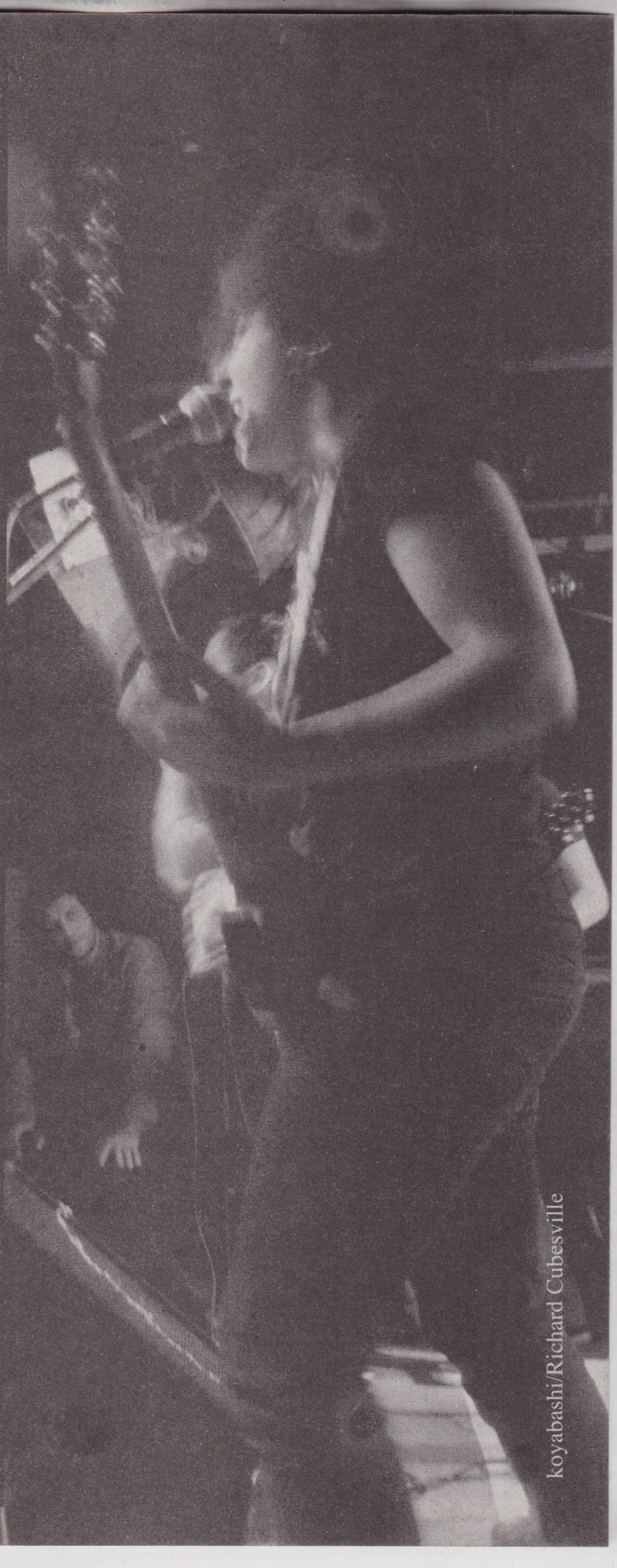
far right and an unjustifiable war. With an animated crowd chanting along to their CRASS-style delivery, you'd be hard-pressed to spot the 30-year difference between life under one Tory government and another. Let's face it—a Tory leopard never changes its spots, although ANTHRAX demonstrate that fresh-faced teenage anarchopunks lose their spots to become grizzled, middle-aged men. Anthrax epitomize the first wave of anarchopunk, making the most of a restricted canvas and stretching themselves to the limits of their ability. Unfortunately, they go beyond this on a few occasions and anarchy breaks down into chaos. Not that this deters the adoring crowd. And they keep a steely reserve when some audience members shout for "Caught in a Mosh" and "I am the Law" – trademark songs of another, later, less political Anthrax.

The SHITTY LIMITS rock. They always rocked. At one time the UK music press tried to talk them up to be the next big thing after Gallows, but these DIY punks from the obscure satellite towns of London spurned media attention to keep on pushing boundaries in the UK underground. They made a detour up the M1 to play Means to an End as their penultimate gig before they split, and in an act of mutual appreciation the 1in12 goes totally fucking ballistic. Singer Louis leaps around like a hyperactive child full of Red Bull while the SHITTY LIMITS hit the north for one last time with frantic, erratic garage punk. Throwing in a cover of the Fall's "Industrial Estate" which would send Mark E Smith hobbling off to the pension queue and signing off with a frenzied version of the DAMNED's proto-thrash classic "Stab Your Back," it's all over too quick. In true DIY spirit, the SHITTY LIMITS pack their gear up to move on to their next projects without pausing for thought, or giving it a second glance. Cool. Dragging the atmosphere into a darker place after the garage sounds of the SHITTY LIMITS, ENDLESS GRINNING SKULLS remind us that the East Midlands produced some mightily brutal music. Featuring former members of HERESY, HARD TO SWALLOW, JOHN HOLMES and ARMY OF FLYING ROBOTS, they rough-up a now packed room with slow and mid-tempo hardcore, delivered with foul-mooded savagery. Drawing on a long experience of uncompromising noisy music, they mix a menacing KILLING JOKE vibe into their slower songs and look like the errant uncles you were warned not to talk to at family gatherings... but you positively did.

There's a strong air of expectation about Spanish D-beat heroes GLAM. This is their second visit to the 1in12, after they delivered a short, fast set last year to a room of astounded, gaping crust punks. Knowing what's on the cards, they go wild on this occasion. Raucous, repetitive and relentless, it's as if the sophisticated layered D-beat cooked up by alchemists like TRAGEDY went off the boil, and then went cold. Standing on the same stage that West Yorkshire DISCHARGE revivalists DISASTER played on 20 years earlier, GLAM know how to hit the spot and to keep pounding that same spot with a bleak, pared-down, back-to-basics sound. After 20 minutes of punching the air, the whole room gives these Barcelona bludgers a surreal West Yorkshire tribute of a unified, prolonged, rowdy and repetitive chant of "Fucking Hell" – to a flabbergasted, open-mouthed GLAM.

Means to an End books bands on the strength of their sound, rather than their popularity. And so Mexican group the INSERVIBLES, who are virtually unknown this side of the Atlantic, headline this year's festival and blow the roof off with some truly berserk crasher crust. Their recorded work mixes buzzsaw guitars with screeching, echoing vocals, sounding like a chainsaw massacre on a school caving trip. Stripped of such effects in their live set, they're far more unpredictable and scary as they rampage with demonic intensity. Frontman Yecal sets about his dual guitar and vocal duties like a Tasmanian devil who has confused his hemorrhoid cream with muscle rub, and the crowd responds with complimentary ferocity.

After 20 minutes, the INSERVIBLES unplug their guitars and draw Means to an End to an abrupt stop. In their wake they leave a roomful of crust punks to regain their breath and wonder why every gig can't be as wild as this and why every provincial town can't have its own 1in12 Club to host it. After seven years, Means to an End has the right attitude and atmosphere to deliver a truly underground experience. After 30 years, the 1in12 Club has the maternal DIY instinct to once again play host to these noisy punks.



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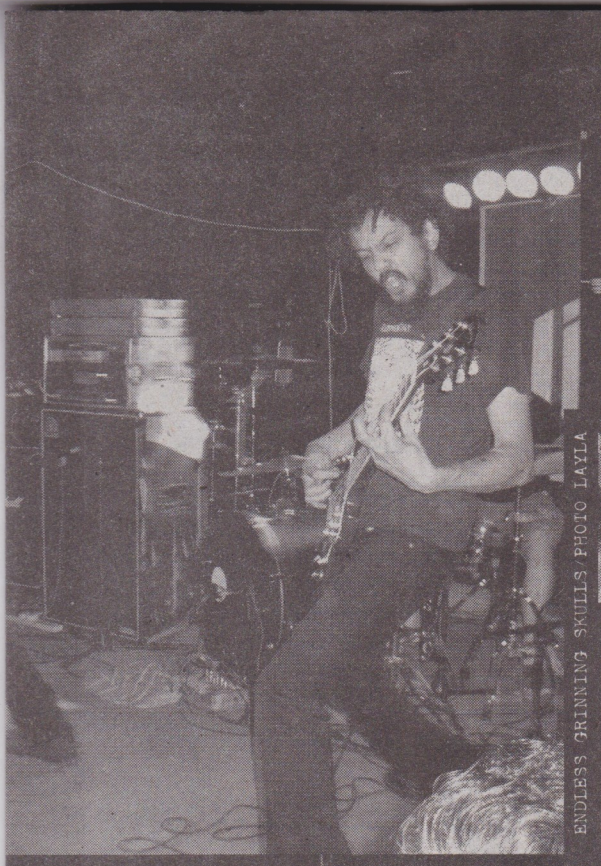

SHITTY LIMITS / PHOTO JOHN BOLLOIEN

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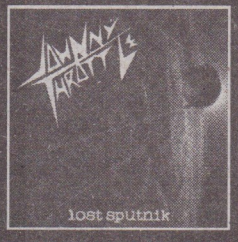

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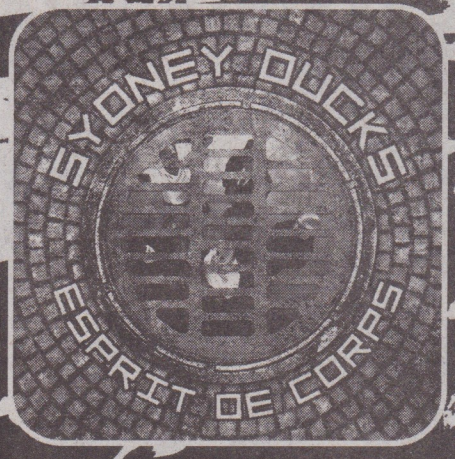

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CD SQUIGGY- hate, destruction, and...
CD LOUSY BREAK – don't wait for the next ...
CD WRETCHED ONES – we don't belong to...
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SOCIAL CHAOS

So...this is an interview with the tireless punk Borela! Talking about his years of work in the punk scene of São Paulo city. Also about his old band F.D.S. and of course a lot of his work with the fucking great Social Chaos!!!
Interview by Fofao/Besthoven

MRR: Let's start out with a little about your history in the punk scene in São Paulo city. How and when did you get into punk, which was the first band you heard? Can you tell us about your work with F.D.S. and how long were you active with the band? What were some cool moments and why did the band break up?
My trajectory into the punk hardcore scene in the '80s, began in an innocent way, we were adolescents and to be enjoying life in the streets seemed to be a different taste than today.

At that time, everything you learned, you learned in the streets and you gave respect with a good conversation or fighting. In fact, I don't remember seeing anything similar before I was thirteen years old. There are a lot of gangs, fights but always in relation with that era and it was the Black Music for example. But I was walking and hanging out with the older guys... I was thirteen years old and my friends were sixteen, seventeen years old. This way I was trying and living things beyond what my mind could imagine at that time. And not so distant from my own old home in the village where I was living was the first crew that I joined and was walking with, something that I can not give a name, but we were living and hearing aggressive music, but there was not yet the political thing. I remember the first time I put my hands on the first LPs that I will never forget RDP/Cólera live split, Rattus and Terveet Kadet. Since that moment and beyond, things changed a lot and I started to search for other kinds of information, something more conscious. We were trading letters and this was everything to me, all I needed at that time was to have a better formation about the things I was trying to bring to my own life and I was sure that it was to be forever.

So soon I was creating my first riffs and screaming, and at the end of 1987 F.D.S. was already breathing, taking it's first steps, solidifying as a strong band and by the end of 1989 also establishing the name. I was with this band for something like fourteen years...We released some LPs through the years but nowadays I believe that for me the best moments with this band were releasing the first LP, the European tour in 2001, and all friends that I made that give me force to keep active still today. The unhappy times, the different things that life brings to us, made me realize in a natural way that I needed to get out from that situation. I think that when anything finishes, it just changes....

MRR: How did Social Chaos start? And what was the biggest reason that motivated you to do the band?
The immediate transformation; in the exact moment that I left something else behind, I was thinking about something new beyond it... In my hands and in my mind, that's everything I want to be, so it was not so hard to continue my life...

MRR: Why Social Chaos?
Living in urban centers, there's nothing more strong than a name like this; simple and always present in our lives, looking, feeling, breathing the rotten atmosphere that covers up the human mass manipulation, social blindness, people queued up, the mental chaos, SOCIAL CHAOSSSSSSSS!!!

MRR: Favorite bands and influences??
It's hard to say, but I will name some that really influenced me and still influences me till today: Napalm Death, E.N.T, Anticimex, Crude SS, Heresy, Concrete Sox, Wretched, Negazione, Raw Power, RDP, Cólera, Olho Seco, and of course I could list many more hundreds.

MRR: The artist 1berto has been doing artwork with you since you were in F.D.S. and is also doing artwork for Social Chaos. How did you start working with him? And I'd like to say that I really admire the work of this guy!
This is really a different question than any I have answered in interviews. It's really intelligent and I am happy to answer it. I had the pleasure of meeting 1berto in 1990, he was writing and editing, with a tape recorder in his hands, for a great zine here in ABC Paulista city called *Aviso Final* with Renato Donisete. I think that all of Brazil knows the history of this zine. It's still active and still made in the Xerox way with a cool brain work.

So, back to 1berto... He is a great brother and always felt for me like as fifth element in both F.D.S. and also with Social Chaos, since we are four members now. And like a cool underground warrior, always with good intentions to be working with bands and people, and always the created artwork for us that was exactly what we were thinking and what we wanted. We of course were always discussed what we wanted before... The last album *O Ciclo da Traição*, our old logotype and also the new one. I'd like to say thanks very much for the great help that he has always given us with the images. We are already talking about the possibility of the new album featuring his art again.

MRR: What is the song writing process of Social Chaos songs? Collective? Individual? And what are the themes you are trying to cover in your lyrics? And why?
The process is simple, I am always composing, I never stop. The day I stop for some reason it seems to me that I was a loser... I always have my objectives and am always trying to solidify them. Generally I bring some new riffs to practice when I think that something new needs to be born. Now we are working hard on the new album and some split EPs. We talk about everything and after I show the band these riffs, we work together to find the maximum of brutality on this... After I find inspiration in something that I think is bad to me in this life, I try in a sincere way to express this in our songs--all the lyrics talk about the struggle of daily life. Of course each person has their own, so this is our daily life, the *life* of Social Chaos... But I have to say that the problems we have are the same millions of other people have too.

MRR: How was the process of the production of your fucking great CD *Ciclo Da Traição*, since it was released by three labels from different countries? What is your discography?
I always say that *Ciclo Da Traição* had eleven tracks on the CD and LP, but we did record 21 tracks when we came back from our tour in 2005. We had some problems when our guitar player Duda left the band because of health problems... So Pudol (ex-ROT) joined us but he was also playing in Bandanos, so it didn't give us much time to practice or finish composing our new album. Duda was also learning our set list to play frequent shows during this same time. We spent something like three years to get things right. By the way, we recorded many more songs than we had planned to for the LP. We recorded ten extra tracked which we used on two splits released in Europe. And all these ten songs plus some bonus tracks will be released in Japan in an exclusive release *Revolutions Breath* with a lot of unreleased stuff.

The *O Ciclo Da Traição* was released on CD with labels in different countries; Karasu Killer /Japan, Filthear / Belgium, Terrotten / Brazil and the LP version; Zerowork / Portugal, Filthear / Belgium, Uniaopositiva / Brazil.

Discography:
Demo tape - Cassette/ CD-R-2001
Four Way Split *Atordoar Vol. 01* / CD -2002
Social Chaos/C.H.C- Split LP-2003
Live in a Disturbed Place / Alive CD-2004
Three Way of Armageddon / CD-2004
A Munumental A Destruição Da Vida Vol.02/ CD-2004
Social Chaos / Audiokollaps Split / CD-2005
Social Chaos / Prumyslova Smrt / CD-r 2005
Social Chaos *The End* / EP-2005
Social Chaos / Subcut- Split EP 2006
Social Chaos *Ciclo Da Traição* / LP/CD 2009/2010
Social Chaos / Primordialsounds Split EP 2010
Social Chaos / Attitudezero Split EP 2010
Social Chaos *Tribute to Discharge* CD 2011

MRR: Speaking about the past from when you became involved in the scene until now, how do you see the Brazilian underground scene today? Your opinion about the differences, better things...etc.?
Well, this is a question that is always asked of me and I have an answer. Yeah, a short answer about it all. The scene continues to exist and continues to be active in all places of world and in the same way as it started before. This is a movement of social rebellion, it will always exist and that will never change. The thing that can change is us, the way we live, our friends, your way to express yourself in the scene. We live in a place where things are slow to happen and with many difficulties. Because if all of this, it is not cool when people who have gone on keep talking about that they "were" this or that, you know?

The suburbs shed blood in the same way that they did thirty years before... only the guns are not the same...

MRR: Social Chaos sings in Portuguese and also in English. How did you choose to sing in two languages and why?
Yeah, over time I felt secure about singing in another language, but the choice can be really simple and direct and in a natural path, sometimes ideas come across better in that way... It just happens. Sometimes all that translation can bring about some doubt or misinterpretation as our Brazilian urban language can't be translated in any part of the planet.

MRR: We know that the band has toured in other countries, can you talk a little about this experience? Cool moments, etc?
Three great tours in Europe, 2005, 2009 and 2010. All moments and each particular aspect have gotten better each time, like the quality of the shows, fucking great moments in the festival we played all the while representing some of the scene from here, our Brazilian scene. Also meeting people and bands, that in a special way have made me be here today.

MRR: And what will be the next steps for Social Chaos???
Keep the scene alive, composing, practicing, playing shows: always, they are our steps in resistance!!

MRR: And now the end... The end is near... It's time to say?
Say thanx to the great helpers from the scene, bands, zines--webzines or paper zines, labels, distros, gig promoters, and the rebellion always. I don't know how the future will be, I live my the present, jailed by the mistakes of a fool society with an outdated mindset. I wrote and scream against all of these lies. We are here, breathing and living a lot, I don't know that bullshit of be alienated and just wait til death comes... About the future, we all will have what we deserve... *Luck and health always!*
www.myspace.com/socialchaos01

DC01

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29-Bakersfield
30-L.A.
31-San Diego
1-Las Vegas
2-Phoenix
3-El Paso
4-San Antonio
5-Corpus Cristi
6-Austin
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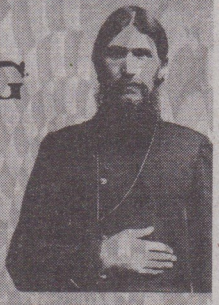

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SINGLES 2007-2010 DBL LP-CD

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SHARP BALLOONS 45
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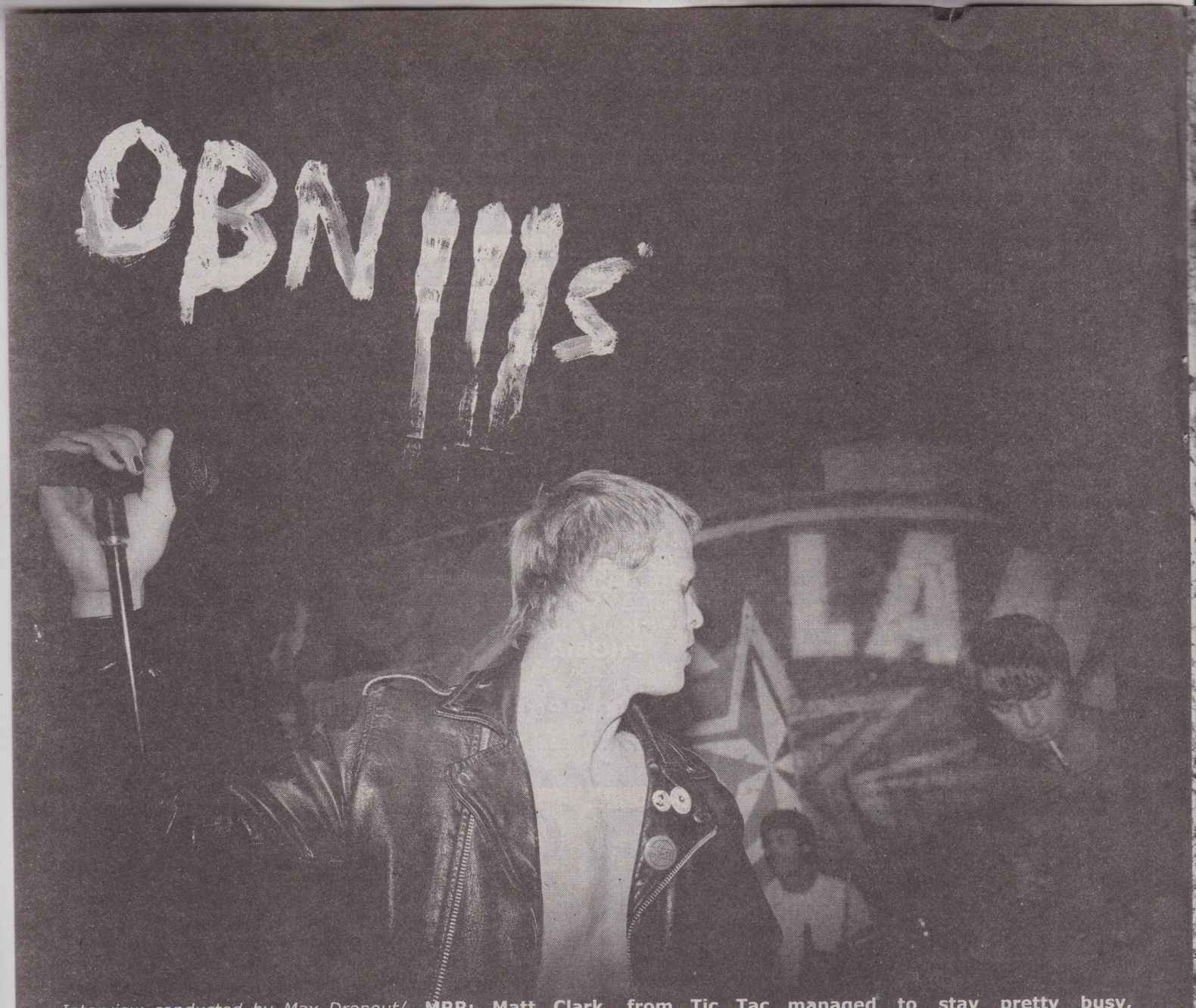
LOST SOUNDS 45

OBN IIIs



Interview conducted by Max Dropout/ Photos Zac Sprague

MRR: We're conducting this interview in a booth at the wonderful Burger Tex out by I-35 and 183. It's totally empty in here, but don't let that fool you. This is the best Burger Tex in Austin.
Orville: It is the best.

MRR: Orville, what do you put on your burgers? I see you've got a little pico on the side.
Orville: I'm not opposed to putting pico on a sandwich, but this is actually just on the side for snacking. I've already got a lot of stuff on here. Lettuce, tomato, some condiments, bacon, cheese, onions.

MRR: You know who doesn't like burgers?
Orville: Who?

MRR: Matt Clark, from Tic Tac Totally records, which actually just put out the new OBN IIIs LP *The One and Only*. You guys have been on a roll lately.
Orville: Matt is from Chicago, which is a pizza city. He prefers pizza to burgers. (laughter)

MRR: It's October of 2011. The last time we did an interview was for the Bad Sports release, and you had just moved down here to Austin.
Orville: That was February of 2010, I think.

MRR: One of the things that always concerns me about people who move here from smaller towns is that they'll be productive where they are at, and once they get here they hit a web of distractions. There are lots of shows here, lots of partying, lots of "company." You've managed to stay pretty busy, though.
Orville: That's true, but the distractions are still there. Not only have I become more of an alcoholic, I'm still doing a lot of stuff, which is straining. I don't mean to start off on too serious of a note.

MRR: You play in a lot of bands, you play a lot of shows, so you have more opportunities to party than most. But you're still touring a lot, writing songs, and even recording bands. How would you say alcoholism has impacted your productivity if at all?
Orville: It probably just makes me less enjoyable to be around (laughs). Being drunk is one thing, but being hung over, not so much fun.

MRR: How many bands are you in right now?
Orville: I'm playing drums with A Giant

Dog, and James Arthur's Manhunt, and playing guitar in Bad Sports, and now singing in OBN IIIs. We had just started OBN IIIs when we did that last interview.

MRR: And each of your bands is pretty different, too. Your band with James is psychedelic and noisy. And I don't mean psychedelic like hippie jam bullshit. I mean it sounds like music that dudes who do drugs would make. How would you describe A Giant Dog?
Orville: With a mouthful of burger, really beefed up pop.

MRR: It reminds me of old LA punk, like X or The Flesh Eaters. They have a record coming out on Tic Tac Totally pretty soon.
Orville: Yeah, like X with less dissonant vocals, more forceful harmonies. The sound of the music isn't as dark, but the lyrics are. Sabrina and Andrew write really clever lyrics. I wish I could get that down.

MRR: And then there's the Bad Sports, which is kind of power poppy, but not in that shitty way that a lot of bands from LA who dress like Nikki Sixx seem to appropriate the term.
Orville: No. We still love the Who. There's a lot going on with that band aside from picking straight from the Buzzcocks or the Ramones.

MRR: The OBN IIIs is a different beast, too. It's very minimalist, very hard driving. There's a whole lot of swagger to it.
Orville: I attribute that to Matt Hammer (ex-Strange Boys) playing drums. The stuff that I recorded for the band with me playing drums, like the Heavy Heart demo, sounds a little more straightforward. Matt is way better at swinging. Matt was previously in the Strange Boys, and he's a phenomenal drummer. And a great friend.

MRR: You also recorded a lot of the earlier official Strange Boys releases, too. How did your relationship with those guys develop?
Orville: I actually had been hanging out with the Strange Boys for a few years before I recorded anything for them. Early on, I'd go to their house in Dallas and just listen to them talk and smoke their weed. And Matt and I, both being drummers, had that in common. We'd talk about drums, and he'd show me old blues videos. I introduced him to some jazz because, at the time, I was working at a jazz station, trying to learn about that stuff. I showed him three or four guys and he went way off the deep end.

MRR: You can really hear it now.
Orville: Oh, yeah. He's a much lighter player than he used to be. He used to be a pounder like me.

MRR: I miss the primitive Matt though.
Orville: I don't know if he was angry then or not. Maybe he was just younger.

MRR: He's still intense.
Orville: For sure. He still tends to play the ham bone beat.

MRR: The first time I saw OBN IIIs, I had no idea what to expect. A lot of bands usually make shaky debuts, but you had this expanded lineup, and you just killed right off the bat. How did this band happen?
Orville: Well, you were actually there when I decided to put the band together. It was during one of our first booking meetings, and we had this open date on the calendar that needed to be filled, and it was two weeks away. You asked, "What do you wanna do?" I said, "Well I've been jamming with Matt for a few months, and we have a few song ideas that have a groove. Give me two weeks and I'll put a band together."

MRR: It was that retarded.
Orville: Yeah. And the whole thing behind the band was...what I was telling the guys in the beginning was, "Look we'll just do this if it's fun. If people like it then we'll keep playing, but nothing serious at first." So, needless to say, when we started getting the 7"s put out, I was nervous any one of the guys might think we're taking it too seriously, but I think they like the fact that we're doing stuff. But we're still committed to keeping it fun. Anyway, Matt Hammer was the obvious choice to play drums because he'd just left the Strange Boys a few months before that. I live with Graham and Andrew, and they're also in A Giant Dog. And then there's Jason Smith.

MRR: A real shocker.
Orville: He's a really good guitar player and I've known him since I was five years old. We played T Ball together. I was hanging out with him in fifth grade when he started playing guitar and he picked it up really fast. His dad's a good guitar player, too. I would go over to their house and lie and say that I could play certain things like some Queen song, and they'd go, "Here," and hand me the guitar, and I'd go "Not right now," and give it back. I was a compulsive liar as a child.

MRR: So, the band was kind of built on a lark to just fill a spot on the calendar down at Beerland?
Orville: But also the desire to try something new.

MRR: What purpose does OBN IIIs fill creatively?
Orville: In the few months I had been working with you at Beerland before I started the band, I was at shows all the time, doing sound, and occasionally asking bands to play. I saw a lot of really boring stuff. I saw some good bands, but it wasn't what I would do.

MRR: We see a lot of standing in place. On both sides of the stage.
Orville: Yeah. It's kind of like how in classrooms these days students have stopped responding to teacher's questions. People just stand around at shows instead of dancing or moving. Lately, even bands with a front man or a singer, they don't perform or do anything eye-catching or fun. And that's not to say anything I do requires any finesse in any way. It's just me stumbling around and being an idiot, really

MRR: It's fun.
Orville: Because it's fun, yeah. I like to do stuff that makes people laugh, and I bombed horribly at trying to be a comedian.

MRR: What happened there?
Orville: I got so nervous that I got really drunk, and I forgot everything I was going to talk about. I brought a couple hats and changed the hats and said, "I'm a man of many hats," and then I pretended to take a shit on stage, and then I threw a drink in some guy's face. No one was amused.

MRR: You are Orville Bateman Neeley the 3rd.
Orville: My initials are the band name, yes.

MRR: You're a pretty dry dude when we're just hanging out, so when I saw you on stage with the OBN IIIs, it was a pretty wild contrast to what I was used to. I think it surprised a lot of people who know you because they perceive you to be kind of robotic.
Orville: It's totally a release.

MRR: Are you playing a character? At the very first show, it didn't seem like you. You were this arrogant dickhead in a leather jacket and sun glasses, shoving people around.
Orville: At that show, I was really nervous. But I got over it pretty quickly. Any time the music stopped I'd get anxious so I'd yell at the band for tuning, or yell at the audience. I wouldn't call it a character so much as I would call it a release. I can't control it. When I talk on stage I have no idea what I'm going to say before I say it. And even if I am fucking with people, I have no intention of hurting anybody. I'm not going out there to be GG Allin. It's just fun.

MRR: That SXSW patio set was pretty bloody, though. It made a big impression on a lot of people from out of town. Zack Ives from Goner said it was the best thing he'd seen in years at that point. You made it count.
Orville: I was a little nervous about that, but we've played probably 90 percent of our shows there. Everybody on the patio and a lot of the people in the street were all familiar faces. It was a great opportunity to cut loose and go nuts.

MRR: It worked, because you got invited to play Gonerfest. You got a pretty sweet spot, too. Was that your first time playing out of state with this band?
Orville: Yeah, I guess it was. It was awesome. But it wasn't that weird. All my Canadian friends were up front, and a bunch of other people I know were close by. We played on Thursday right before Ty Segall, and I like those guys. The crowd was like a trampoline. Lots of screaming girls. It was bizarre. Maybe we're just a handsome band.

MRR: And you have Fun Fun Fun Fest coming up. You have to do something big and stupid to jar people.
Orville: That'll be interesting. It's potentially going to be the biggest crowd any of my bands have ever played for. We're going to have to go for broke with that. I know we have a couple of 100 foot mic cables at the club. I might have to jack those for the show.

MRR: I'm gonna end this on a weird note. I was pretty big into the garage punk stuff that came out of the early '90s, with the Reatards and Oblivians. Even a lot of the In The Red bands, like the Piranhas, had such amazing energy. A few artists got bigger, and SCION latched onto the scene. It's not as exciting as it used to be.
Orville: It's been homogenized.

MRR: There are a lot of art school kids aping the Black Lips right now. People trying to fit a mold or play music that *sounds* a certain way, regardless of the song writing. You play shows with some of these bands. What's your impression of what's going on right now?
Orville: There are a lot of people trying to rehash the Black Lips sound circa 2005, and Thee Oh Sees sound circa 2008. I appreciate all those records in their own right. They're all good, and I've been heavily into those records, but I've never wanted to sound like that. You've got these people trying to sound like something that was somewhat popular three years ago, and it's not very exciting, because someone just got done doing that same exact thing.

MRR: When you see a guy like John Dwyer doing what he does, it's very natural because it's his thing. It's what HE does. So when he performs, he puts on a show. I think Thee Oh Sees are exciting to watch.
Orville: That band is fucking nuts live.

MRR: But you see other people who are trying to fall into that footprint, and it's awkward because they're trying to be something that they are not. Hold their guitar like him. Move like him. It comes off as very premeditated and stiff. Trying hard not to slip out of that. There's a lot of imitation going on right now. The OBN IIIs seem like the direct opposite of a lot of that stuff. Is that your prime directive with this band?
Orville: That's what I was saying about boring bands earlier. A lot of the newer bands I see, even though I'm friends with them, I wish they could just be themselves. Not that they all sound exactly the same. There's just something kind of...unnatural about it I guess. I don't know how to put it. A lot of people are really absorbed with fashion in that scene right now, too.

MRR: It's kind of turning into rockabilly. It's the new vintage.
Orville: When I was in high school I would go to shows all the time because there were a lot of teen clubs in the suburbs I grew up in. But there were kids my age

or younger who were seriously punked out—liberty spikes, clothes with spikes all over them, hair dye, piercings, and having their mom take them to a tattoo parlor when they're fifteen because they can't go by themselves. Music wasn't much of a focus. There's a look now. A lot of dudes dressing like women, with those fucking mustaches.

MRR: OBN IIIs don't have much of a look.
Orville: Not that we're working on. Jason might tuck his shirt in, or we'll wear our cleanest pants. Another funny thing, all the other guys in the band wear glasses. They all have prescription lenses. And Spot from Trailer Space used to have a nickname for us; he used to call us Orville and the Dorkenbachers. (laughter).

MRR: Actions speak louder than high waist pants.
Orville: People should put more time into learning how to play, or focusing on writing a song they'd wanna listen to. This may be a guilty pleasure, but I like to listen to my songs when I'm by myself. I write what I wanna hear. I don't go into a party and put my record on like some people I know. I know a guy who got punched out for doing that once.

MRR: Who did that?
Orville: Jeremy Steen from The Flesh Lights punched out Andy Burr from Woven Bones at the Shapes Have Fangs house for putting on his own record. (laughter)

MRR: That guy is part of the problem.
Orville: He walked in and put his new record on the turntable at this party and walked around without saying anything to anybody, and I think he was waiting to see if someone would notice it and go, "Wow, what is this?"

MRR: One time Woven Bones played a party and Aaron from The Stuffies was standing outside smoking, and they finished their set, and Andy kind of ambles up and nudges Aaron, sort of fishing for a compliment, and asks, "So, what did you think?" and Aaron says, "I don't know. I was out here smoking the whole time." (laughs)
Orville: Good answer!

MRR: So there are a lot of trends occurring right now. Fringe culture is becoming—
Orville: Fringier?

MRR: That's a good way of putting it. If there is one trend you could stomp out, what would it be?
Orville: I don't know. I don't think I would. I think I sort of need the things that I hate to exist. They're kind of motivational. All the things that I hate need to exist in a way. If gives me something to respond to. Everything we do is in response to something, right?

WRETCHED

The two sides of Wretched: Gigi and Zambo clash in a bombshell interview that will have you falling off your chair! We're publishing everything in full, and we're ready to give any other former members of the legendary Milanese band a chance to reply, should they want to.

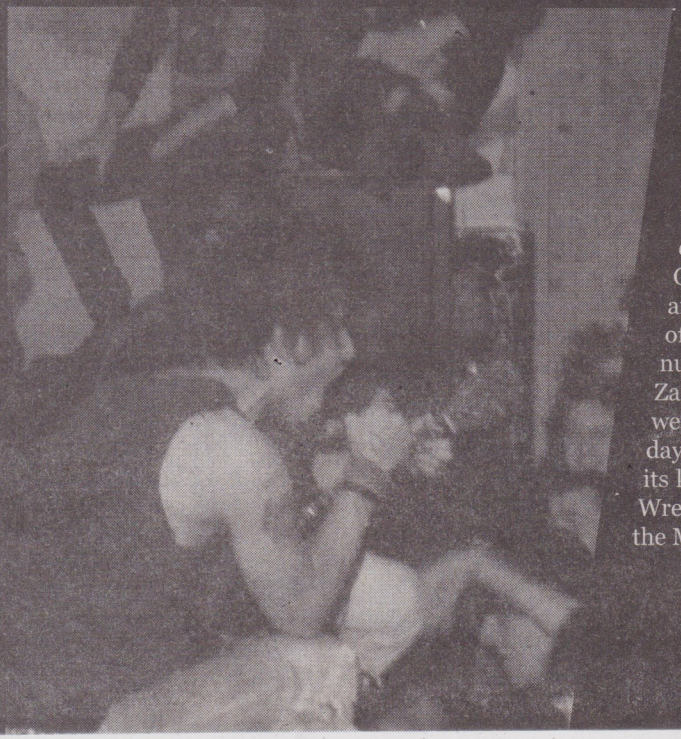
WRETCHED, interviewed by Giorgio Senesi and Roberto Sivilia, translation by Andrea Marra

MRR: Had you played in other bands previously, or was Wretched your first?

Gigi: I was in another band, with Maniglia. He then quit and joined Crash Box, who were a lot better than we were.

MRR: What was your experience with Wretched like? Would you have preferred to continue playing with your band, Espansione Urbana?

Zambo: Wretched were a very important band for the Italian scene. Their lyrics and sound were so direct and had so much impact. They were really fundamental. I had always been friends with Gianmario and Fabietto [Editor's note: the brothers who founded Wretched, vocals and bass, respectively] and used to play in EU, though we broke up in '84 due to fights and various problems. One day I got a call from Gianmario. They had an upcoming tour in England and didn't have a drummer, so he asked me to join and I accepted.



MRR: Wretched and the Virus evolved together. What was the Virus experience like for you?

Gigi: Those were exciting years. We really felt we were living in a special and unrepeatable era. Looking back, though, those years were a waste of time, characterized by self-alienation and social maladjustment. In a nutshell: we were a bunch of losers and sorry-ass bastards.

Zambo: I hung out at the Virus from the beginning. The first time I went was for the "Offensiva di Primavera" fest, three unforgettable days. It was very important for our generation It was the first venue of its kind and it was a point of reference for people from other cities, too. Wretched, like many others, were very much involved in the Virus and in the Milanese scene.

This interview originally ran as a zine in Italian by these folks: 10 Anni Di Mucchi Selvaggi E Ossa Rotte In Italia - 10 Years Of Wild Bunches and Broken Bones in Italy *is a chaos 'zine released by LoveHate80.it, this is a documentary website about the Italian hardcore punk scene from the eighties. Originally issued in thirteen numbers, at the moment no more issues are planned. Lovehate80.it is now ending a long and hard work on two new projects, a book and a DVD movie both dealing with the Italian hardcore punk scene from the eighties. The book will feature 420 pages including opinions and contributions by 139 people involved in the old Italian scene (Negazione, Raw Power, Wretched, Indigesti, Peggio Punx, etc) with exclusive of many never-before-seen photographs and illustrations, here is the definitive document on the topic. These two projects, the book and the movie are planned to be out at the half of 2012. If someone there is interested to translate the book for USA or for Europe get in touch with Lovehate80. it writing to: giorgio@lovehate80.it. The movie will be subtitled in English. Enjoy the read!!*

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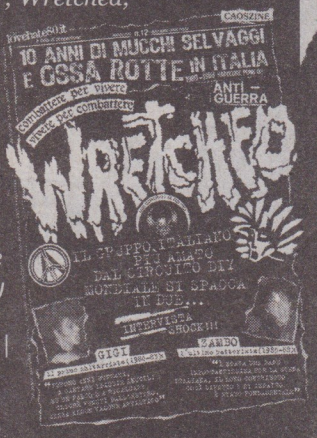

MRR: Why couldn't you ever hear your guitar live [note: See the *T.V.O.R.* book, p. 72-73]?

Gigi: Because we would ultra-distort everything, besides being unable to play and having a lousy drummer. It was an indecipherable roar and it was impossible to tell which note was which. I never understood how people could like that shit.

MRR: You toured Europe a few times. What was the response like abroad?

Zambo: It was good. We always had a good response at shows. Even in England, where it's never been easy for foreign bands.

MRR: Gianmario had a lot of charisma and personality. Was it hard to deal with him? These days he's practically impossible to get in touch with.

Gigi: Gianmario did not have a lot of charisma and personality. He was a fool who simply repeated idiotic slogans and clichés and copied Discharge. The fact that I didn't get it proves that, back then, I was even dumber than he was. I still hadn't developed my personality, due to personal issues I don't want to go into. I have no idea what he's up to, I'm guessing he's impossible to get in touch with because he realizes what a waste of time those years were, just like me. Deep down he's probably ashamed of all the bullshit he wrote as if he were the Delphic oracle, and rightfully so.

Zambo: I feel Gianmario and Syd of CCM were the Italian scene's most charismatic and incisive singers, along with Lucia of Contropotere, even though they came a few years later. Gianmario busted his ass for Wretched, DIY and the Virus. I don't know what he's doing now but I don't believe he wants to escape from his past. I just think he's living his life doing something else. I'll pay him a visit, sooner or later.

I feel Gianmario and Syd of CCM were the Italian scene's most charismatic and incisive singers... Gianmario busted his ass for Wretched, DIY and the Virus. I don't know what he's doing now but I don't believe he wants to escape from his past. I just think he's living his life doing something else.

MRR: How do you feel about your experience with Wretched now? Any regrets?

Gigi: My only regret is that I didn't walk out on those assholes earlier. I could have done something truly constructive, even within punk itself. Those years were a waste of time, spent singing nonsense on a stage and copying foreign clichés that had no artistic value. If I could go back, I'd never do those things again and I'd use my time a lot better. I think that most people came to the same conclusions, even though they don't admit it so openly: punk is marginalization, self-alienation, ignorance and social degradation. There's no better way to fail as a human being than to escape from society, like a punk. Thinking about those years makes me sad. The only thing I still have is the love for music, which I still like very much.

MRR: What caused the band to break up?

Zambo: Over the years, a lot of divisions were created which split the scene up. Wretched were able to evolve and stick to their agenda, without ever denying their ideas and choices. There were several causes behind the break-up, which is pretty typical. Gianmario had some problems with his vocal cords and all of us had personal issues, which ended the band. I'm sorry we couldn't have kept playing after *In Controluce* came out; it would have been interesting to see how things might have evolved.

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NEOCONS

In a crescendo of Bay Area bands, Neo Cons stand out with their brisk and inspired hardcore punk that blends commanding tunes with a charged attitude that could be described as anything but archaic. This lot has released a demo tape and two 7"s coinciding with their East and West coast tours in March and September of this year. Their first EP is a six song heaver on Deranged Records full of intense energy, infectious riffs, and catchy melodies that combine Killed By Death sensibilities with a US hardcore axis. The self-titled EP was followed up by a 7" single on Abscess Records and includes their infused Jezus and the Gospelfuckers cover and an original tune that will have you chanting "Kill Kill Kill the Hardcore Elite" at their next show.

Interview and text by Vyle Nixon.

Jason: Ok let's just set one ground rule, no fucking Skrewdriver.

Kirk: Did I say that last time?

Jasmine, Marc, Jason: Yes

MRR: In September you guys returned from a West Coast tour with Hoax, were there any highlights?

Jason: Gay Wendy's!

Kirk: Jason got molested by these huge gay dudes.

Marc: Well when we got into Wendy's there like ten dudes waiting in line, and soon as we walked in, they were like, "Oh look! Everyone in this Wendy's is gay!"

Jason: And then this one guy, while his friend was talking, his thoughts sort of wandered to my nipples and he started touching em. And his one friend was like, "Stop it, Renaldo!" and then I was like, "It's OK, just let him go." So then we sat down and had dinner with them and then they taught me some cool slang words like "shaboinga," which means dong.

Kirk: I took gay notes!

MRR: Oh wow, there is photographic evidence of this [as Kirk brandishes his cell phone with a photo of all them interlocking arms]. That is a very Rose Tattoo inspired photo! Were there any music related highlights from the tour you guys want to talk about?

Jason: Long Beach was the best goddamn show.

Marc: All the shows were great, especially Long Beach.

Kirk: We played with NASA Space Universe and Francis Harold and the Holograms.

Marc: It was just such a wild show, kids were stage diving, going nuts, it was definitely the best reaction for both bands.

Jason: I thought all the shows were good, but that one was just by and far the best. The worst was actually the second San Francisco show, which was weird. It was a really good turn out, but no one cared.

Kirk: No one cares in San Francisco.

Jason: No one cares in San Francisco.

MRR: Which venue was that show at?

Jason: We played the Hemlock with Yadokai and Hoax and people were genuinely scared. They were like moving as far away as they could from (lead singer) Jesse.

MRR: And in the Hemlock that's a small space so you'd have to move back pretty far!

Jason: Remember that tiny girl in Phoenix that was moshing every dudes face off?

Kirk: Phoenix has the hardest scene!

Photo: Jenny Angelilo

Marc: Phoenix was definitely a highlight for me.

Jason: Tell them about the fart spray.

Marc: Ugh God. So we get there and we're hanging out at the house before the show and the singer of Avon Ladies, Chris, shows up with this stuff called Ass Juice. And he's spraying it all over the house and it smelled like a dead moose. People were just fucking terrified.

Kirk: Coughing, dying, everyone.

Jason: And he's just giggling in the corner like a little kid.

Marc: The show was awesome, all the bands were great, all the kids were genuinely into what was going on. We hung out all night.

Jason: It was a weird place, I had never been anywhere in the Southwest before and I had never seen anything like it! I could not get over being in the desert! Every five minutes I kept being like, "this is so weird, and I like it!"

Kirk: And I'm all, "Shut up!"

Marc: Avon Ladies are by far the best band we played with.

Kirk: They played in the basement and I was the only one standing in there and they locked the door and wouldn't let anyone else in and we were lighting fireworks. It was the dumbest thing.

MRR: So were most of the shows that you played house shows? Do you prefer house shows?

Jason: That was actually the only house show which is weird because when we went to the East Coast and the Midwest every single show was a house show.

Jasmine: It was all house shows on the East Coast, except we played one art space.

Marc: I think I prefer house shows just because they seem to be wilder.

Jason: The rule is always, the smaller the better.

Marc: But then again, Jason and I also love stages.

Jasmine: Stages are good for stage dives.

Jason: Remember when there was this big debate as to whether or not we were going to play on the stage or the floor in Long Beach and then we played the stage? That completely changed everything!

Jasmine: That was great cause there was so much stage diving; it was perfect.

MRR: Your performances are very interactive whether on the stage or floor, especially you, Jason. But I am also pretty sure I've seen Marc punch you in the face while playing guitar.

Jason: One of my favorite moments was our second show, which we played with Cardiac Arrest, our best buds from St. Louis. We played first and it was stuffed to the gills and there was that board, what do you call it?

Jasmine: Shuffleboard!

Jason: The shuffleboard had been moved all the way to the far side and I was still a brand new singer and maybe holding back a little bit and about four songs in, I had to stop singing because I look over and—while playing guitar—Marc gets on the shuffleboard and then jumps on everyone's heads. It was this moment of shock and amazement.

Photo: Derek GH

Marc: I like to mingle with the crowd.

Jason: Yeah you do!

MRR: Considering that you guys have now toured the Midwest/East Coast and the West Coast, do you see major differences in the reception or scenes?

Marc: Jason and I are from East Coast so most of the shows that we played out there were with people that we've known for years. I like playing the East Coast better; I like the bands out there better.

Jason: Things just feel a bit more cohesive out there, but that could be because I'm not from here. On the other hand, being out here for three years, it felt surreal, especially in DC where I'm from, to be playing for my old friends who now consider me a Californite. So neither here nor there, but I definitely came to some conclusions after coming back. I like the West Coast plenty but I think that people on the West Coast don't seem to actively support bands the same way. They will go to shows and check them out but I feel as though there is a nerdiness that is lacking in California, especially in SF.

Kirk: Especially in San Francisco. People here are flaky as fuck, and that's known. I'm a flake.

Jason: I think because on the surface everyone is ostensibly punk and yet everyone is into these really specific scenes like, "I'm a Killed by Death guy."

Marc: Or "I'm a raw noise Confuse punk."

MRR: "I'm a nu metal death rocker."

Jason: "I'm a New Wave of British Heavy Metal Kraut rocker from Istanbul." For example you go to a

Photo: Mark De La Cuesta

show in the Midwest and people really seem to give a shit. I think it's like the height of nerd-dom and I mean that in the best possible way. If people see a band they really like then they will besiege the band to buy records, whereas when we played these shows in Southern California after getting back from the East Coast tour—and they were like the best possible shows we could ask for—and I don't mean that everyone should be buying our record either—but people had the best time when all the bands at those shows played and you would think that would translate into people having an interest in purchasing the bands records, but it seemed like they were just there for the party and after that it was like, "alright we're going home. "

Jasmine: Or people come there to see one band and then the next band plays and they don't even stay to listen to one song and they are back in the bar drinking; it's more of a social thing.

Marc: This last Long Beach Show kind of changed that. When we played with NASA Space Universe and Francis Harold, all the kids were into what was going on. It was just a stacked show.

Kirk: NASA Space Universe sound like Die Kreuzen. It's disgusting, I love it.

Jason: It didn't hurt that we were on tour with Hoax.

Marc: People came to see Hoax for sure.

MRR: So can you describe the first show you guys played?

Jason: That was weird. It was in Oakland that same weekend Cardiac Arrest played.

Marc: I set the show up at this house I didn't know anything about and the PA just didn't work and I was freaking out the whole time. The only band to make it to work was Cardiac Arrest because Rob, the singer, ran into the kitchen while the rest of Cardiac were playing, grabbed a cucumber, and sang into it and kids were going fucking crazy.

Jasmine: Then he ate the cucumber then sang into a cement brick and his fist!

Marc: Actually, what am I talking about? That show was awesome!

Jasmine: It was really awesome!

Jason: That show was great but I like, barely faced the audience at all that night. I was just so brand new and still finding where I was at.

MRR: That's a big change from what we see now! I'd imagine there's a certain amount of shitting your pants that goes on with trying something new like that.

Marc: And that was the first time I had ever played guitar live in front of anyone before so I was really stiff and concentrating.

Jason: Yeah, that was the first time either of us had done something completely different so it was cool.

MRR: And you guys have all played in bands previously and some currently, do you want to talk about those?

Jasmine: Kirk and I also play in Neighborhood Brats.

Kirk: I've been in a bunch of dumb shit. Cute Lepers, Red Hearts, I've been in a bunch of power pop bands—what is wrong with me?

Jasmine: Back in LA I was in Animal Mannequin in the early 2000s, it was a good time.

Marc: Jason played drums in 86 Mentality and now does Curved Cock, his side project.

Jason: Curved Cock Y2K11!

MRR: So Jasmine, playing in Neighborhood Brats where there is another female, do you notice any significant differences from being the only female in a group with all men?

Jasmine: Being on tour with Jenny (Neighborhood Brats singer) there were definitely things that were different but I could just attribute that to her being the way she is, not necessarily female. But she doesn't drink and neither do I so that was awesome because we'd play a show and be like, "well, let's get a coconut water, take showers, and go to bed."

Kirk: It was like a junior high school dance, they'd go take showers and we'd all be like, "do they have pierogi's here? Is there anywhere we can sit and listen to Channel 3 and be idiots 'til 9 in the morning?"

MRR: How did Neo Cons form?

Jason: I moved from DC to SF about three years ago and at that time I was kind of shifting away from being more into really hardcore stuff and rediscovering catchy punk. I got here and wanted to do a new project and I had written some songs and I met Marc and he kind of had a similar interest so we decided to do that. But the problem was we didn't have a drummer and I play really basic guitar so it started with me playing drums and him on guitar and we had a bassist but she kind of peaced out and then there was this point when we were really unsure if this was going to happen because it just seemed like we were not going to find people to play with us. And then we found Jasmine while I was still playing drums and I had to seriously to pull teeth to convince people that this was still happening because I could sense they were losing faith. And then out of nowhere we found Kirk and he was just totally perfect and that's about it.

Kirk: It was like "we're starting a retarded band so we need a really retarded drummer." And I am king of the retards.

MRR: Were there any objectives or bands that you guys thought about when forming the band?

Jasmine: We just really wanted to sound like Skankin Pickle!

Jason: I think the Cheifs were the only band that we talked about, but

Photo: Martin Sorrondeguy

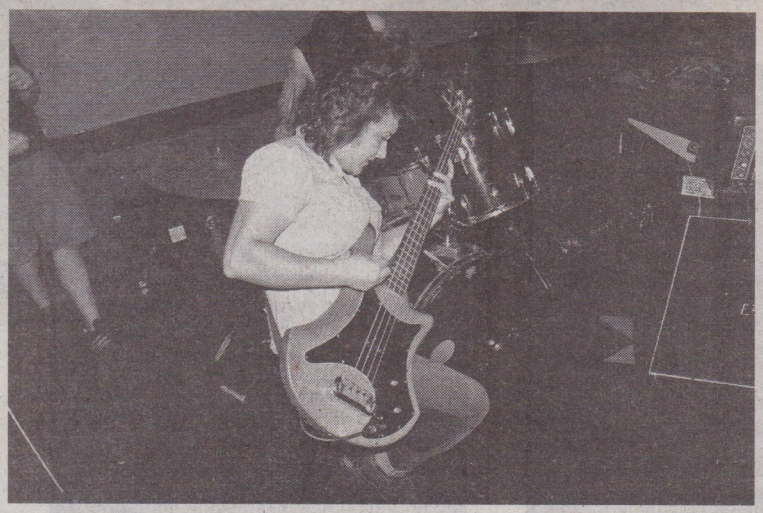

Photo: Martin Sorrondeguy

originally when Marc and I talked, it was supposed to be less hardcore, more catchy, but I think that because of my background and our interests it became somewhere in between the two. But yeah the Cheifs were the only band that at any point we looked to shoot for. We still haven't covered a Cheifs' song.

Marc: We never will.

MRR: When you guys started playing music was it with the intention of being in punk bands? Or did you get into punk and then pick up your instruments?

Jasmine: When I first got a job the first purchase I made was a drum set—actually Kirk uses my drums! And the first band I played in was called Terry Cloth Shorts and my guitarist and singer were really into the Dwarves and the Descendents. We'd have backyard parties and they would make a giant jug of jungle juice and we'd play shows in our backyard. While playing with them I had already started playing guitar and bass at home and started playing in Animal Mannequin and that was more my thing but I still really want to play drums.

Kirk, Jason, Marc: Let's start a band!

Jasmine: Oh yeah there's this really awesome band called White Slavery that I play drums in that doesn't exist yet.

Jason: Well you certainly got the chops.

Mark: I discovered punk when I was really young but I didn't pick up an instrument until years and years later. I was a senior in high school hanging out with these other kids and through skateboarding we all got into hardcore at the same time in Central Massachusetts and we started a shitty band, Code Red.

Kirk: Code Red! Best band ever!

Marc: But I didn't even know how to play bass. Seriously.

Kirk: Chya, have you heard us?

Marc: But it's cool that all the kids that I started playing with in that band are now playing in serious hardcore bands, and that was all our first band. The drummer didn't know how to play drums, but it was just fun. I didn't touch an instrument until years later when Jason brought up the Neo Cons thing so I didn't even really know how to play guitar.

Jason: Which I gotta say is kind of awesome because I really like the idea of someone who is new to this. The entire concept has always been to keep it as rough and stupid as possible and if he was like, a good guitarist, it's kind of hard to resist the temptation to make it more polished or just flex your skills a bit and I think that's been a strength the whole time.

Kirk: I think I learned just playing along to hardcore records like *Flex Your Head* and stupid Iron Cross songs because they are the easiest things. And I was in a band called the Screaming Retards that I sang in.

Marc: Oh hey I have to go back to question one about highlights from tour. One of my favorite memories from tour was when we played Munoz Gym in Bakersfield, it's a boxing gym. It looks like a deserted boxing gym from the late '70s, everything on the walls is like fliers from boxing matches from the '60s.

Jason: It looks like no one's been there in 30 or 40 years.

Marc: I knew Jason wasn't feeling well and I kind of wanted to sing and have him play guitar and then we all decided, let's do a switch and have Jason play drums and Kirk sing and it was the best prank ever. Jasmine lost her mind.

Jason: We decided not tell Jasmine because she was still getting her shit from the van.

Jasmine: No I was eating a burrito!

Marc: We had it all planned out.

Jason: And right before we started playing I was behind the drum kit and Jasmine was like, "What, are you going to play and Kirk's going to sing?"

Kirk: And we are like, "No, that'd be fucking stupid! That'd be dumb, shut up!" And then we started playing and I didn't know any of the words so I was singing things like, "I need a fucking bagel!"

Marc: And we played in the boxing ring with all these kids pushing Kirk over the ropes.

MRR: Where did the name for the band come from?

Jasmine: At first it just seemed like a cool name. But once I had the name all these other things developed around it and now it's just all about the absurdity of modern life and the idea of shadowy forces controlling things from behind the scenes. It's like, I want there to be humor but it's not a joke band. I want there to be politics, but it's not a political band. I want to it to be about paranoia and the absolutely absurd way people live their lives these days, whether it's paying rent, being hassled in the streets, cable news culture, or super snarky little kids.

MRR: When you guys were on tour what bands were you guys listening to--and don't just say Discharge!

Jasmine: When we were in NY we

Photo: Mark De La Cuesta

bought a Ciba Matto CD and "Sugar Water" became Jason's favorite song!

Jason: I had a Big Star CD and Cabaret Voltaire CD, Marc was listening to Chamillionaire and Kesha. Kirk was non stop KBD hits.

Marc: Kirk only listens to punk; Adverts, Stranglers, Stiff Little Fingers

Kirk: And Orsen Wells on tape which I have on my IPod!

Marc: On this last tour I was listening to a lot of ambient background and Aphex Twin. We like to switch it up. I also made Jasmine a four-cassette tape box set.

Jasmine: It was alphabetized!

Jason: I just want to point out that not only are they in alphabetical order—and Counting Crows are on there—but that means that Counting Crows come after Confuse!

Marc: Confuse comes before that… hahaha. We all listen to different shit.

Jason: Marc just sits in the back listening to Taylor Swift.

Kirk: We are not joking.

MRR: So is that also the pre show routine? Deep breathing exercises?

Jason: I lift weights.

Marc: Kirk does a bunch of blow.

Jasmine: I eat berries and drink coconut water.

Kirk: I get powdered cheese and just snort it.

Jason: On the East Coast we came up with the "Kirk Podell Special."

Kirk: Please don't print this.

Marc: Oh yeah we are. It's a slice of sausage pizza, a tall boy of PBR, a shot of Jameson, and one line of shitty cocaine.

Kirk: Hi Mom!

Jason: Kirk remember when we were at your moms' house and she showed us that picture from when you were fourteen?

Kirk: Fourteen? I was like, eleven!

MRR: Please tell me you were goth.

Marc: Apparently this was a "Halloween Costume."

Kirk: You know who I was? Fred Durst!

Jason: Making excuses now.

Kirk: My mom was like, "I've got tons more. Remember when you went to see Rammstein?"

MRR: Are there any ideal bands that you would want to tour with, past or present?

Marc: No bands from the past, I don't care about any bands from the past. Just people we get along with. Honestly, the Hoax/Neo Cons tour was the best.

Jason: I have a little secret dream plan. Cardiac Arrest are recording right now and I'm hoping they will want to tour the East Coast and Midwest with us.

Jasmine: I would tour with Hoax again. Oh! Can we do another highlight from tour? So Hoax has two Boston Strangler shirts and on any given day, the person who does the most pushups gets to wear the one of the two Boston Strangler shirts. After the Long Beach show Ian and I tied for first place, doing 32 pushups!

Kirk: With some random crackhead.

Jasmine: He was not able to do more than ten! He did not have the strength.

MRR: I am huge fan of the Jesus & The Gospelfuckers cover of "Kill the Police" that you guys did, are there any other covers that you considered doing?

Jason: The first song we covered was Latin Dogs, "Killed in Jail," but "Kill the Police" was an obvious choice because I always say it's my favorite punk song ever and its just the best, catchiest song with everything I like. Man, so much killing going on!

Kirk: It's punk man!

Mark: The best part is that people don't know it's a cover and they'll be slamming around saying "that was a great song!"

Jason: Before that we had the Latin Dogs cover and I was convinced it would be everyone's favorite song. We played it on the East Coast and I was like, "Just wait till we get to Chicago" and even there no one knew it!

MRR: So right now you guys have a demo tape and two 7"s, what's next?

Jason: No idea, but I will tell you a few things; we will never have an LP, no T-shirts ever, no buttons or stickers, ever. If all goes well we will put out another 7" and play some more dumb shows and be done with it. I think that would be the best way to go out.

Mark: We have some more songs written and we'll see what happens with that.

Kirk: Neo Krunch.

Jason: Oh yeah, that one's about a conservative cereal brand.

MRR: OK! So for bands interested out there they still have an opportunity to play with you guys?

Kirk: If they can handle it, bring me a cheeseburger covered in blow, nah, a fish sandwich fried into a cheeseburger sprinkled with crystal meth.

Jason: If you think you got what it takes, talk to Kirk Podell. He also subscribes to *Pizza Monthly.*

MRR: One last thing: I have read a few reviews that have compared you guys to the Zero Boys, do you feel that is an accurate comparison?

Marc: I hate it.

Jason: I feel like that is all because of one song, "Rent Controlled." I don't even know what to tell people. I just like to think it's really simple, catchy punk and early hardcore and I don't see a need to say anything more than that.

Kirk: But Zero Boys and New Bomb Turks? Those are two bands that I like but I don't want to sound like them.

Marc: Those two bands never crossed my mind, but people in the Bay Area do say that.

Jason: Two things that drive me crazy is when people use the words, "rock 'n' roll" or "garage" and I've seen a couple reviews that mention us like that. I mean it's undoubtedly going for the catchy thing but man, nothing could be further from our intention.

Kirk: If we were a garage band Scion would have paid us already.

Jason: For the record, they have not expressed interest.

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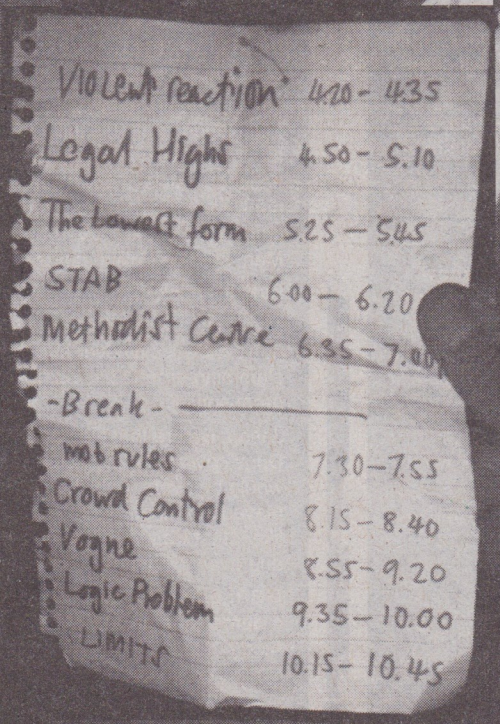
neoconsyall.blogspot.com

To see the unedited version of this text and photographs from the Wendy's experience and from Kirk's mom go to: backstabgospel.tumblr.com

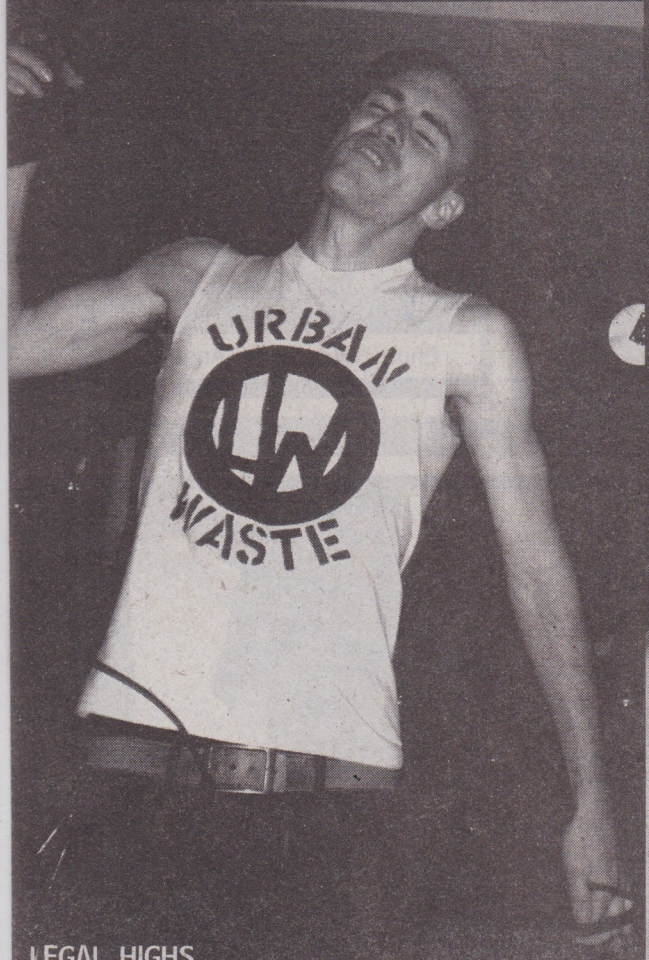
Photo below: Jenny Angelilo

THE LOWEST FORM

LOGIC PROBLEM



METHODIST CENTER



LEGAL HIGHS

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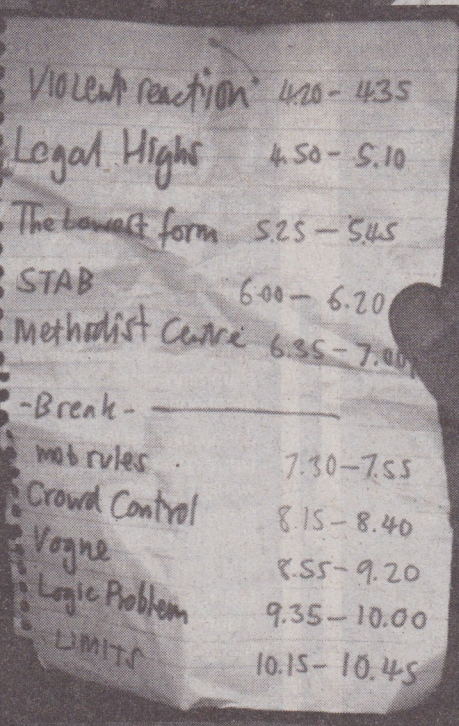
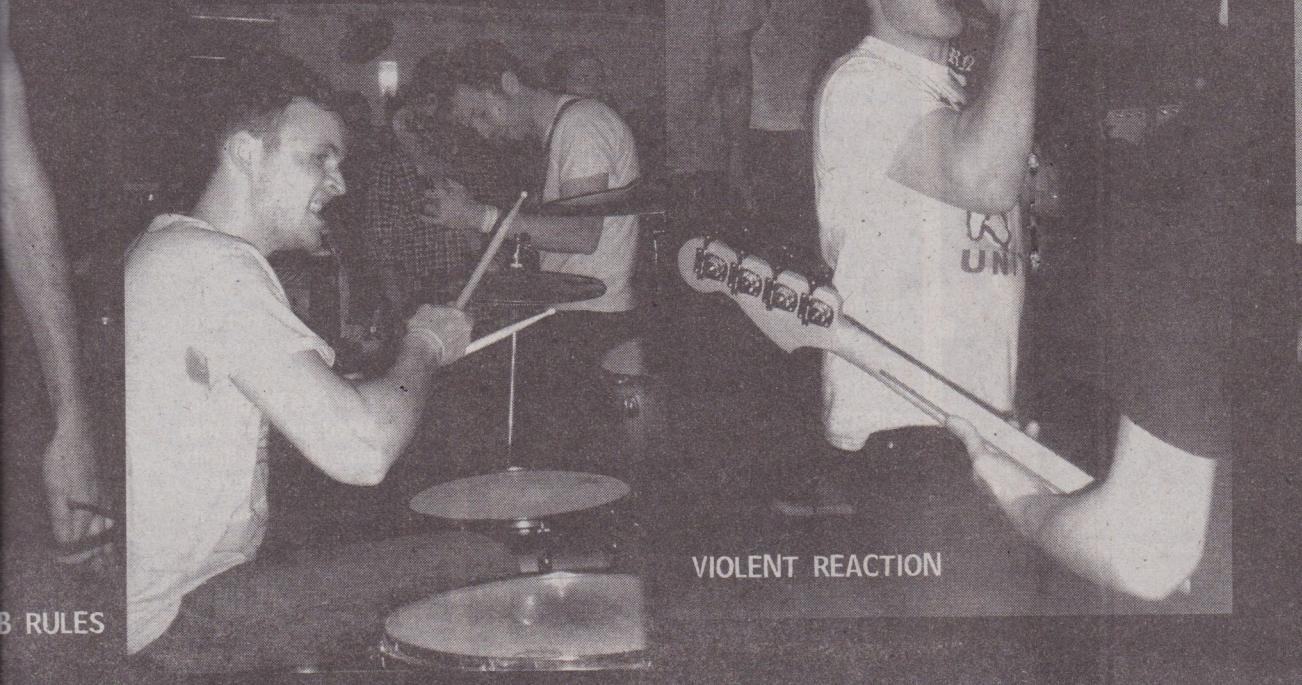
METHODIST CENTER

STAB





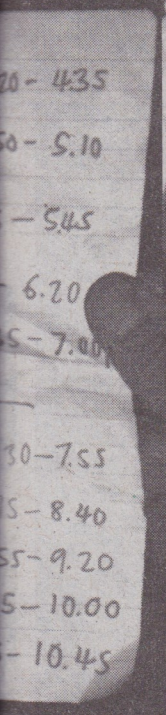
VIOLENT REACTION

B RULES

PHOTOS BY PETE CRAVEN AT SHITTY LIMITS LAST SHOW

LOGIC PROBLEM

METHODIST CENTER



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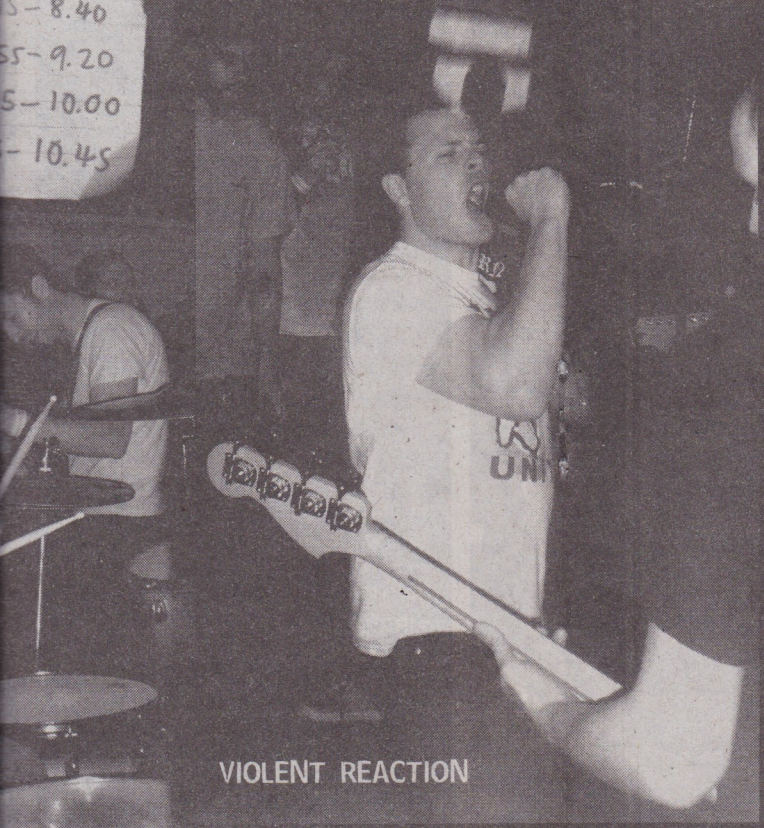
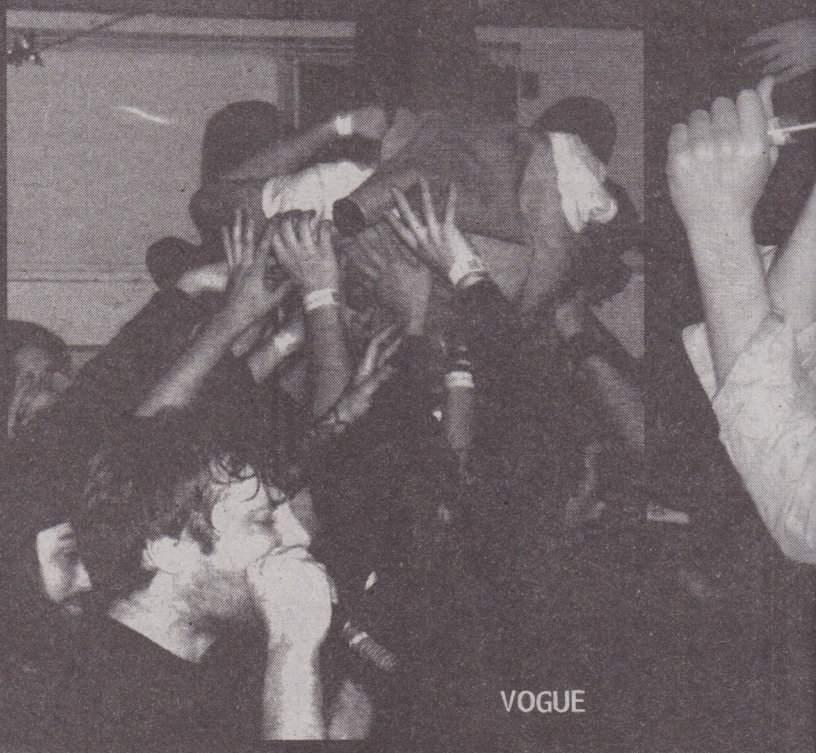
SHITTY



VIOLENT REACTION



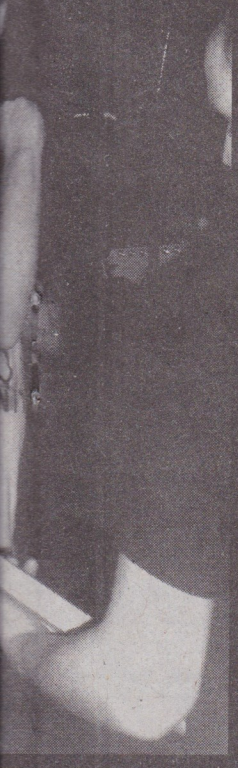
VOGUE

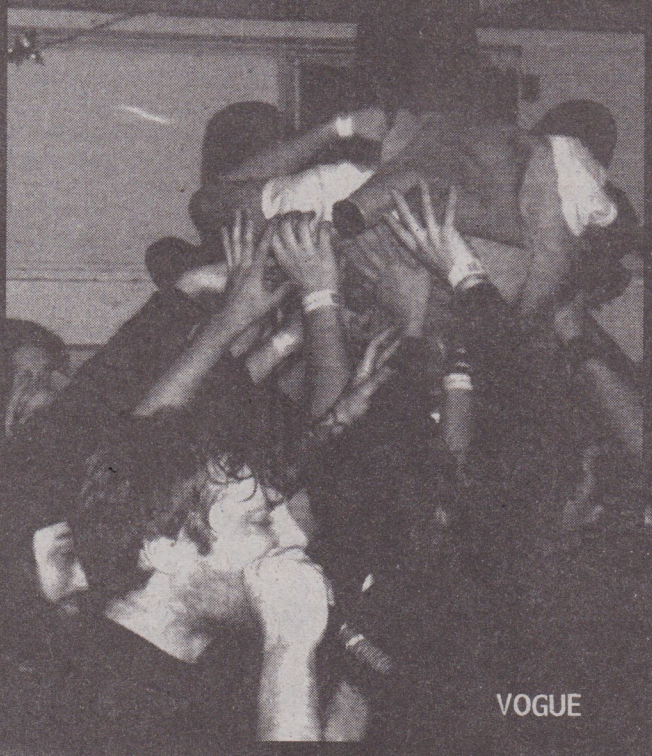
PHOTOS BY PETE CRAVEN AT SHITTY LIMITS LAST SHOW

STAB

CROWD CONTROL

SHITTY LIMITS





VOGUE

BEWARE THE LIMITS..

Reported by Bryony Beynon

Here in the UK, very few all ages gigs happen, not least due to the fact that funding cuts mean that very few venues exist at all anymore. The Guildford Youth Centre was colonised by punks some ten years ago, creating a defacto "scene" around the sleepy commuter town a half hour by train from London, playing host to hundreds of bands including the finest UK outfits as well as tour dates for everyone from RED DONS to GORILLA ANGREB. Committees were persuaded by doer punks like Matt WPBS to do the decent thing and even fund the purchase of a PA system. As people have moved on and left Surrey for other climes, these shows petered out a little, but with the Limits having played their first show there back in 2007, it made sense to dust off the speakers and blow the roof off the place.

The first UK punk band in a long time to make a serious fist of their endeavours in terms of output, sheer number of gigs played and even two US jaunts, The Limits were beloved in all quarters, from *NME* readers to crasher crusties via shiny shoed garage turkeys and straight edge mosherkinder, there was no doubt that the last Limits show had to be a big one. Luckily for Ellis, also known by his name Tom Ellis, Limits bassist, Static Shock records honcho and reliable promoter of gigs that aren't shit, the landscape for punk bands in the UK at the moment is pretty great. He did a fantastic job of picking the finest groups of the bunch, including some first and second shows for newer outfits like Liverpool's OUT COLD worship rage vehicle VIOLENT REACTION, even flying over previous tour buddies, North Carolina's LOGIC PROBLEM, for the occasion.

Returning to the grass outside the GYC felt like a mini-homecoming, I celebrated this warm feeling by going to the supermarket and buying a bottle of wine so cheap that it came in a squeezy plastic bottle and tasted in no way any different to downing pure, pink vinegar. Luckily I really like vinegar. It's fair to say that purchase would be by far the least disastrous booze based misadventure of the night, but more on that later.

The show had drawn people from across the UK, with perhaps the furthest journey being from Glasgow to Guildford, not including our friends from North Carolina, of course. VIOLENT REACTION got things off to a great start, having heard a preview of Tom's quality jams in my garage earlier that morning, when this line-up had their only practice—serious last minute business making seriously good hardcore, all masterminded by one man. Never underestimate the power of an angry skin. LEGAL HIGHS from Brighton proceeded with some bouncy bass-led Boston style "nu-scene" (yeah said it) type ultra righteous jams as things warmed up and mosh ensued. Shortly after this, the LOWEST FORM took to the un-stage, featuring MRR shitworker Paco on la bateria, some big deal noise guy on the furious bass and the unmissable spectacle of wyld punk dance (and guitar playing) by Michael Kasparis, who thankfully did not disappoint despite the epic amp head-swapping debacle half way through the set. Uniquely dissonant hardcore that is always louder than everything else. That is, until STAB take to the stage and bring their intense one-woman-one-thousand-guitars sound to bear on the already pummelled ears of the now packed GYC. In this band, Rad punk power couple Nick and Ola assault the audience, Max rips his shirt off (every time too—it's lucky he works in fashion!) and new recruit Ben gets moody on junk shop bass. A beautiful synergy specialising in hyperspeed, genuinely livid hardcore, that's compared to Ripcord too often for my liking, as their sound is really all their own.

We had to forego the scheduled break in proceedings, presumably for a breather and a re-up on supermarket booze (I'm still cradling my pink vinegar at this point) because the whole thing started on punk time while Matt went and bought a missing drum stand. Extra drum equipment was 100% a necessary precaution as the next band would be METHODIST CENTRE, high concept band if ever there was. Queer Oi made by Civil servants, two drum kits and some really high class tailoring. Super tight, incredible lyrics ("Does your boyfriend know you're here? Does your boyfriend know you're queer?!") without every being a token or god forbid "comedy" band, seeing METHODIST CENTRE is such a rare treat that to me this was the best set of the night. Up next would be a band that are about as far away as you can get from queer Oi, Leeds' MOB RULES set up their sacred backline with military precision and launched into their now-signature barrage of hardcore that funs on molasses spiked with broken glass, full of David wm. Sims esque bass crawls with Campbell's damaging howl, twisted through truly punishing Am-Reppy filters. A few years into their existence, they're still a force to be reckoned with, although, as this particular sets unfortunate end notes, not one that gels well with drunk punks that wanna get close, real close.

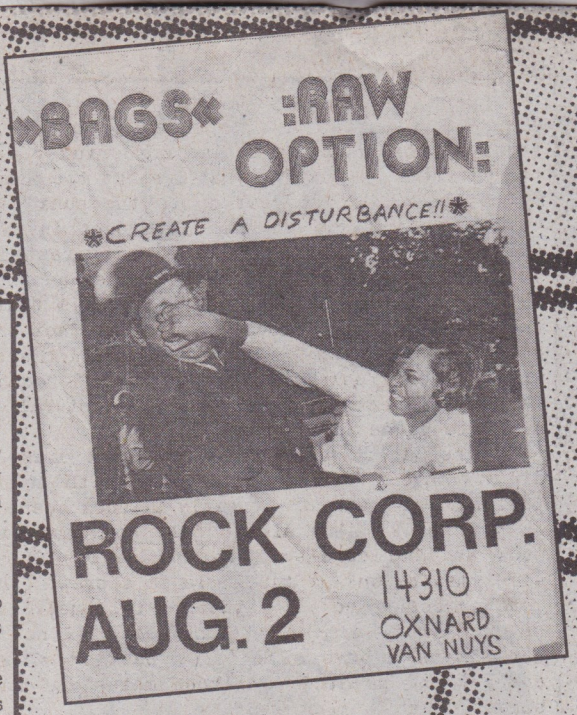
CROWD CONTROL are from Ireland, a country whose bands do not get the exposure they deserve in the UK despite the proximity. This, CC's last performance in the UK, made me weep internally for the times I've missed them when they have played here. A near-perfect set of crushing hardcore steeped in reverb, downtuned to absolute fuck (to A?) and reeling between fast and stoned. They will be missed. Timing issues start to kick in now as LOGIC PROBLEM belt out the hits for the faithful few, and they're as raucous and energetic as the thirty or so times I've been lucky enough to catch them, although I missed the Bags cover, dammit! The room is packed now as the SHITTY LIMITS begin to move towards the part of the room (obviously stageless) where amps and drums are haphazardly piled. Three of them do this independently, one of them is helped to his kit, a bemused and half-asleep look pasted on his pale face. Tim drank way too much at this show, some people are still a little bummed about it so I won't go into too much detail but suffice to say everyone would agree this wasn't their best ever set. At six or so songs, it certainly wasn't their longest. As the chaos ensued regardless, and a not-that-sober-himself Louis handed me the mic for the long holler in "Espionage" for the last time, I thought about all the times I had been suddenly called on to hold that note in the past, some more successfully than others. In Wales, in Belgium, certainly in every no-mark venue in this godforsaken city, at one thousand Southampton all-dayers, at pubs in Shoreditch where we hated everyone, in Toronto, at an abandoned parking lot generator show in LA where there were rabid kittens, at a deserted bar in Houston, at a similarly packed GYC two years prior at their unforgettable LP release show. I remembered times where my heart swelled with joy knowing people who made and played music this awesome, then quickly checked myself for being a sentimental dork. Regardless of all misdemeanours, they went out with a vodka-infused bang if ever there was one, saying a hearty, boozy fuck you to pre-emptive nostalgia, which is pretty punk if you ask me. Holy shit, there's Limits everywhere.

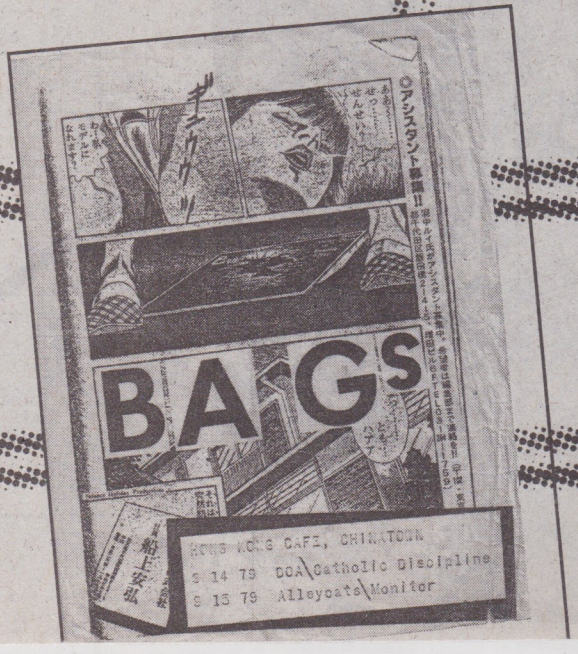
ALICE BAG

MRRs own Martin Sorrondeguy spoke with Alice Bag in the midst of a DIY book tour for her fantastic new publication, Violence Girl, a beautifully written narrative that covers her journey from being the number one Elton John fan in the barrios of East LA, through to her legendary punk rock years fronting the Bags. An essential read for any punk or human being....

iolence GIRL

we will bury you





INTERVIEW AND ART ON PREVIOUS PAGE BY MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

MRR: Why Violence Girl? Where did the title come from?
Violence Girl is the name of a song written about me by Craig Lee. When I was in the Bags I went through a period where I was channeling a lot of anger and rage onstage. When I'd get off the stage I wasn't always done releasing my anger and I started to get a reputation as a brawler. Growing up in East L.A. In a family with an abusive father I felt like violence really shaped me in many different ways because I was either trying to escape it, confront it or heal from the damage it did me.

MRR: Did you ever keep a diary growing up and were you able to pull from it for the book, or did you have to go into the depths of your mind to revisit and dig?
I did keep diaries off and on throughout my life but I wrote down most of my memories by looking through boxes of old photos and photo albums. I happened to have moved around the time that I started writing and the moving boxes were still in the house waiting for a permanent home. My mom was a pack rat so I had lots of odds and ends in addition to photos, newspaper clippings, letters, poems; I even found a payment booklet that my parents used to make their mortgage payments. Near the end of the book where I write about my trip to Nicaragua I actually did find the diary I kept while I was there. It, along with the pictures helped me to relive those times.

MRR: Which memory did you feel was one of the more painful ones to revisit and write about?
The memories of my mother being beaten were very difficult for me. The process of writing that stuff would leave me physically sick; there is one story where I couldn't remember the ending. I tried to remember but the screen would just go black. Maybe it's just not time. I don't know but I do know that the whole process was deeply emotional and therapeutic for me. My parents used to tell me over and over again that they loved me and that I was the only reason they did not divorce, I didn't realize until I was writing about that how angry I was at them for telling me that. As a child I felt a huge responsibility knowing that the vicious cycle of abuse in which my parents were trapped was somehow a result of my parents' love for me.

MRR: Can you let us in on a story that you might have left out because of editing purposes?
There were a few stories that were really just random memories that didn't really belong in the book. This little vignette about Angels Flight was cut early in the process while I was still blogging. My husband was helping me edit and felt this story did fit in with the narrative. We took it out and posted it as a deleted scene on another Diary of a Bad Housewife Blog. I've included the link to the story below.
http://alicebag.blogspot.com/search?q=Angels+flight

MRR: What did you hope to accomplish with the book?
There were several reasons I wrote the book. I wanted to share my experiences because I hoped that I might be able to touch an individual in a difficult or abusive situation who could benefit from my experience. I also wanted to keep an intimate emotional relationship with my husband who was working in another state during much of the time that I was writing the book, sharing bits of my life with him kept us feeling connected across the miles. In addition to that I wanted to write something for my daughters, so that they might know me beyond the role of mom. I'm also very fortunate to enjoy the friendship of many young women who I think of as daughters, this book is for them too, I want to be a feminist Rumplestilskin, turning adversity into strength.

MRR: What has been the response so far?
I'm very fortunate, I've had wonderful reviews, only one reviewer complained that I spent too many pages on my childhood before getting to the punk scene. This book is a memoir, punk was important in my life but the book is not only for people interested in punk. In fact I am sometimes surprised when people who seem to have nothing in common with me claim that they had the exact same experience I had. The fact that people can relate to it makes me very happy. I'm also excited when someone feels inspired to act. I recently had a letter from a young woman named Bridget Valles, here's a little piece of it:

"I grew up in the '90s on the east coast, I really did not have a frame of reference for the hybridity and inclusivity that was the early LA punk scene described in your book. I've always felt somewhat excluded in punk and hardcore-even in the early 2000s I would sometimes be one of two girls in a crowd (though it's getting better now, my students tell me). It honestly never dawned on me that punk, in its inception, was not always a boys club (or a bastion of white male energy) and reading your book makes me want to push harder to reclaim space."

As an author knowing that I've inspired a young woman to claim her space in a mosh pit is one thing, knowing that once she claims that space she will continue to make her presence felt is truly thrilling!

MRR: Did you experience any anxiety while putting the book together?
I didn't experience anxiety; there were times when I experienced frustration. I was writing everyday for a minimum of two hours. I forced myself to generate at least a short blog entry. I think that because it was a memoir, the story just had to be remembered and written down. It wasn't like someone writing fiction who has to invent stuff, I just had to find a way to tell my story. I think I got better at storytelling as the book progressed.

MRR: What was your process in putting this series of short stories together?
I am a punk writer, I am as skilled at writing as I am at playing guitar which means there are many people out there who are more skilled than I am, but I didn't care. I figured I was going to have to jump over my limitations to write a book, but that's the way I've lived my whole life. I managed to write the book as a series of blog entries. It was easier for me to imagine writing one blog entry a day than to think to myself. "I'm going to write a 400 page autobiography." I did it one page at a time, and no I don't work any other one-step-at-a-time program.

What did happen is that because I was blogging the book, I picked up regular readers who kept me motivated. Heaven forbid I miss one of their installments, I'd get a comment at the end of the day reminding me to write. It was a little bit of pressure but I knew the readers were on my side. They were so supportive, I really owe them a lot. When someone takes time out of their busy day to read your stories on their computer at work, knowing the boss can walk in at any moment, well... you feel gratitude.

MRR: I would like to speak of timing. Why put out a book now? Do you think you would have been able to put this together about twelve or fifteen years ago?
Timing implies that there was a plan. No, it was a random comment from a friend that made me consider writing a book in the first place. My husband, who is my biggest supporter, set up the True Life Adventures of Violence Girl blog for me and then nagged me into writing. I was a stay-at-home mom at the time so I let the laundry pile up a little higher, turned the other way when I saw the dust bunnies multiply and I carved out time to write a book. I don't know that I would have done it if I was still living in L.A. There is so much to do in L.A. I hardly knew anyone in Phoenix and my husband was in San Diego so I could focus on the book without too many distractions. In that sense, I'd say the timing did turn out to be important.

MRR: What are your plans as far touring the book and readings? Schedule.
I am booking readings and signings myself. My publisher doesn't do that. I'm on my own, so if you're reading this and want me to go out and read at your local bookstore, please call them and give them my email address alice@alicebag.com. I am open for business.

MRR: Most know you from the mind-blowing front person of the Bags, I know you have done multiple musical projects since then, Can you inform readers of some of those projects?
Well, I can make a list for you of the bands I remember:

Femme Fatale (Masque Era) (lead vocals)
The Bags (lead vocals)
The Homosexuals (shared vocals)
Black and Mexican Randy (back up vocals)
Castration Squad (bass. then keyboards)
The Imports (keyboards, shared vocals)
Boneheads (keyboards)
Cambridge Apostles (keyboards, shared vocals)
Fun House (lead vocals)
The Fire Engines (lead vocals)
The Afro Sisters (improvisational silliness)
El Vez (back up vocals)
Cholita (guitar, backing vocals)
Las Tres (guitar, shared vocals)
Goddess 13 (guitar, shared vocals)
Stay at Home Bomb (guitar, shared vocals)
Punkoustica (guitar, shared vocals)

MRR: Do you have any plans for future musical endeavors?
I've always wanted to record my favorite songs from the different groups I've been in. For someone who's been in so many bands I don't have a lot of recordings. So if I had the opportunity I'd make time to do that.

I also love to create, I enjoy writing music, I do it all the time just for fun and I hope to continue to write songs until the day I die even if I'm the only one who hears them.

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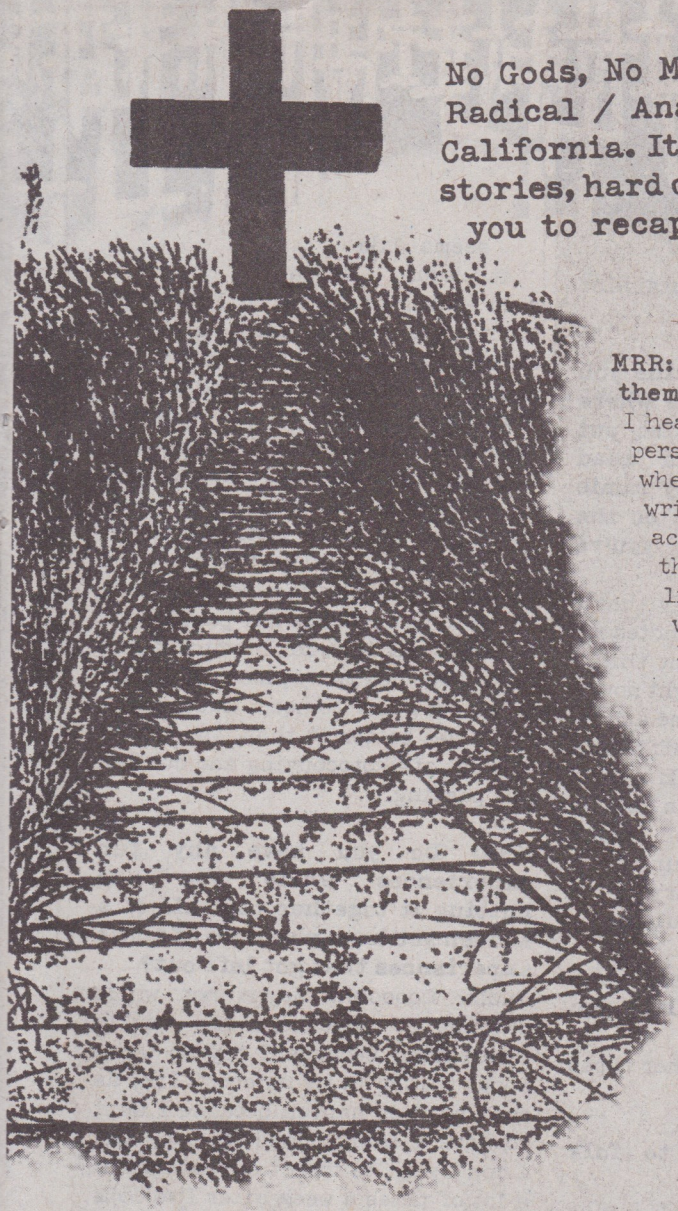


No Gods, No Mattress is a badass zine springing out of the Radical / Anarchist / Squatter / Activist hub of Oakland, California. It is truly beautifully laid out and full of good stories, hard questions, anarcho-feministia, and will inspire you to recapture your spirit from the damn computer and fling it out into the streets...or the woods.

Intro by Julia Booz

Interview by Osa Atoe

MRR: Do you have a good idea of who your audience is, can you describe them? Enola: No I don't have a good idea. I think that there are people I hear from who like to read my zine. I guess I'll try to describe that person. Someone who is just like me basically, someone who also at least when talking to me wants to be transparent in the same way that they write about all their secrets and stuff. But maybe that is not entirely accurate because sometimes I hear from people who I either know before they read my zine or they get in touch with me and sometimes they're like, "Ohh I never told anyone this but..." So maybe they're not people who are always transparent but people who can appreciate reading or like hearing other people having the same thoughts and histories that they had.

MRR: It seems like people are drawn to NGNM because you have a lot of intersections of where you're coming from. If it was indexed you can say it has a little bit of music, travel, squatting, feminism, literature and zines, personal accounts, ideas of sexuality and growth, and self-care—all of these come out in your zine. Because it speaks to them on some level to them or their interest.

Enola: Yeah I guess that's true. For someone to be interested in zines they're probably already maybe a little radical and into DIY stuff. I guess thinking about things that way is a pretty broad thing. I think that people who identify with me don't identify with everything about me. There's a lot of stuff going for someone to be interested in zines.

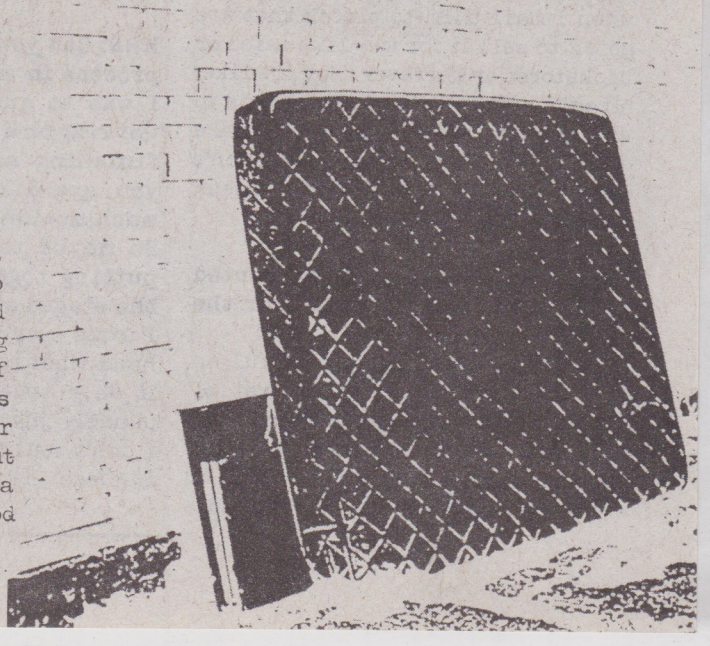
MRR: The zine has evolved with the twelve issues. You don't necessarily throw away your past topics, so the readers who are following you through these issues are involved with your growth process.

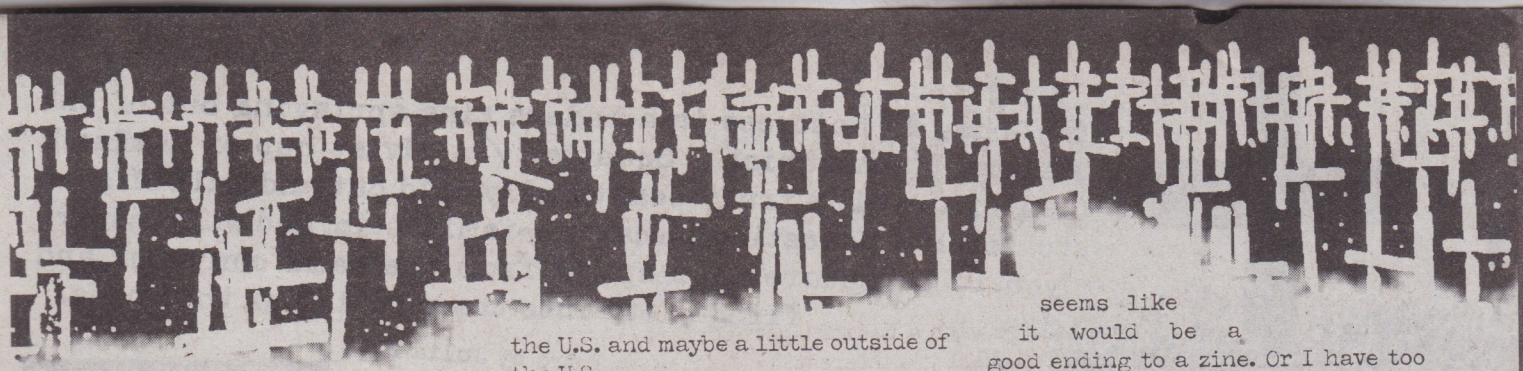
Enola: Yeah. I definitely started writing about being Goth a lot more. But I think maybe that's just an example of how we get older we become more and more complex you just keep collecting interests. I still have all the interests I had when I first started writing. But then all these other things started happening too.

MRR: Do you ever intentionally do something in the hopes you can write about it? So you may have not done it before and you think, "I will do this and if it turns out bad at least I can write about it"?

Enola: That's funny because sometimes I catch myself in situations where I'm like, "Oh I totally can't wait to write about this in my zine." But I don't know if I actually make decisions based on whether or not it will be good zine material—like decisions on stuff to do. Definitely I might pay more attention to certain things based on zine writing ideas. Like the most recent issue was issue fourteen, it's about traveling with my friend Montell, and everything went wrong while traveling with him but there were two plus sides: I wasn't by myself that time and I got to have a really good friend while going through a bunch of disappointments and become closer in that way, but also it was a really good story.

no gods no mattress





MRR: You write about the search to get money a lot; flying signs, trolling through Craigslist, you model, scam schools...you don't write about what you spend the money on.
Enola: Oh really....I don't spend the money, I just hide it in different places. I wrote that once. Am I supposed to tell you what I spend my money on?

MRR: It's a loaded question I suppose.
Enola: Well I'm saving up to buy a van. Part of my tooth fell out last week so maybe I will spend money on getting dental work done because I don't want to have all of my teeth pulled quite this early in my life...

MRR: And you are how old?
Enola: Twenty-six. Let's see what else—sometimes I take myself out on dates to vegan restaurants, like maybe I have a tentative date to go to Souley Vegan in the next six months. Sometimes I spend money on public transportation. One time I was feeling very frivolous and I bought myself a train ticket from Sacramento to Emeryville for $25. Also mailing stuff, like mailing packages to people. Right now I have two different packages I'm building up and they're not ready yet. I send out my zines a lot, and sometimes when I mail them to places that are going to sell it for me—like cafes or bookstores or whatever they are like, "It will cost you more to mail this to us than the money you would make selling them for a dollar." but I don't mind that, but that's what I spend money on.

MRR: I think I recall you wanted to get a van so you could tour the states.
Enola: The van would be useful on several different levels. First of all it would be a good home and secondly it would be a good place for my distro...for storage. Then third it would be good for driving around the U.S. and maybe a little outside of the U.S.

MRR: Not only you do a zine you have a distro for the zine where you put out music, you also put presentations where you read from it and you also play music that you compose yourself on the ukulele. That's a thing you've been doing the past year.
Enola: I just want to clarify that I don't think my distro distributes my zine, I think it's a different thing. But I'm not entirely sure right now. I did go on a zine tour one time and in addition to writing about stuff that's happening in my life and feelings I'm having, I also write music a lot. So those things went together really well. So when I went on tour that's what I did...I'm kind of trying to break away from playing ukulele.

MRR: Oh wow. I get to hear your songs a lot and it seems like you are a solid songwriter.
Enola: I'm excited about other types of music.

MRR: It's 2011. Death to folk punk.
Enola: Well I don't know if I play folk punk.

MRR: Well that's probably what you will be labeled as by the narrow-minded people of our generation.
Enola: Yeah. Who knows?

MRR: Can you explain the creative process in making a zine? Like if I was to guess I figure you are working on a new zine while you are finishing another one—so maybe you are like an octopus, in so much motion. You have a deadline. So maybe tell us the concept of putting together a zine and then the stages of working on it. Enola: I write everything in a notebook by hand then I revise it and then type it on a typewriter. There's that. I usually just find a cutoff spot but I don't really know how I do that... I guess just like something that seems like it would be a good ending to a zine. Or I have too much material to keep gathering material. And then I type it all out, and count the pages and divide it by four. Usually I try to give myself a few extra pages, like I tried to do indexes a few times. I have a table of contents or a thank you page. I'm trying to get a little better at layout, like usually I'm not good enough at math to figure out what's going to be on the center pages when I have it all in order. I count it and figure out how many pieces of 8.5x11 paper I'm going to need. But maybe I could get better at that. And then I do a lot of photocopying and cutting and pasting.

MRR: Do you have any fun experiences while you are putting it together that all of a sudden you have memories of those experiences that got left out?
Enola: Oooooohh. Maybe not while putting it together. It's really interesting because I try to write about things in my notebook like as soon as they happen because I want to have a really fresh memory and I don't want to forget anything. But a lot of times a week after I've done that in my notebook I'm typing it out and then I remember things and have to add it just on the spot. But I don't think it ever happens to me whenever I do the layout and stuff. But at that point I have already read my own stories like ten times.

MRR: You tend to give us vivid accounts of cities and also small towns. Can you tell us if you ever visualized on how these places can be transformed in a revolutionary way? Or can you do it for us now?
Enola: Whoa. That's a really good thing. I should think about that more.

MRR: One thing I like about you is you have an air of a determination about radical change, you also have a lot of love energy—how would you define the words

revolution and
love. And maybe describe some
of the influences you had to live with a radical perspective.
Enola: Oh this is a hard question. Well it's interesting. I think both the words Love & Revolution I don't really know what they are. Like people will say that, "Revolution is happening all the time." and this is just a part of it. And I think maybe people say the same thing about love but maybe nobody knows what they are—or when they are experiencing them. I don't know if I do, or maybe I feel like they're impossibilities, but I hope for them both. But what was the last part—inspirations...

MRR: What was some of the influences to get you to live with a radical perspective, which relates to your life where you were raised and how you lived it in small town Pittsburgh?
Enola: I want to say that nowadays the things that make me feel the most hope in living radically, is just when I see people hanging out on the sidewalk when I'm riding my bike by or walking by who aren't radicals and maybe we'll talk really briefly and they tell me they hate the cops, or like that they have two food stamp cards or whatever. More along the lines of what you are asking me is about becoming radicalized in my youth or something?

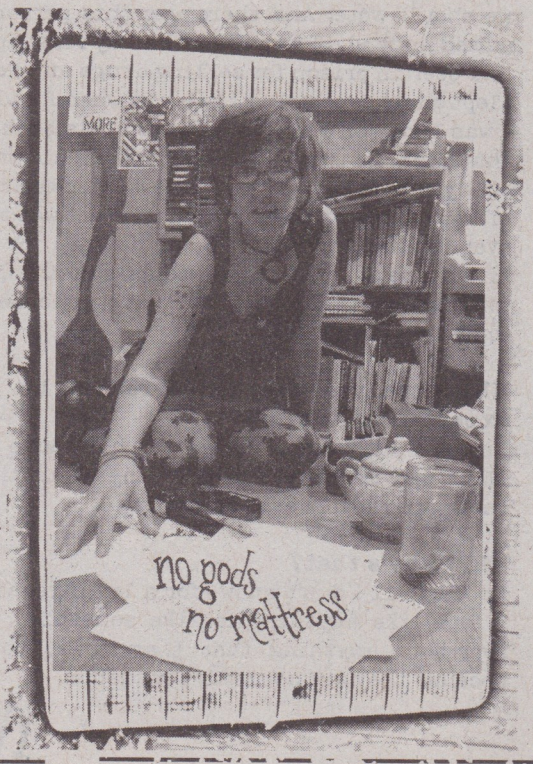
MRR: I guess I meant that but it's more interesting now to hear how revolution is a renewed thing even in the last ten days you rethink revolution.
Enola: Last night I was riding my bike home at like two in the morning on West St. in West Oakland and I think that a lot of people when they're riding their bike home at two am and see people like hanging out in dark corners and talking they might be nervous around them and maybe sometimes I'm like that too but last night I was in a good mood and saying, "Hi" to everyone and they were all so friendly. That made me feel better about revolution—I would want to work with those people. And also I never really lived a radical lifestyle until I left Pittsburgh. After I lived in the Bay Area for about six months and I was just like learning all these things I'd never heard about. In Pittsburgh I went to public high school and I didn't know any punks or anarchists...

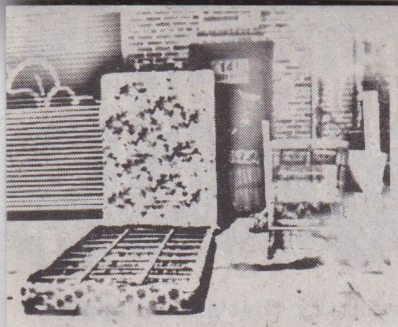
MRR: Will you describe the conditions of your home and the community—like the setting?
Enola: Well Pittsburgh is a very spread out city. I grew up in this neighborhood called Lincoln Place. It's a low-income neighborhood that is all white people who are racist. Actually when I was in town two summers ago a vacant house on the block my parents live on was purchased by a black woman at an auction then the house was burned down by people in that neighborhood. I mean it was very obvious to me but I don't think the police pursued that case. So it's that kind of neighborhood, a lot of alcohol and drug addiction—that's where I grew up. I went to Pittsburgh public schools...

MRR: Was it an integrated school?
Enola: Like racially? Yeah of course. But my elementary school which was in the neighborhood I grew up in there were like two black people in each grade. The high school I went to wasn't in the neighborhood I grew up in it was closer to downtown.

MRR: Okay you grew up in this neighborhood and there was other conditions that you didn't mention like it was a community that had a lot of industry that's been gone since the '60s.
Enola: Yeah. So that didn't really affect me.

MRR: Yeah okay. But you were still shaped by it a certain amount—like there wasn't anything to do for young people or whatever. Can you describe a turning point when you were starting to get tools to have your own agency whether it was politics, whether it was music, whether it was drug culture—can you describe when you started to break from the normal lifestyle and to readjust your life?
Enola: I think there were a lot of turning points and not a lot of them were good. When I was like fifteen I found out there were other radio stations other than what my mom listened to. And I started to listen to Nine Inch Nails and Marilyn Mansion and stuff. Maybe about a year after that I got beat up at my public high school and the administration there lied to my parents and told them I started the fight. But I didn't. Then my mom was upset and took me out of that school—which I was skipping every day—well almost every day because I was there to get beat up that one time. But I used to just wander around this other part of town and I met this person who became my





best friend—her name is Clare and she was eating pizza and she was like, "You should come to my school and eat pizza with me." And I went to her school and it was in this old church building where they had a kitchen and everyone hung out on couches and stuff and called the teachers by their first names. And so that was a really fun experience.

Whenever my mom was upset about my public school when they lied about how I was a bad kid—which I was, but not as bad as they were saying or not in the ways they were saying I was. She was like, "Oh I'm going to take you out of that school." I was like, "Oh I know where I want to go." So switching and going to this alternative school—called the Oakland School was really positive for me. I think it did a lot for my anxiety and self esteem issues because it was such a small school. There were like three kids to a class. And it wasn't really large enough for there to be people to hate me or for there to people who didn't talk to me. Which was my experience at every other school. So I had a really low opinion of myself—and I would never be myself you know. And that was a turning point. And another turning point was probably right before I left Pittsburgh to move to the Bay Area I was working for Sierra Club. Actually I got that job because it was high paying and it was by the hour. And we went door to door doing surveys. I had already at that point in my life had the instinct to just slack off and make up fake survey answers, instead of actually going to people's houses and talking to them. So I had that job but really I didn't know what anarchism was and I was into voting and stuff. There was this book called *How to Get Stupid White Men Out of Office* by this organization called the League of Pissed Off Voters and it was about how we should vote. And there was this person in my life named Andy who I met when I had my first apartment. He had been in prison for selling drugs and he got out and slept on my couch. And I saw him when I had the job and I was like, "Oh I want to give you this book." and it was that book. He was like, "Okay you should trade me—I'll give you this book." And it was a Crimethinc book—*Days of War Nights of Love*. So reading that was my first time ever having Anarchism being defined for me, and the first time it appealed to me as something that I can understand. It sounded really romantic, because that's what Crimethinc does.

MRR: Are you ever embarrassed by your early experiences or zines?
Enola: I don't think entirely. I have done zines before *NGNM* and maybe you're thinking about that. Because those are totally embarrassing.

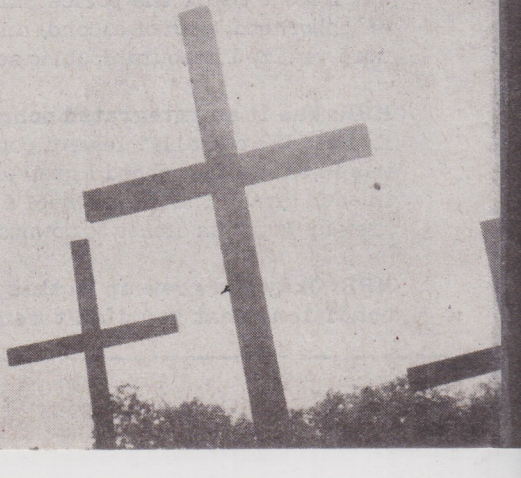
MRR: Why's that?
Enola: Well I don't know—for a lot of reasons. Not that I feel like anything is like something that doesn't represent anything that I am today you know—but because they are not really readable.

MRR: I relate it with Gilman in the first few years where it provided a place for people to suck with their art. Where they could get a chance to develop their message and figure out who their audience is.
Enola: I totally hear you on that. I'm really happy and supportive of anyone who is excited about what they're doing even if it's terrible—because I know that that excitement is going to further their project into something more practiced and refined. Feedback is a weird thing. I want to have more feedback from people all the time and sometimes people are real elusive about how they think about what they think about someone's work. Then it's weird because I'm not sure how to think how it should affect me. Like the time my zine was reviewed in *Maximum Rocknroll* it had certain comments about it that I was like, "Oh I wonder what those comments are talking about specifically" so I would know, you know? And I had my ideas, but I could have been totally wrong, and I could have fine-tuned the wrong part of writing or something. I think that it happens with people too when they say "I didn't like this one part" but they don't tell you why and I think a lot of the time people are afraid of hurting people's feelings but I want people to give me criticism.

MRR: Can you describe the epiphany behind *NGNM* and how you came up with the name?
Enola: Well I don't even know when I started writing *NGNM*—honestly, but I can tell you about the name. One time I was riding my bike down this beautiful trail from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and it goes to Cumberland, Maryland, and it continues to DC but I only rode it to Cumberland on my bicycle. It used to be railroad tracks. It goes along this river and it goes through the National Park land and it's very beautiful. And that was the first time and only time I ever rode my bike on that trail, and the weather was really nice, and I was loving being just by myself and just doing whatever. And the first night I found this really nice spot to sleep, and it was by the river. It was kind of far away from stuff, so I didn't think anyone would find me. Because I get a little worried about people seeing me sleeping and being scary humans—you know, like being predatory or violent. So it was a really nice spot, and there were all these bats flying around above the river, it was really foggy. That's the night I thought up the name *No Gods No Mattress*, and I thought it was really funny—now I don't know if it's really that funny but it's the title of my zine. It's just you know—because I sleep outside a lot in my sleeping bag on the ground, or inside on people's floors, and you know—of course it's a play on words, from the slogan "No Gods No Masters." I'm really into silly things like that.

MRR: Puns.
Enola: Yeah.

You can reach Enola—unless the government closes her post office at PO Box 3936 Berkeley CA 94703



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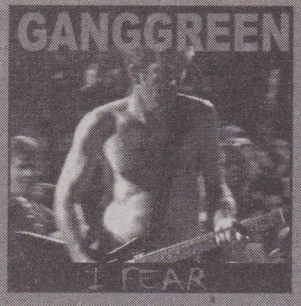

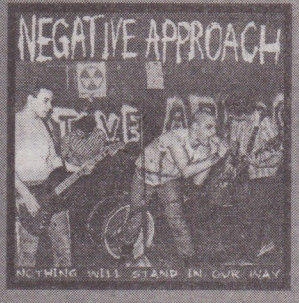

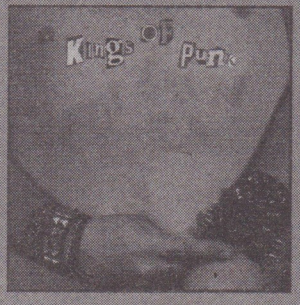

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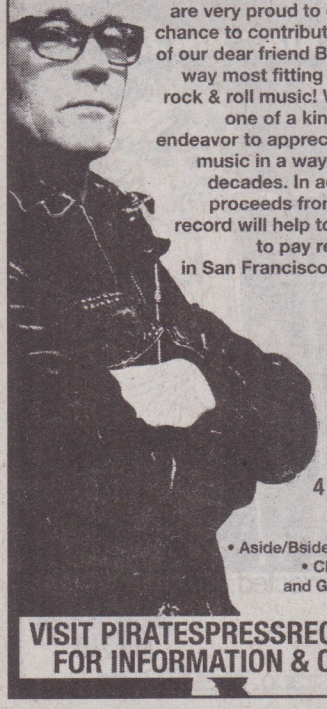

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ZERO PROGRESS TOUR JOURNAL

By Matt Saincome

1:20 Sunday June 19th

Two days ago, on June 17th, ZERO PROGRESS and our official minister in charge of knowledge, Rachel, packed up the van and took off for our 35-day US (plus a little bit of Canada) tour. So far, we have played three shows in southern California and are just now headed off towards Tempe, Arizona.

When we left Danville the van wouldn't start, which I have to admit was a little discouraging. It turned out to just be a dead battery and we jumpstarted it from my little brother's car. The day before, Ed, my older brother and bassist for ZERO PROGRESS, had found a hornet's nest inside the van. As we were packing up and trying to jump the van, the hornets made it clear that they were ready to die for their homeland. We managed to fend them off and drive to Collin and Josh's house to find out we had all packed too heavily, that the whole backseat would be packed, and there would be luggage on top of our gear. Collin, the guitarist for ZERO PROGRESS has been a friend of mine since second grade, and Josh is his little brother. The cramped space was kind of a bummer but at least we now know that we couldn't really have brought any of our friends even if they had been able to come.

A lot of people told us this tour was not going to work out. They all said we should stay home, but that is just not the way ZERO PROGRESS is. When we want something, we are going to put everything we have into making it a reality. Tour is something we wanted, so here we are. As we left the valley that day we didn't want to prove others wrong about this tour, but we desperately needed to prove ourselves right.

About an hour outside of LA, we got news that our first show was canceled because the owner of the house where we were supposed to play had a heart attack. It was going to be a benefit show. Todd from BROKEN NEEDLE immediately started contacting people, trying to get us on a different show. Turns out that Phil from MATA MATA was going to get us on a backyard show in Huntington Park.

We find the show and walk into the backyard, immediately noticing that we are the only white kids at the show. In the Bay area we have a really diverse scene and anyone is welcome, but every time I come to LA I get bummed out by all the racial tension and hatred. But I guess it makes sense because LA County has some pretty flat terrain and is really hot. Think about it, where is the terrain flat with high temperatures and the general population isn't racist? Nowhere, that's where.

Anyways, I guess the way they do it in Huntington Park is that they don't have any line ups and you have to fight

to play. Luckily, our buddies from MATA MATA kinda fought for us. The first band that played was called POGO DRUNX and they played two Cocksparrer covers in the same set. We ended up playing some weird round robin styled set with this local band that has been playing for ten years called SABER M and Austin from MATA MATA's new band called DRAPETOMANIA, who were really good. I'm really into the Raw Punx music, but I wish that the group surrounding the scene didn't make me feel so excluded because of my pasty complexion. It seems like the core group who are in the bands, and run the shows, like Phil, Austin, and Abe aren't like that at all. They are hella into community organization and political stuff, which I think is awesome. I think that they separate me from the white culture that they hate, which is good because I hate that culture too. I'm from the white suburbs, but that's not my culture or my identity, I'm a punk rocker, and they see that. We stayed with them in their compound in Lynnwood that they all share, which was fun. Last summer we played a show there, so it was cool to see the difference in the house when a show is happening and when they are just hanging out. They run a distro, screen print, make stickers and buttons, and do hella other punk shit there. It rules!

But yeah, back to the set we played. Some guys helped us find a mic because the POGO DRUNX took the PA with them. Luckily, this dude who was telling me he was hella pumped up on hardcore helped me find a PA for the mic. We get everything hooked up and working. I say into the mic "Hey, we're ZERO PROGRESS and we're not from here, can you tell?" which got a lot of laughs and lightened the mood a bit. People started chanting "white punks! white punks! white punks!" which was weird, but OK. We blasted through our first three songs, and the place really went off. There were two pits; one on the side of this awning we were playing under and one in front of us. During one of the songs someone crashed into a support beam for the awning we were playing under and it came crashing down. Now, I don't want to say that we were all seconds away from being crushed to death in a Huntington Park backyard on our first day of tour, but...that's pretty much what happened. Thankfully, Phil from MATA MATA started holding it up for us. He turned to Ed and said something like "Ay mayne, fucking play, I can't hold this thing up forever!" The place was extremely packed, with probably 200 people in a small backyard. The show had a feeling that it could get dangerously out of hand at any moment.

After we played three songs it was SABER M's turn to go, but when we started leaving people started freaking out shouting, "Ay mayne! fuck that shit, let the white boys play!" "Yea man, let those gringos play man, they're down!" which was replied to with a barrage of SABER M supporters chanting "SABER M! SABER M! SABER M!" Anyways, it was SABER M's turn so we gave them our gear to play but they couldn't quite keep it together. There was some power strip issues and stuff kept cutting out and they couldn't find their bassist. The delay only fueled the crowds anger. People started yelling at the singer and saying "Yo! give the white guy the mic!" so he gave me the mic but it wasn't our turn so I gave it back, but it took SABER M a really long to get their stuff together. Basically it was really weird and we all took turns playing, switching, holding up the awning, and watching the other bands play.

The show went on until one in the morning and the cops came by three or four times. There was a drug house next door where there was always a guy standing guard outside. As we packed up to leave the show this extremely drunk guy was trying to trade us a really dirty looking power strip for a T-shirt.

I don't know why he thought we needed the broken power strip from the show, or why he thought it was his to trade, but he ended up just putting it in our van. We got asked if we were from Canada like ten times.

The next day, June 18th, we had two shows set up. The first one was chill. It was with the dudes from SAME DIFFERENCE inside of their practice space in Santa Ana with some of their friends watching. It was fun and Rick let us sleep in the practice space that night. By this time, I was feeling really sick and was having explosive diarrhea the whole time, which was a bummer, but I was still having a good time. That first show was at 2 PM, and our second one was at 8 PM in Long Beach. We got added to the second show at the last minute, which was nice because we want to play as many shows as possible.

We got to Long Beach and I'm really feeling like shit now, so I go in the backyard and set up merch. There is a pool table in the backyard that a lot of people are sitting on and Ed suggests I set up merch there, but I decide to set it up on the grill instead. About ten minutes later the whole thing collapsed and everyone fell on their ass really hard. Thankfully no one had their legs under there or the dog that had fleas wasn't lying under there. At this point I am spending most of my time desperately trying not to shit my pants. I've gone to the bathroom hella times but it doesn't help. I can't really help out much but my band mates and Rachel are pulling my extra weight, which is nice. When it was our turn to play I was pretty afraid I was going to become an accidental GG Allin poser and shit all over the place during the set. I guess it would be even more lame if I just shit myself while my pants were on and just pretended like nothing happened as people started filing out of the room because of the smell. I started to think about how Stone Cold Steve Austin said he got body slammed one time and shit his pants but kept wrestling. We play the set and it goes really well. I banged my elbow up against Ed's bass by accident, and that still hurts pretty bad. But all in all, it went really well and I managed to keep all my bodily fluids inside me. I gave it my all but felt like garbage afterwards and took a nap in the van. Unfortunately, that meant I missed MUNDO MUERTO, which was really a bummer. All the guys from ZERO PROGRESS told me it was really good though, and hella punk. When I woke up in the van, Gus, from MUNDO MUERTO was talking to us about their upcoming tour and how much he dug ZERO PROGRESS. He gave us 70 bucks for gas even though we were added on last minute and it was a benefit show for their tour; what a nice guy!

After that show we went back to Santa Ana to hang out with SAME DIFFERENCE and sleep at Rick's house. We tried to find some public bathroom for me to destroy but there wasn't any. God damn it, I knew I should have brought a bucket.

June 21st 3:01pm

After we woke up we ate some cereal. Well, everyone else ate cereal. I spilled mine when I tried to wave to some girl, and then afterwards took off towards Tempe, AZ. We showed up to find out that this isn't the Tempe, AZ we left in the desert one year ago; this is Post-Jess Tempe. Daniel is booking our show at a house, so we head there and make it about an hour early. The show was in a brick shed in the backyard.

I'm extremely sick at this point in the tour and before we play our set I have taken eight diarrhea shits. I was feeling miserable and missed most of the GAY KISS set, but what I saw out the window was good. There was a pretty small turnout at the show, and most people left after the GAY KISS set, because there was

another show a mile away that was the tour kickoff for another band.

I pulled it together enough to play the set. There were eight or ten people in the room watching when we played and we sold five records later, so I would say it went over really well. MAGNUM FORCE went on after us and played a very intense three to five minute set.

After the show, we went to a really good-tasting taco place with James, Daniel, Alec, and the dude whose house we played at. They are all really nice guys and talk about VLV a lot, which I can get down with. I couldn't eat much, but I had some rice. After that we all went swimming and James did hella pool stage dives. We talked about BLACK AMERICA and ZERO PROGRESS and how we aren't the same band and we don't share members. We stayed at Daniel's apartment, which was fun, and nice of him. James is straight edge and has a F.B.C. tattoo: tight.

In the morning we went on a long walk in the desert heat to Five Guys, which was really tasty. Alec had come by and given me back my Tom Petty t-shirt, which I had left in his car. The burger was so good I got over-excited and started eating it a bit too fast and then I puked in my mouth a little bit because I was sick. But it's cool, man; those burgers are great! The fries kinda suck though, and they give you way too many.

Afterwards we said goodbye to our new friends and headed off to Tucson, AZ where our buddies NEGATIVE FEEDBACK set up a show for us at a space called C-6. It was only a two or three hour car ride, so we had a little extra time to eat at a pizza place called MagPies. We wanted to go to Toxic Ranch records but it was closed for some reason. That probably saved us a lot of money. The show went over well that night. There were probably 20 or 30 kids there but most were in bands playing that night. That's alright. It was a fun show and there was a lot of dancing. Rachel says my ass crack was showing while I was rolling around on the floor and girls were pointing and laughing at me.

After the show we hung out with some of the guys from NEGATIVE FEEDBACK and got some Hawaiian BBQ. Then we went back to Griffin's house and played some video games while listening to the CASUALTIES on the wrong speed. We couldn't stay at Griffin's place because it was too small, so we headed over to some other guy's house. He has a lot of space, but he uses it to cook meth and let stray dogs live in his house. It was pretty gnarly, so I slept in the van until the heat woke me up around 7:30.

And here we are, six or so hours later and we are pretty close to our next stop, El Paso, Texas. We are playing with VERBAL ABUSE tonight. I wonder how cracked out Nikki Sicki is tonight?

Friday June 24th 12:15pm

Well, it turned out that Nikki Sicki was actually not that cracked out at all. In fact, he was looking pretty normal, but he still didn't remember—or didn't feel like singing—some of the lyrics. But the story of the night didn't have to do with VERBAL ABUSE. The kids in El Paso were going off for ZERO PROGRESS. While we played, kids were making facial expressions like "oh my god!" After our set, which was pretty wild, I tried to walk back towards the merch table but was stopped by a group hug. Everyone started chanting something in Spanish, and someone whispered in my ear "That means, play one more." I'm usually not a fan of doing encores because I feel like they are rockstar-ish and annoying, but that wasn't the vibe I got this time. I felt like, here are these kids from El Paso, who aren't always exposed to this kind of hardcore, and they are asking us, as peers, to play some more. So we played "Caged" and I beat myself up a bit.

After the set, I washed my cuts in the bathroom and went to the merch table. There, I had a conversation with a straight edge kid that was pretty interesting. He started talking to me about a house show he was at, and how some guys at the show, who didn't care about the music, were trashing the backyard. He felt that they should take care of the venues that allow them to have shows, so he asked them nicely not to do it anymore. The people continued to break bottles and throw cans all over this backyard. So, this straight edge kid got a group of people, some straight edge and some not straight edge, to go pick up all the trash. I guess this offended the group who were throwing the bottles and they started mocking them and insulting them, but as the group of edgers and non-edgers continued to clean, the people eventually just left. I think that's a great story because people who care deeply about a music scene were able to protect it without violence, and that rules. Oh and I forgot to mention that the band that played before us, MED X, was cool.

After the show we stayed at Danny's house. It was extremely nice and, as you can imagine, radically different from the meth lab where we'd stayed the night before. He had us all set up with our own rooms, bathrooms, pillows, sheets, etc. It was the bomb dot com. We met Danny through VLV, and he and his brother Abel showed us around town before the show. We all got a good night's sleep, but when we woke up, Collin was showing the first signs of cracking. We ending up being able to talk him down and he started to relax a bit.

Our next show was in Austin, TX at The Broken Neck. We had played there the year before with an Italian crust band that was really bad, so we didn't have high hopes for this show because it was a "Post-Metal" show. The band everyone came to see was VESTIGES or something like that and I wasn't into the music at all. It was really long ambient metal noise stuff, and for some reason they refused to play after us even though they were the biggest draw.

When we played, a lot of people left, but those who stayed really enjoyed the set. One kid in particular really dug it and danced hard the whole time. He tried to sing words he didn't know but sometimes he would figure them out if I said the name of the song before we played it. I talked to him afterwards and he told me, "I would be honored if you guys would come back on Friday and play with my band NERD MURDER in Houston." We talked about hardcore and then about how we were wearing the same gray collared shirt. It was funny because he was black with dreads and I am white with a shaved head but our clothes were the same.

We headed over to AJ's house. He had booked our El Paso show but lives in Austin. He was really good to us and showed us a great place to eat for meat eaters and non-meat-eaters alike. In the middle of the night, a cat shat on Collin, and when he woke up to find that out, he kinda flipped out. I'm not sure though, because I was asleep. The hard thing about touring is that even though personalities are bound to clash from time to time, we all need to stick together so that we can play the shows and do the tour. It's the type of thing where if even one of us cracks under the pressure then we all fail, so we need to try to work together as a team.

Ed fell in love with the waitress at our breakfast, but you really can't blame him. She was funny and pretty. I think he had such a big boner for her that he almost flipped over the table and spilled all our food. AJ had the newest copy of *MRR* and we read the review of volume three of my zine. It was a good review and seems like they really got what I was going for and trying to do, which is nice. After the meal we wanted to go to some record stores with AJ, but we had to take off for Houston.

We were playing at Vinyl Junkie with HRA and LANDFILL. As we pulled up to the venue, the first thing someone said was,

"Y'all can park over there if y'all want." Awesome. Everyone in Houston was extremely friendly and easy to talk to. It was a very welcoming scene. HRA and LANDFILL were both really good.

During our set, I knelt down during one of our songs. All of a sudden I felt this surge of energy. "Is this the power of hardcore? Am I finally feeling the power of hardcore right now?" I wondered. Oh wait, never mind, I was being electrocuted half to death.

After the show and my near death experience, we stayed with Frank and his girlfriend from INSECT WARFARE and PLF. They were good to us and have a really cool place that made me want to decorate my new apartment with flyers, too. They brought us to a Mexican restaurant. We have been eating a lot of Mexican food on this tour and it's really starting to grow on me. In fact, we are on our way to New Orleans right now, and we are stopping at a Mexican place.

Monday June 27th

We arrived in New Orleans and Ed insisted that we go immediately to a restaurant that served gator. Rachel and I split a fried gator po-boy, which was really good. It tasted a little like chicken, but better. The show in New Orleans was at a bar. Apparently, bars never close in New Orleans, and Jon Henry, the kid we were staying with, told us about one that hasn't closed since Hurricane Katrina. The cops are crazy, the bars never close, you can drink on the streets, and the people are trashy. That all comes together and makes New Orleans a real shit hole of a city.

When we arrived at the show, the chalkboard outside had us listed as "Zero Contact." Close enough, I guess. Collin and Josh were upset about something, so I tried to get them to squash the beef, but that actually was a really bad idea and made the whole situation explode into a heated and personal argument. We were in a pretty divided state when we played that night, but the set didn't suffer. It was the first time I had ever been tipped while I was playing hardcore before. Kinda weird.

The place we stayed at looked like a bomb had gone off in the living room. Fifteen minutes after I lay down on the floor to try to sleep, I was hit in the face by a giant cockroach. I say hit, because it was so fat and unafraid of me that I thought for a second that it might be higher than me on the food chain. The cockroach then went under the desk I was sleeping near and started making hella crazy noises. I tried to get over it, but I couldn't. Cockroaches in my face are a bit too much for me to handle when I'm sleeping. Rachel and I went to the van. We half-slept for a few hours, but of course, the van was too hot so we basically just sweat in there for three-four hours. It was pretty depressing, so we went back into the house, and since we were so tired we were able to sleep through the bugs. Although the night was thoroughly tiring in several different ways, it was cool to experience New Orleans, I guess. New Orleans is like a bunch of hicks and drunk tourists got let loose in a French theme park.

We drove from New Orleans to Gainesville through some wild storms. The lighting looked like something out of a movie and you could feel the thunder shaking the car. It was raining so hard that you could hardly see the lines on the road. It's kind of funny because in a lot of books, the author always uses harsh weather to indicate harsh times. The band was definitely not getting along and we were all just pissed, driving through storms on our way to the show in Gainesville.

We arrived at the place at which we were playing, and loaded in. We played second, and the set was kinda wild. I pushed over

Josh's cymbal and he hit me with a drumstick. I got pretty pissed, but at the end of the day, we all got over it. Four of us ate at this sandwich shop that was really good on University Avenue, but Ed waited a little longer and ending up not wanting to go because it was getting all Campus PD up in there.

Adrian from MAUSER booked the show for us, and his friend Jacob let us crash at his place. I fell asleep before he got home and got twelve hours of sleep. I woke up and Jacob was offering us some chicken. I ate it while Jacob spun some goth records and told us about Florida and goth bands. I slept really well, so I drove to Savannah, Georgia. We had a day off for the first time on the tour so we stayed in a motel, which was also a first. Of course we lied about how many people we had, so we had to sneak around a bit, but it was a nice stay.

Oh, I don't really know when this happened, but in Louisiana, I held a baby alligator and also watched a grown one get fed. Then this little southern girl who was holding a puppy asked Rachel, "Want to hold her? Her name is Lil'bit". She also showed the dog's only trick, which was to shove a finger down its throat until it bit down. There was also this little boy who looked like Charlie Brown and was hella serious and saw some ducks and went "DUCKS!" But he was pretty uninterested in the alligator. I dunno, the South is weird and I'm glad we are leaving. There is too much racial tension, and most of the cities are pretty scummy. We did laundry in Georgia, and I asked a black dude in the laundromat where a good place to eat was. He was kinda shocked I would talk to him. He gave me a weird look and said "Whatcha like?" kinda as if to say, "I really don't know what white folk eat." I said, whatever is good around here, and he told me "Well, I like BBQ myself, but ya can't get to the good BBQ place right now." Then he returned to flirting with the girl at the counter, which seems to be a trend in the South. When there is a girl working somewhere, it seems guys just kinda hang out and flirt with her. White and black people don't really intermingle much and it's lame. I'm pumped to head back north where I think things should be better.

We are on the road now, and just entered South Carolina. We have a show in Charlotte, North Carolina tonight, which is the hometown of Ric Flair. The band seems to be getting along better now, and I hope we can keep that vibe going and rise to the occasion.

Thursday June 30th

A couple nights ago we played at Sewercide Mansion in Charlotte, North Carolina. It's a really cool town with a lot of art on the streets to look at. We ate at Fuel Pizza, which sucked hella hard and was the worst food on tour so far. The show was in a basement and the opening act was a stand up comedian who didn't get a single laugh. He told jokes about Ryan Dunn and marriage. It was awkward as fuck. Thinking back on it now, it was hilarious, but at the time I felt really bad for him. We got a really good reaction that night from the 25+ people who were there. There were some non-punks there to support the stand up guy who were blown away and kept asking us about other bands that sound like us and about what kind of music we play. They were all pumped up on their first exposure to the 'core, and talked about going to more shows and liking us on Facebook.

I got to talk to a dude in BRAIN F≠, which was tight, because it was nice to put a face to the music. I liked talking to the guys at the show about hardcore and other stuff along those lines. They were similar to me in their love for the 'core, but also in being able to laugh at things and have a good time. They all bought 7"s, which was nice. We wanted to play in Raleigh the next day but FUCKED UP's booking agent wouldn't let them play a four band show so we couldn't play, which was a bummer because DOUBLE NEGATIVE was also on that show and we all really wanted to play with them. It also would have been a great opportunity to run up to the mic when FUCKED UP was playing and start singing all the girl background vocals. "Hello your name is David, my name is Veronica!"

We were offered a place to stay in Charlotte, but there was a party going on at the house and we were all pretty tired, so we headed to a motel. We had to stay there for two nights because the Raleigh date fell through. It sucked pretty bad because we had to pay for the motel but didn't get any money from a show or merch. The next day we were able to go to the Mint Museum for free and check out some art. We ate at Five Guys and were almost on the news, but fucked up and told the reporter we weren't from the area.

The show we played last night was in Charlottesville, Virginia. It was with some really cool Richmond hardcore bands, TOTAL WRECK and CROOKED EYES. The show was at a house and the people who live there let us sleep on their floor right by our equipment after the show was over. I couldn't sleep well because there were a lot of bugs biting me and flies pestering me, but it was nice to have a place to stay instead of having to pay for a motel again.

To Be Continued…

SOCIAL NAPALM

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USA

A Heads - "Discography 1982-2009" LP $10 (anarcho)
Abaddon - "Godzina Krzywd" LP $12.00 (Polish HC)
Acrostix - "(A Chain) Of Hatred" 12" $10 (Japan HC)
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Anxiety - "Pathetic" 12" $10.00 (thrash in vein of Siege)
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Black Flag - "Slip It In" LP $11.00 ("gone metal" era)
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Dirt - "Black And White" 2xLP $19.00 (UK shrill punk)
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Snuff - "Snuff Said" LP $10 (1990 LP, UK melodic HC)
Subhumans - "The Day the Country Died" LP $12 (UK)
Superyob - "Aggrophobia" LP $10 (this label = backed)
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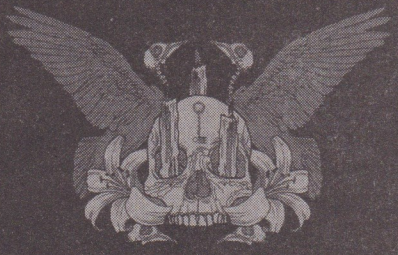

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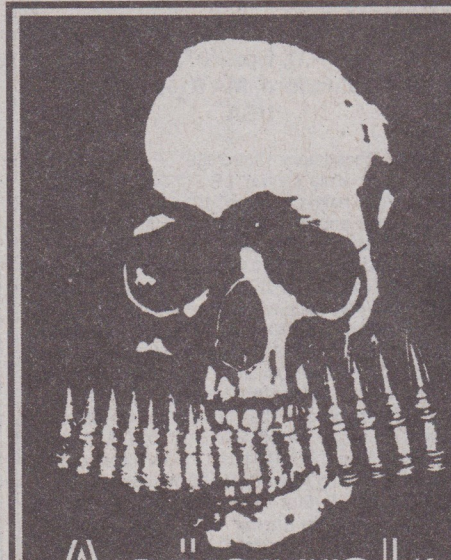

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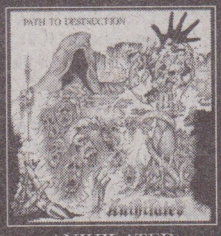

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V(A)GINORS

Vaginor's first show was at the Isterismo and Kromosom and they toured Australia last year. They have since gone on to shock, irritate and piss upon hoards of Aussies everywhere.

The band is due to present you mofos with a very swanky LP soon. It comes highly recommended. Strictly for fans of The Swankys, Chaos CH, Dust Noise and Confuse—and pogo-ing kangaroos with safety pins and checkered kilts.

Interview Tony Gunnarsson

MRR: Vaginors is an "elite way of saying Vagina", I know because I looked it up. Are you guys ex-Bloodclot Faggots? What happened to that band? Vaginors is ostensibly "noise punk", quite of a jump from Bloodclot Faggots. What happen? Did you guys have some sort of noisy punk infamy?

Thank you Tony, yes you are correct, we cater only to the music and sexual tastes of the punk elite! Only those with the finest lobotomies may enjoy our rich and layered music! We are the fucking Vaginors – 3/4 of the nation of Bloodcot Faggots make up this mix, but only the drummer does what he did before. This one time Mystery Faggot has taken up the sticks again under the moniker of John Doe, with BCF singer Doom II being reborn as Billy Jeffo on the bass and myself leaving the aforementioned instrument and the handle of Fuckbutt behind me to take to the microphone as the Rat Boy. Joining us are Radnom K Stragner and The Orange on the guitars. Viva, viva, viva La Vaginors!

MRR: Although you've so far recorded a demo and material for a forthcoming LP and 7" EP, the only way people will have heard the Vaginors would be through your live shows, or worse, by watching live videos on the internet. What are your influences and what other bands do you take direct inspiration from? Feel free not to answer in list form. Remember we talked about the Vaginors being not just about noisy guitars but also pop? Explain please.

We have never made a demo! The LP is our first release! We started writing for a demo tape, then Yeap at Hardcore Victim offered to do a 7" with us, then the 7" grew into an LP when NoPatience got involved, then we wrote so many songs it had to be an LP and a 7"!!! We are currently writing for our third record, filming for a video, making an animation, and working on a remix album of techno versions of the LP tracks!!! I'm not even fucking joking!!

Influences???? I would say the heart of the band takes influence from one of the greatest punk bands to ever wage war on popular culture—Devo! Devo represents for us total conceptual and ideological subversion through pop music. Vaginors is pure reaction, you know what I mean? A reaction to, and a subversion of, the kind of music and bands we're surrounded by here.

Our city, Adelaide, is the weed capital of Australia, so it's no surprise there's a lot of slow, heavy (and boring!) music round these parts! Aesthetically I wanted to take the theatrical elements from both late '70s English and LA/San Francisco groups and be as different from the other bands here as humanly possible. Like, the theatrics of the Damned or the New York Dolls, mixed with the attitude of Crime, the energy of the Screamers, and the off the wall sounds of Geza X. Musically, I wanted the songs to have a subversive and absurdist feel, and staying pop was a big part of that. On top of that, I really wanted the band to have a "classic" vibe, because I wanted it to be "strong" in a traditional sense. You know what I mean? People say shit like, "Oh that's a cliché," but there's a difference between something being timeless and classic, and being a cliché. I wanted everything about the band to be very bold and clear, both musically and aesthetically, because I feel so many bands lack clarity.

We took those influences and a stack more ranging from Chaos UK to Agnostic Front and filtered it all through a Japanese Kyushu noise-punk sound. Gai, Confuse, Dust Noise, Chaos CH, Swankys and the like. We're interested in songs, not music, and I think that says a lot for Vaginors.

MRR: When will the LP come out anyway, and who is doing it? What about the EP?

The LP will be out mid-to-late November. It's a split label release between Australia's finest punk labels; NoPatience and Hardcore Victim Records. We'll wait and see how the LP is received first before deciding on how many copies of the EP we should press, and how much money we should demand from sales. We want to be rich. I can't drive and I would like to never have to learn to. You're paying for this interview right? Give us your money. I want to buy an island!

MRR: "No political. No message. Love Noize." Is that the Vaginors band motto/slogan? Please elaborate. Why are you saying this in 2011?

Great question Tony! I'm glad you picked up on this! It's a twist on the Dust Noise slogan "No political. No message. Love beer." They used it in the liner notes of the *Destroy Everything* EP and a few of their tapes. It's a twist on that cause 3/5ths of Vaginors have the straight edge! Only Radnom K Stragner has really lived the true punk lifestyle and has the scars to show for it. We don't care about beer, just noise and pogo!

Why says that in 2011? What a question for *MRR*! Great!

Look, anyone who has trod the path of playing political/socio-political punk can attest to how exhausting it can be, and all the members of Vaginors have a history of playing in such groups, but Vaginors is not about that. I'm an adult, Tony. I'm not fourteen anymore. I can handle more subtle subject matter. I can handle art! Vaginors is about art! I think a lot of people in the punk scene are scared of that word. They don't realise art is freedom of expression, it

is a communication, it is a dialogue, it is culture, it is politics. There is a percentage of the punk scene that cannot objectively separate art and culture from direct political discussion. It is these people I am not only tired of, but also whole-heartedly disinterested in. It is to these people that I say "No political. No message." to, because they would never understand our message anyway. We are too highbrow for these unwashed masses!!!

MRR: I can only imagine that when your lot showed up to the first bunch of Vaginors shows, in sunglasses, make-up and leather gear, playing loud obnoxious noise pogo, it must have seemed to some people in the audience that your lot had just lost your minds. I imagine it must have seemed a bit like a collective coming out of the closet? How have people taken to Vaginors live?

The people that matter the most to us like it and most of the shows we play are pretty wild—a lot of energy and a lot of crowd interaction. People like to fuck with us when we play and we try to fuck with them back! I wanted the band's performance to be very camp and have a sexual vibe to it, and I think people either run with that or can't understand it. Like, I'm wearing make-up and a woman's fur coat, on all fours panting like a dog with the microphone shoved down my pants. People either love it and get involved or get the fuck out of there! Bass player Billy Jeffo also plays in a hardcore band with dudes that do graffiti and wear Nikes. Whilst I think I was written off as a fruit a long time ago, he probably gets the 'Have you gone bonkers?'-thing a bit more often. Hahaha! Little do they know when I first met the guy he was wearing leather pants, a Public Enemy shirt, and had long hair!

Also, it needs to be said that guitarist Radnom K Stragner sang in seminal local punk outfit, The Jerks, and is famous for his Jello Biafra-style "speaking to invisible people whilst jumping around like a madman" routines. Myself and Billy Jeffo spent many a weekend watching his band as teenagers. I once saw the guy climb a speaker stack mid-song and after a long time spent setting the scene in an Academy Award winning performance, launch off the top like an Olympic diver into an invisible swimming pool, landing face first on the booze drenched floor. I think that left a lasting impression on us and to go back to your original question – yes, people think he has lost his mind. People think I've lost my mind. People think we've all lost out minds, but no one's ever said they were bored watching us!

MRR: Does anyone in Vaginors have attention deficit (hyperactivity) disorder? Is that the same person without a brain? Who requires total control? Is he very old? Is he a cry-baby? Does he possess ultimate power? And does he need less to be desexualised?

Yes! All of the above, with one exception – we are not cry-babies! That song is about putting up with punks who behave like babies. You know the kind! "Wah wah wah I'm on heroin wah wah wah I don't want to pay for the show wah wah wah I stole one of your shirts when you weren't looking." I hate feeling like these peoples' mothers. Apologizing for them and tolerating behaviour I would never accept from "non-punks."

MRR: I want to ask your thoughts about this whole trend of Western bands borrowing from the Japan punk scene. I don't want to get all intellectual about this, because that tends to spoil the fun in the music, but I know a lot of people get put off by Western bands copying from the Japanese scene. Be it US bands with Japanese language songs, Swedish D-beat bands with blown-out noisy guitars or just all these fucking bands that unashamedly sound like Gloom, Confuse, Gauze, Deathside, etc. Personally I don't give a fuck. If the music's great, who cares, right? Being a noise punk band I can only guess you hear a lot of talk about Japan all the time. What do you think about all this and what needs to be done with it?

I don't know! I don't care! Contemporary Australian pop-culture is so heavily borrowed from other countries as it is that I don't think people here give stuff like that a second thought. Also, you take something and try and copy it, but it will always sound different because of your own unique influences. Vaginors will never sound like England 1977, or Kyushu 1985, or Tokyo 1998 because we're from Australia 2011…..You know what I'm saying? A truly good band will be able to take key influences such as guitar tone, drumming style, vocals—whatever!—and meld it with their own influences, or present it with a fresh twist and dynamic energy. That's what makes it good! I think anyone that will discredit music like this as sounding 'too much' like something else is nothing but a spoilt brat and is probably a wanker and/or tosser.

MRR: What do you think of the Secret Prostitutes?

LOVE!

MRR: Is this lifestyle?

Half of Vaginors live in a warehouse we run as a venue/rehearsal space. I run a label and distro. Billy Jeffo plays in about seven bands, John Doe records bands and also plays in 100 bands, Radnom K Stragner has been playing in bands and sporting stupid haircuts non-stop for over a decade at this point, and The Orange has recently taken up a drug habit and has tattoos, so, yes – this is life style, this is life styyyyyyyyle, this is life style, ohhhhhhhh.

Thanx for the interview Tony!

Viva la Tony!! Viva La Vaginors!! Viva La Vaginormania!!! Aaaarrrrrgggggghhhh!!!!!

BLOODKROW BUTCHER

Interview by Amelia

MRR: How did Bloodkrow Butcher start?

James: We started jamming in summer '09. I was on drums, Brian on bass and PJ on guitar/vocals. We recorded a demo like this. Soon after, Brady joined on vocals and PJ and I switched instruments. We started to get a little more serious with the band and played our first show with this line up in the fall.

MRR: Your sound is not very categorical except for that it's shot with that raw and caustic Boston sound. How would you define BloodKrow Butcher's sound? Was it supposed to sound like anything or is BloodKrow Butcher a sick fluke?

PJ: The goal is to sound like early-Swedish hardcore.

MRR: Since you're a Boston band and you rule, it's a given that PJ is your drummer. But who else comprises BloodKrow Butcher?

Brian: The current line up is PJ on drums, James on guitar, and me on bass/vocals.

MRR: Did you guys grow up together? It seems like everyone in Boston has known each other for forever. How do you know each other?

Brian: We're all from Chelmsford. PJ and I have known each other since before kindergarten and have been playing in bands since high school. We met James through another townie band called The Fuzz in high school. We hit it off immediately and have all been close friends since.

PJ: James had a sweet mohawk freshman year of high school so I went up to him and tried to sell him a CD of me and Brian's band at the time. The rest is history.

MRR: How long do your sets usually last?

James: Fifteen minutes or so.

Brian: We've seen enough long sets to know that most bands should never play over twenty minutes. We are no exception.

MRR: Do you believe in breaks between songs? Do you ever take breaks? You're quite a serious lot of lads...

PJ: Ideally no breaks.

What was your favorite show you've ever played?

PJ: Uh, Boston Twink Towers? Brooklyn, December '10?

James: The Koward show on New Year's ruled.

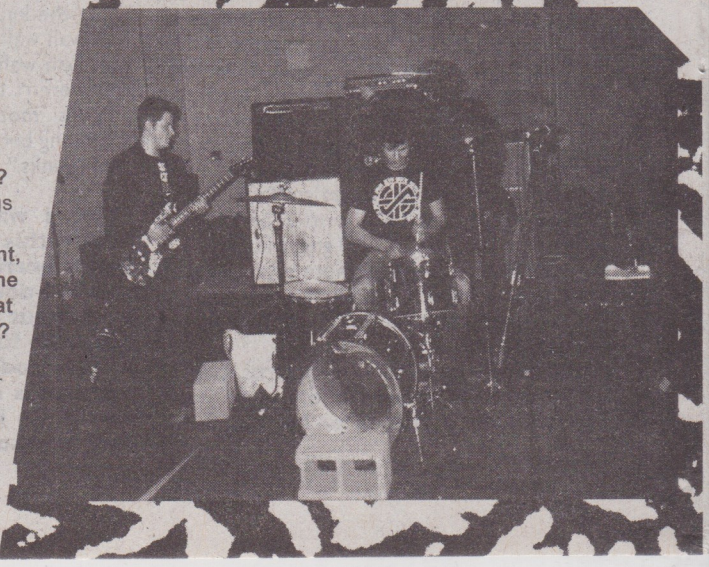
Brian: The Nomad show in Boston was great.

MRR: What do you listen to when you're in transit together?

Brian: Usually demo tapes and our old band's hilarious recordings

MRR: How do you feel about pedals and having a different, unique sound? What pedals do you use to create the ethereal experience of seeing BloodKrow Butcher live? What bands do you get ideas from that have helped your sound evolve? What bands influenced you?

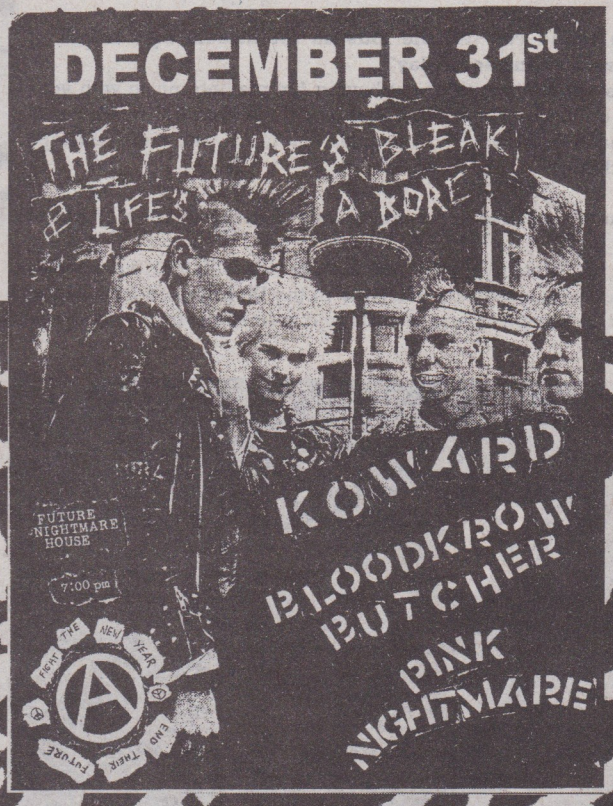
PJ: We don't have any pedals. Nelson has the right idea as far as guitar sound goes. Wouldn't mind taking a page from his book. I don't want the sound to evolve. It accidently happened once and we had to devolve. Bands like Anti-Cimex and GBH influence BloodKrow Butcher.



MRR: You had a singer, but now have Brian doing vocals. What happened to your singer? He seems to play at random when I see you guys live, but isn't always present for your sets. Can you elaborate on this?
PJ: Brady stopped coming to practice so Brian started doing vocals. We still hang out and shit. And yeah, if he's there, he'll probably pick up the mic—if you give a mouse a cookie, ya know?

MRR: I have pictures from the Butcher Shop show with Nomad and your old singer or whatever is just pouring blood. Boston basement shows are where it's at. Do you live at the Butcher Shop? Have you helped book shows or maintain a show space in Boston? What's the venue situation like right now in Boston?
James: Ha none of us live there. None of us are really involved with shows or show spaces. Basements come and go. There are constants like the Democracy Center for larger gigs.

MRR: I heard that you guys were never meant to play as much as you guys do; that your shows would be more rare and intense like a three-times-a-year type deal. If that's true, you guys started to play more shows than originally planned. Has this caused contention between members? Is any of this true?
PJ: Ah, we never had such a plan.
Brian: It started as more of a project than an actual band. Once we added Brady and got offered a show we began to take things a bit more seriously, which led to more shows



MRR: How long have you been a band? What was your first show?
PJ: Started jamming in summer '09. First show was at Pervert Mansion in Boston that fall with this band Infidels from Albany, Male Nurses, and Dry Hump.

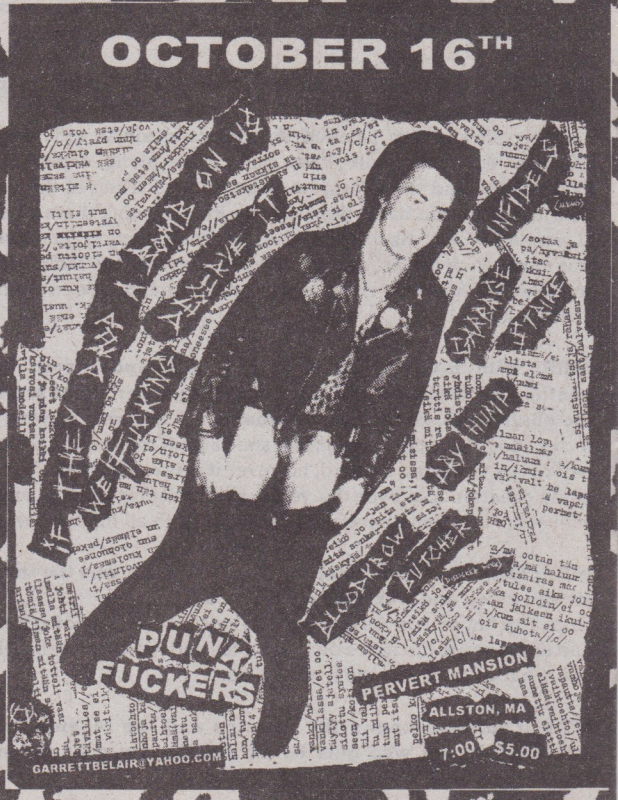
MRR: I know you guys did two different demo tapes, the cassette split with Gasmask Terror, and that limited to 50 flexi that Tim of Total Fucker put out. Is that it for the material that's been put out so far? Any upcoming releases?
PJ: Yeah that's it so far. We have an EP on Total Fucker/BKB Records that will probably be out by the time anyone sees this.
James: We also have a four-way split 7" with Earthpig, Nomad, and Cervix which is coming out on Narm Discos

MRR: Do you feel like an asshole being on a flexi limited to 50?
PJ: Haha. Not really. We had some tracks left over from the dead air session that we didn't know what to do with. Tim knew someone with a press that could only produce 50 at a time.
Brian: There was originally going to be more pressed after the original pressing, but due to the line-up change and us changing our sound, we decided to focus on releasing new material rather than re-releasing the old songs.

MRR: How did BloodKrow Butcher wind up doing the split with Gasmask Terror? What's the Lowell French Connection?
Brian: Erik from Social Napal/Obsolete Tapes had the connection. He asked Luc if they wanted to do a tape with us and they kindly agreed.

MRR: Any plans to tour soon? I know you guys have played Boston, NYC, and Philly—any plans to escape the Northeast?
PJ: I want to. No plans yet.

MRR: Any bands to watch out for in Boston?
PJ: Casanovas in Heat. I think Green Beret are gonna play shows soon.
Brian: Anxiety's playing a show in Toronto
James: Subclinix



Here we have a quick talk with Paul, drummer of Slick 46 from Melbourne, Australia.
Interview by the Toughskins!

MRR: Slick 46 embodies what it means to be a working class street punk band today. Please introduce yourselves and tell us what sets you apart from the rest.
Right, we have Tim on guitar and vocals, Flea on bass and vocals, and Paul on drums. I guess we sound different to other bands because when Slick 46 started back in '98 there wasn't really much street punk in Australia. Most bands were very much influenced by early '80s UK punk. At the time it was unusual to have a band like us singing about working class issues.

MRR: With six releases in the past ten plus years and more to come, what keeps you motivated and where do you get your inspiration?
We really enjoy playing the music we like, and as for inspiration, our songs are just about everyday life, the good and bad things that affect normal working people like ourselves and the people who come out to our shows.

MRR: How did each of you come to the decision to pick up instruments in the first place?
Both myself and Tim listened to a lot of music as kids, mainly old '50s and '60s rock n roll. When punk came along, especially bands like Sham69 and the Clash, we were hooked. Then in the early '80s hearing an Aussie band, the Celibate Rifles, I think that's when I said, "I wanna do that." As for Flea, she had been playing guitar since she was fourteen or fifteen, and had always been into the Melbourne punk scene and in bands. It never occurred to her to not be in a punk band of some kind.

MRR: With multiple tours of Australia under your belt and another US West Coast tour set for this winter, what are some of the challenges of touring and what is the greatest reward?
It can be a challenge to organize shows from overseas, and saving up money for tours can be hard, however it is rewarding. We have met so many great people over the years, made lasting friends, and played with some awesome bands, so it's been worth all the hard work.

MRR: The video for "Hurry Up" is great. What was the inspiration for the video and was it self-produced?
Yeah, Tim filmed it in his spare room, took a heap of photos from shows and tours, wrote the lyrics on the photos and made it, totally DIY. We're really happy with the way it turned out.

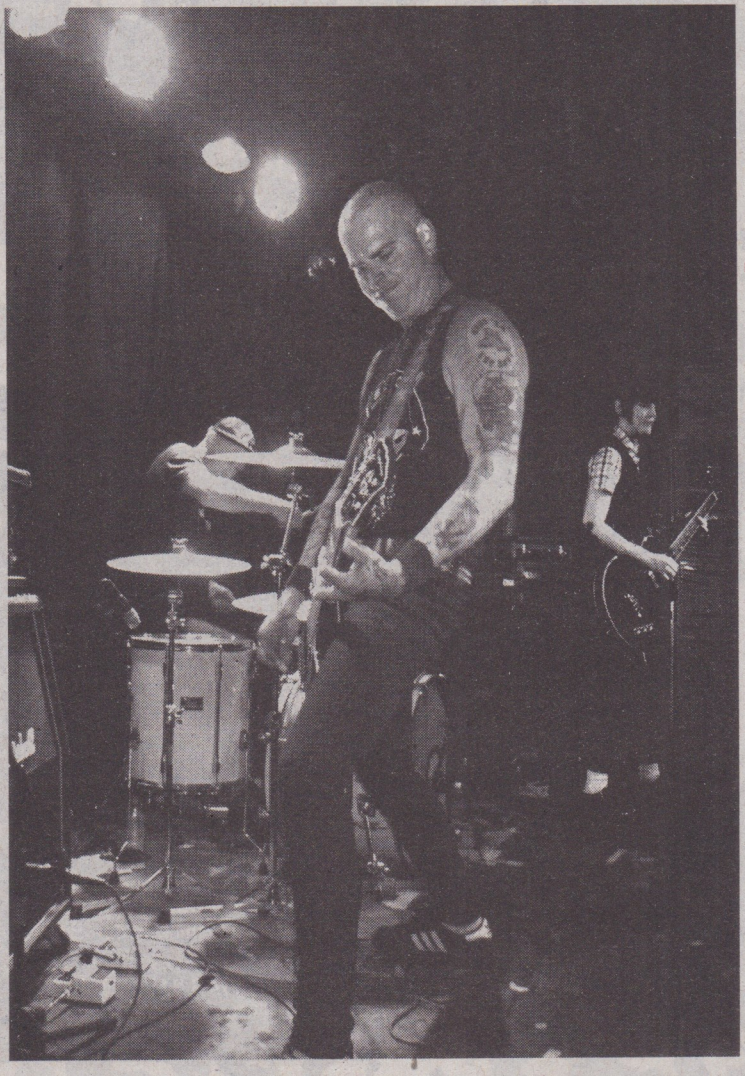
MRR: Everyone knows the classics and the legends in oi and street punk, but who gets heavy rotation on your player these days?
This week we just went to our local record fair and we all got some cool stuff. Tim got some great Rolling Stones and Lime Spiders records, Flea's been playing some Motown 12 inches she got, and I picked up a couple of Radio Birdman 7 inches and a Billy Bragg 12 inch. So we all listen to a variety of music as well as punk and oi.

MRR: The word has already hit the streets here in LA about your upcoming comp. featuring Aussie bands Rust and the Corps, along with US bands Bricktop, the Fighting 48th and the Phoenix City Muggers. How did this come about?
That's being put together by Jimmy out in Tucson. It'll be available through Contra Records later this year. We're excited to have been asked to contribute a couple of songs. There're some great bands on it, both from Australia and the US.

MRR: Besides the US and Australia, where does Slick 46 see themselves touring next?
Hopefully one day soon we'll get over to the UK to play, and possibly Europe.

MRR: What would you tell the kids on the streets that dream of having their own band some day?
Go for it. Just remember it's about having fun playing music with your mates. Also don't be concerned about being the next big thing, cause then you'll have to sell your soul to some shit talker, and there're heaps of them out there.

MRR: Tell us where to look for the latest and greatest Slick 46 has to offer.
You can get the latest info from facebook.com/SLICK46 or our website slick46.com. Our releases are available in the US from Longshot Music or Interpunk. In Europe Contra records, and in Australia from Pug Music.



THE TOUGHSKINS

Here we have a quick talk with Danny, vocalist of the Toughskins from SoCal. Interview by Slick 46!

MRR: Firstly, who's in the Toughskins and what do they do?
Danny-vocals, Mike-drums, Chalon-bass, and Chris-guitar.

MRR: The Toughskins have been around for ages. When did you first start and have you always been in the So Cal area?
The Toughskins were first formed in 1993 by Kevin, Mike, and Danny. The band started in the Inland Empire and now we reside in LA and the Inland Empire.

MRR: What bands would you say you sound similar too, or what bands have shaped the way you guys sound?
I wouldn't say we sound like any band. I'll leave that for the general population. Every time someone has compared us to another band I can never hear it. A lot of typical bands have shaped us. But for me music period impacts me whether it's classical, blues, jazz, rock'n'roll, soul, reggae, funk, hip-hop, hardcore. Every genre of music has something to offer and I am open to most of it.

MRR: In listening to your latest CD (*Demonstration 2011*) your songs have a mature sound, but still have a sense of fun. Do you think the style of your songs have changed over the years?
Yeah, but it can't be helped. It really is a new band with Chris on guitar, Chalon on bass, and me on Vocals. Mike maintains what is the signature "Toughskins" sound. Solid heavy beat. And we bring it musically and vocally to a whole new level. Plus we all get along and like being in the same room together. It makes a big difference.

MRR: What's the street punk/Oi! scene like in your area and has this changed much over the years?
It's good, competitive, and by that I mean there are multiple shows and clubs going on all the time in LA. So for us we have to come out strong. The days of playing all loaded and not giving a fuck are gone. We do our best and give it our all every time. One or 100, you will get a high quality set from us.

MRR: What do you enjoy the most about playing with your band?
Getting in the van! We love being on the road. Hitting new towns meeting more people. We love hanging out together.

MRR: What releases do you guys have available, and where can these be found?
We have the *Raised in Anger* LP, which was released on Vulture Rock and then re-released on Dim—both are out of print. You can get our self-released demo through Paypal. Just send a request to hc_skingirl77@yahoo.com and Chalon will send you a CD while supplies last.

MRR: The Toughskins have had a busy year so far in 2011. What have been some highlights?
Aggrofest in Tucson, we love to see our T-Town brothers, Bricktop and the Fighting 48th. And the Bay Area show with the Old Firm Casuals, the Forgotten, and Hounds and Harlots. They really know how to host.

MRR: What's on the cards for the Toughskins next year?
We are currently writing a new LP and we want to hit the road. US tour, European tour, South American tour, Japan. Anybody that wants to help us make this happen can write us at thetoughskins@gmail.com and we will gladly reply.

MRR: Any closing comments?
We'd like to thank Slick 46 for the interview and a *huge* thanks to all the people that have come out to support us. It's hard to bring back an old band with a new lineup but all the bands and supporters have really made it worthwhile! We're coming to a town near you soon.

WARTORN

This revolution will be down tuned to C. This Wisconsin crust unit has been busting their asses for seven years now. I have never seen a band go to such lengths to play a show. I have heard bands complain about five hour drives as if that was way too long. I know they drove 88 hours round trip just to play one fest on a weekend. They have toured the USA more times than I can count and twelve other countries. They have a bunch of releases out, and are now starting to write a new LP. If you have seen this band live they went from State of Fear style stripped down crust, and as they added two more members over the years they now play metallic epic crust. This band never holds back, you get 110 percent of everything they have every time they play. I finally got a chance to sit down with Wartorn and hit them with some questions.
Interview by Nick Carroll, photos by Daniel Siskind

MRR: What's your name and what do you do in the band?
Bitty: I'm Bitty, I do the vocals and am mostly involved with the lyrics.
Hart Attack: I'm Hart and I play drums, help write, and do some vocals on the records.
Ela: bass
Toban: Guitar
Guinea Pig Champion aka Ryan: Guitar, Vocals

MRR: Who are the bands you have toured with through the years?
Bitty: Our first tour was with Strong Intention and Municipal Waste. Strong Intention had originally contacted us so that we can drive them on that tour but they never showed up for any of the shows and we ended up just doing a mini tour with Municipal Waste which was amazing. Then we hit the road with Hellshock, Appalacian Terror Unit, Los Dolares in Europe, Choose Your Poison, mini tour with In Defence, Blown To Bits. I think that is it so far… the next tour that we are doing is with Resist in summer of 2012.

MRR: Wartorn has been going strong for seven years. In those seven years you went through some member changes and took a year off, do you think that changed the dynamics of the band?
Hart Attack: Since we added Ela and Toban, we've gotten way closer to how we sound on wax. We have usually been a super active band but being on a sort of hiatus for a year, we've had time to do stuff we didn't have much time for before. We're all really charged up about one another and ready for war again! The time away has given me time to move two hours away and hang out with my fiancé and dog Buddy for his last years. I've been playing this sort of powerpop garage stuff I write, I play bass in Hatekrusher a crust 'n' roll band with members of Pyroklast), played drums in an awesome grind band that has since broken up, and I've also joined Dresden with Bitty and Ela.
Ryan: By adding Toban on guitar and Elizabeth on bass we were able to do a lot more with our songs. I think it also adds to our live shows, they both bring a lot of energy.
Bitty: Well, we never lost anyone, we just added. I was really relieved when the band got more members so I was no longer stuck behind an instrument and trying to sing. I can really give everything I have when I'm not concentrating on both playing and screaming. As far as the year off, we never really broke up. Ryan wanted some time to do another band and he did. He did the Parish and I started Dresden. Dresden is more metal and the Parish is stoner metal done right, and both of these bands are still going strong.

MRR: How do you feel about being the only female in the band?
Ela: I don't really think about it that way, I'm just in a band with my friends. No one in the band treats me any differently either… we just have fun rockin' out, it's really a non-issue.

MRR: Members of your band have had some really bad luck on the road with getting carjacked and being there when Hellshock flipped their van. It's almost like bad luck follows you. Are there any crazy stories from your last US or European tour?

Hart Attack: I dunno, our brakes went out in the French Alps. We missed our show at the La Vallette autocratic community that's up there. That really bummed me out.

Ela: Yeah it was pretty stressful jumping out of the van while it was rolling down the French Alps at a 12% grade. We were finally able to get the van to come to a stop by driving the front tire into a guard wall.

Toban: The tranny on the last van crapped out one hour after Bitty and Lizard stuck $1400 into it the van to have it fixed.

Ryan: We have had a few problems on the road but things have worked out for us. On our last West Coast tour our van died but we were lucky enough to get help from our friends in ATU and Alan from Despotic records. They both offered to take us in their vans and we were able to make all our shows but one.

Bitty: Yeah, that is the first time I toured without a vehicle and had one of the best tours I was ever on. All the help we received was no less then amazing. The deal in the French Alps was kind of scary… Ela woke me up and said, "Dude, something is burning." Being half out of it, I said I'm sure everything is fine. Then the whole van suddenly filled with smoke and our driver could not stop the van. He got it slowed down enough and we all jumped out of it. Our driver Eduard had to drive the front tire into a wall that ended ten feet further. I have no idea how he would of stopped the van if he would have went past the side wall. In Europe it's not like the USA where you can just call AAA and they can have you out of somewhere in one hour, you have to wait until the Spanish insurance talks to the French insurance and we sat there for eight hours in the dark and rain. All in all, besides the cold and eating all the snacks we had, it was still an experience I would not trade for anything.

MRR: What are some of the differences of touring in other countries compared to the U.S. and where did you like playing the most?

Bitty: Well my favorite places to play are Berlin, Saint Etienne, Berkley, Portland, Appleton, Madison, Chicago, Long Beach, LA... I guess there are way too many to list.

Hart Attack: Political consciousness seemed way more prevalent and current in most circles we ran through in Europe. Not entirely devoid of hypocrisy, mind you, but that's everywhere. There was just a lot of open discussion/argument at shows. Also the bloated economy in certain areas provides for a pretty cushy welfare system that some kids relied on so they could stay on the dole. Nothing like an anarchist with a fat check, right? My favorite places on the first Euro tour were in Basque Country in Spain because of the kids' fun and humble nature. Plus, the cultural and political background of the area is interesting.

Toban: Everybody makes sure you're taken care of in Europe; you're pretty much guaranteed a meal, free beer and a place to sleep at every show. This is very much appreciated by us and other touring bands. Not always the case in the US but it's catching on.

MRR: Do you have any new tour plans?

Bitty: Right now we are figuring out our tour plans... a West Coast tour with Resist, which should be amazing.

MRR: Are there any places you would like to tour that you haven't been to yet?

Bitty: Southeast Asia, just wish I could afford the tickets.

Hart Attack: Anywhere and everywhere!

Toban: Japan has always been a goal for me. I would love to do Canada if they'd let me in.

Ela: Throw South America in that mix too!

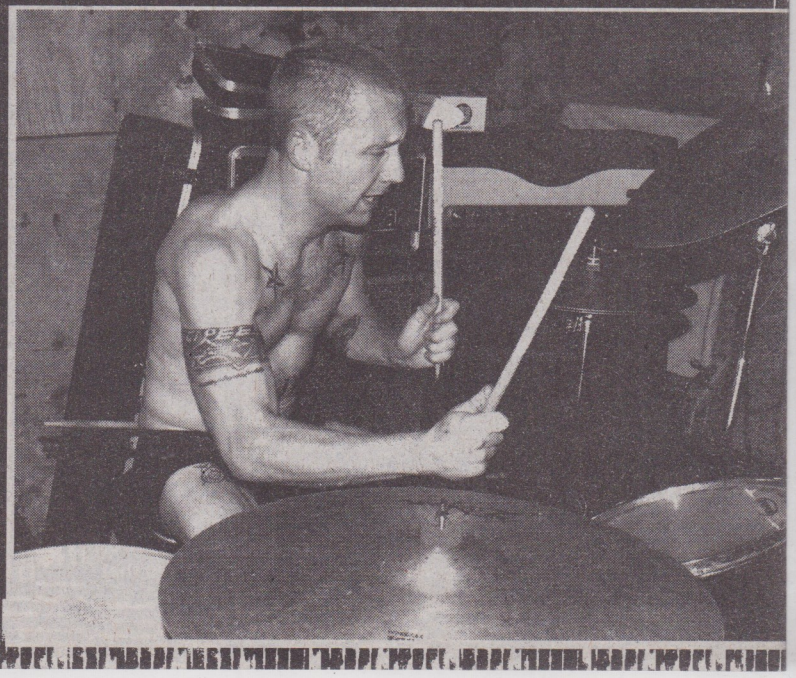
MRR: Your last full LP is *Tainting Tomorrow With the Blood of Yesterday*. I must say Marald did an amazing job on the cover art and Eric, from Man the Conveyers, did a great job on the inside of the gatefold. What does the title mean?

Ryan: I took the record title as people don't seem to learn from the mistakes that have already been made so the same bullshit continues.

Bitty: Yeah. It amazes me that people do own history books and still repeat the same mistakes. I thought it was weird that the church chose a former Nazi as a pope. On top of that he wants to reinstate some bishops that deny the holocaust killed as many people as it did. He also preaches in countries from impoverished to superpowers on not practicing safe sex. I wonder how many people those words adversely affect or kill every year.

MRR: One of the songs is about mental illness. What is it like having this affliction and does it help you in life of is it just agonizing?

Bitty: The lyrics to "Weight of the World" are about having a mental illness. I have Tourettes Syndrome, which is a neurological disorder that causes many afflictions. Some of my symptoms include: dyslexia (reading/writing disorder), ADD, sleeping disorders, physical tics--which I only have if I'm really tired or stressed. By the way if you see them and laugh, no worries, I don't get offended they are pretty funny. I also have repetitive negative thoughts, which play over



and over in my head, and emotional hypersensitivity. The best one is that I say really fucked up things to people at the strangest times, and when the situation gets really uncomfortable it makes me feel happy… How fuckin' annoying is that? Yet it is also kind of funny at the same time. So if I ever met you and said something strange, sorry about that, I meant nothing by it. This is a pretty agonizing mental illness, but I deal with it the best I can.

MRR: Most of you play in other bands; what bands are they and what are those bands up to?
Bitty: Ela, Hart and I also play in Dresden. We have two tours under our belt and we will be touring again next spring. We toured in May and it was amazing. Three fests on one tour, the shows were off the hook.
Ryan: I play in a doom/stoner band called the Parish. We are currently writing new material; hope to have a record out and tour this summer.
Toban: I play in Choose Your Poison. We have been around with a few lineup changes for eight years now.

MRR: What are some bands you have played or toured with that you either really enjoyed or are inspired by?
Hart Attack: Hellshock, Blown to Bits/Sahn Maru, Tragedy, Cop on Fire, Criatura, Leadershit, Iron Batasuna, Naked Aggression, Los Dolares, Icos, MDC… all those yahoos are some inspiring-ass fun people.
Ryan: Well around Wisconsin some bands that I love to see and play with are Pyroklast, Kontrasekt, Northless, Protestant, Flags Will Cover the Coffins, People Again…
Bitty: ATU, Stormcrow, Behind Enemy Lines, Decay After Death, In Defence, Oil Tanker, and all the bands Hart and Ryan already said.
Ela: Definitely all the bands already mentioned, also Nux Vomica, Wrathcobra, From Ashes Rise, Resist…there are just so many awesome bands that we've played with.
Toban: In Defence, Oiltanker and Parasytic to name a few.

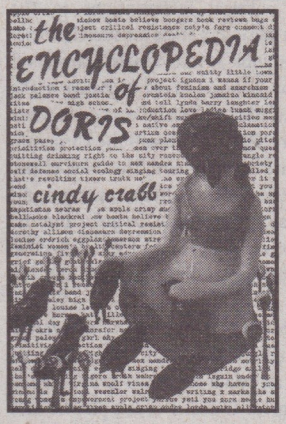
MRR: I saw you have some videos and an interview on your CD that you can watch on computer. Where did you have that made and how did that come to be?
Ela: Our friend Justin worked at a TV station and offered to make a music video for us. We sent him some footage and our CD and he did an awesome job putting it all together. He and Dan (Profane Existence) worked on adding the interview on there as well.
Bitty: Yeah, if you want to see the Wartorn "Aftermath of a Severed World" just go on YouTube and type in the search Wartorn and the word crust and it will come up.

MRR: What releases have you done so far?
Bitty: *Adolf Bushler* 7" that was limited to 300 (Crimes Against Humanity or CAH records), *In the Name of The Father, The Son, and the Holy War* LP/CD (CAH / Deskontento records), *Prey For Salvation* 7" limited to 300 (CAH / Profane Existence), Appalachian Terror Unit / Wartorn split CD (Profane Existence), Los Dolares / Wartorn split 7" (Noseke / Deskontento / Fight For Your Mind / Deviance / Muerte Al Silencio records), *Tainting Tomorrow With the Blood of Yesterday* gatefold LP/ enhanced CD (Profane Existence / CAH / Deskontento / Fight For Your Mind / Vex records)…and split LP with Pyroklast (Profane Existence / CAH records / Sysdumb / Offensive Media records).

MRR: Any comments or anything you would like to add as last statements?
Bitty: We are in the process of writing a new LP and 7", hell yeah I'm stoked! Thanks for the interview and see you all on the road. I give thanks for inspiration from Hiatus and State of Fear. I played a show with them in 1995 and it changed my life. Poison Idea and that first Disfear CD that Hart played for me when he said, "hey dude, I'm going to start a D-beat band. If you interested in more of what I have to say I write a column in profane existence that you can now get for free four times a year.
Hart Attack: Start three bands tomorrow and eat lots of bran every day!
Toban: God watches you poop.
Bitty: God is highly improbable, but taking a shit is inevitable and listening to people talk shit is never ending.

MRR: If anyone is interested in your band where can they get your releases and how do they get a hold of you?
Bitty: Right now we have a split LP with Pyroklast available at www.profaneexistence.org. If you need to get a hold of me I can be reached at pwground@hotmail.com.

BOOKS



The Encyclopedia of Doris
By Cindy Crabb
322 pgs • $20 ppd
Doris Press
dorisdorisdoris.com

The long awaited *Encyclopedia of Doris* is here, and it is the so very special collection of all her zines since the Doris Anthology. If you somehow missed the past decade of *Doris*, Cindy Crabb has been organizing her writing within the framework of letters of the alphabet. She started doing this with the intention of making it all into one big book in nine years. Each issue covered three letters, and the multiple subjects she assigned to each letter were sometimes the first names of Revolutionaries, or of friends of hers that are badass and inspirational; some of the letters go with recipes or herbal treatments, some with times in history or ideas. Sometimes she interpreted the letter to fit whatever she wanted to talk about, and it always ties in neatly. She conducts interviews, profiles radical discourse, draws cute comic versions of what she is talking about, and shares her take on making a life worth living. Included also are new writings interspersed with interviews other people did with Cindy about playing music, being an anarchist, being a feminist, being a punk over thirty, and more.

The fact that quite a few zine writers are turning into book writers these days presents us with a powerful sense of history. It isn't just that the audience becomes too big to continue a photocopied print run, though surely once your publication numbers shift from two digit numbers to three, even to four, that means the work is important and affecting. This is history. This is a history book. Sure it's the history of one person's perspective, but it covers such a vast spectrum of the worst things that have ever happened and also the best things, that everyone has something to learn or the chance to identify with the subjects herein. Blogs are all right, but it is important to have this writing all in one tangible place. Having an anthology provides a bigger context than a single issue; also some people never had access to the original zines. It will become a cultural artifact for the future punks or feminist scholars to puzzle over and study, while those who had exposure to the zine from the beginning can reflect on the magnitude of a whole decade going by.

To give you an idea of the incredible breadth of Cindy's writing, if you indexed Doris you would come up with such a huge interdisciplinary gamut it would be like trying to throw a net over radical history, survivor support, secrets, health care, feminism, privilege, anarchism, resources, networks, critical thinking about unlearning shitty social conditioning, being in jail, gender, self-help, how-tos, community projects, girl gangs, reaching sobriety, listening…and on and on. Probably my favorite letter in the Encyclopedia is "P". She covers Prison Abolition, Punk, the Pitchfork political strategy (five prongs), Power, Primitivism (a conversation with Chris Somerville), and Protection. Notably, for "G" she covers the immense difficulty of Grief, of the loss of a parent, of how hard it is to grieve when everyone is afraid to talk to you about it.

Sometimes I feel she points out the obvious, and it serves as a reminder of how easy it is to lose track of what actually matters, and then I find out she didn't know what LOL means until recently and I want to cry with joy on how refreshing her worldview is. In "Q" is for Questions, she had other people ask her questions such as "how do you discipline yourself to filter out the unimportant stuff and focus on the important," which discusses making a five year plan in order to have goals to reach for that you can be okay with working on slowly. When I am trapped in the mire of day-to-day survival, the sudden revelation that some things just take a long time puts it all into perspective: "so even when I have no motivation and no hope, I just look at my five year plan and try to figure out what the fuck to do next."

You can't talk about *Doris* without acknowledging how significant it is in the world of sexual assault survivor resources. I am certainly not an expert on how much is out there on the subject, but that's my point. Access! When I was a stumbling teen, confused and damaged, and totally alone in my suffering of sexual assault, recovering (or trying to) from an incredibly emotionally abusive relationship *Doris* saved my life. I felt isolated and trapped, I didn't realize I should have been seeking support, and I happened to read about how Cindy was feeling the same thing I was and I realized it wasn't my fault, I didn't cause it, and I wasn't alone. I can't impart to you how important this writing has been to me, simply talking about the unspeakable, normalizing the experience, and removing the shame associated with having this shit happen to me. For the letter "H" she writes about "Hell." Not the Hell that is the imaginary fiery place downstairs, but the concept of the worst possible circumstances to be faced with. Discussing sexual abuse and assault is the most difficult part to read, and the most personal. Legions of people have been affected by Cindy's unique ability to confront the symptoms of abuse in such an inclusive manner, so honest, and unashamed, so as to reveal how awful even the simplest (and sadly, utterly commonplace) manipulation can be, how much it can fuck our lives up. I am just one of how many hundreds or thousands of people who have found strength in her testimony, and hope in her courageous pursuit of the truth.

I feel proud that this anthology exists, that somehow the incredibly healing necessity of writing one's story can ultimately become a radical resource for so many others, while remaining entirely DIY (that is, self-published and therefore impossible to co-opt or commodify.) While doing a little research for this review I found out that Cindy's diaries and papers are housed at the Schlesinger Library of the History of Women in America at Radcliffe, Harvard. Doesn't that mean we are winning?

—Julia Booz Ullrey

Teaching Rebellion:
Stories from the Grassroots Mobilization in Oaxaca
Edited by Diana Denham & C.A.S.A. Collective
382 pages • $21.99
PM Press
PO Box 23912
Oakland, CA 94623
www.pmpress.org

In Oaxaca, in the summer of 2006, what began as a strike and occupation by a local teachers' union in protest of the untenable educational situation under state governor Ulises Ruiz Ortiz evolved, thanks to a truly vile and militarized police response to the action, into a broad and vibrant movement of resistance to the more or less dreadful reality of Mexican electoral politics, indigenous rights and income distribution. That occupation spawned others, and other kinds of actions—popular assemblies, barricades, reclamations of radio stations—and it seemed to signal a further step in what some refer to as the unfinished Mexican Revolution, begun in the early 1900s and reenergized by the Zapatistas in the '90s.

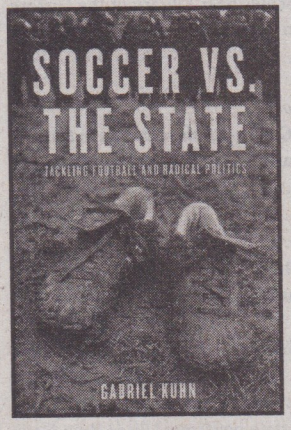
Teaching Rebellion, a collaborative effort by the C.A.S.A. Collective (of which I have concluded co-author Diana Denham is also a member), is an oral history of precisely this moment, when government repression took such a heinous form—many dead, hundreds tortured and imprisoned—that whole communities mobilized. And I mean *whole* communities: unlike some oral histories of resistance movements, whose subjects range in profession from "activist" to "media activist," this text features, among myriad others, the stories of a formerly apolitical grandmother radicalized by witnessing police violence, and a nine year-old boy struggling to make sense of the only political reality he has ever known. In other words, these narratives attempt to account for the reality of a community *saturated* by resistance and protest, and for the uniqueness of that feature alone this book is well worth reading. Further, it raises important philosophical and strategic questions about attracting a mass base of support, the relationship between media and the state, and how to navigate between autonomous organization and electoral aspirations (which, to be fair, many in the movement disdained).

Beyond that, though, this is a particularly well thought-out example of what an oral history project could be. I do, of course, have some procedural qualms: for instance, in a point I have made before about similar projects, if these stories arise out of conducted interviews, and one is serious about letting their truth emerge

"from below," shouldn't one precisely include the interviewer's questions rather than editing them out, in order to be fully transparent about who steered the conversation, how and when? But that's a comparatively small gripe in light of how self-aware the volume is about its own potential shortcomings as an oral history. Can't keep track of the strict timeline of events due to the plurality of voices? There's a chronology in the back—divided neatly into events that constitute "Pillars of the State" and those that were "Pillars of the People"! Wondering about how this uprising relates to the history of Mexican resistance, from Zapata to the Zapatistas? Ample context—and an inchoate theory that, as Gustavo Esteva puts it, "one of the seeds planted by the Zapatistas started to bear fruit in Oaxaca"—is provided in the Preface, Introduction and Conclusion. There's even a study guide in the back, with discussion questions and ideas for group exercises, in an effort to put the book to work.

Which I sincerely hope you do. Part of C.A.S.A.'s mission, from what I can gather, is to do solidarity work in Oaxaca and Chiapas with an emphasis on the situated needs of those particular communities, but also to bring back lessons from those struggles that might be applicable in other contexts—like, if it isn't obvious already, our current one. I write this mere hours after our esteemed Mayor Bloomberg, having recently declared himself Dictator-for-Life (*Calvin & Hobbes* joke, high five!), ordered the NYPD to evict our beloved Occupy Wall Street from its home at Zuccotti Park. You, dear reader, thumbing through *MRR* some months from now, have the benefit of knowing what happens afterwards. In the absence of that, we, here in the present, will continue to march, take care of each other, and, hopefully, look to stories like those contained in *Teaching Rebellion* to try and figure out how to turn a struggle over territory into broad-based mobilization.

— Maxwell Tremblay



Soccer vs. the State: Tackling Football and Radical Politics
Gabriel Kuhn
260 pages • $20.00
PM Press
www.pmpress.org

This is my first book review for *MRR*. Every so often I'll dig through the pile of books at the MRR compound awaiting review, and this book caught my eye. Firstly, I'm a big fan of soccer, or football to our global readers. Like many I played as a kid and continued to play off and on in my adult life in pickup games or local rec-leagues. I've always followed US soccer, and over the last two decades or so as international club soccer became more accessible, first via the internet and then cable television, my passion has grown and grown. Today, I follow many of the European leagues and most of the international tournaments.

While my interest in radical politics isn't as great, and though I wouldn't consider myself an anarchist, I certainly fall very much to the Left and do see the sometime contradictions of supporting radical punk rock while also being immersed in a sport of multi-millionaire players, on teams often owned by billionaires, who probably earned such money in less than scrupulous ways, all being sponsored by multi-national corporations. Not to mention the corruption at the highest level, FIFA. But I also see the good in soccer; how it brings together people from a wide variety of backgrounds, inspirational stories like the homeless World Cup (check out the movie *Kicking It*), or the stories of football supporters playing a significant role in the Arab Spring in Egypt, seeing as they were well versed in dealing with riot police

Which brings us to *Soccer vs. the State*. Gabriel Kuhn also sees similar contradictions. He played soccer at a fairly high level (Austrian second division), but became more and more involved in radical politics and thus had to find ways to balance the two. From that perspective, this book likewise takes a look at the history and interaction of soccer and radical politics. The book is divided into four sections: History, Radical Debates on Football, Radical Interventions in the Professional Game, and Alternative Football Culture. Along with the general narrative, a variety of interviews, articles and essays help flesh out many of the topics.

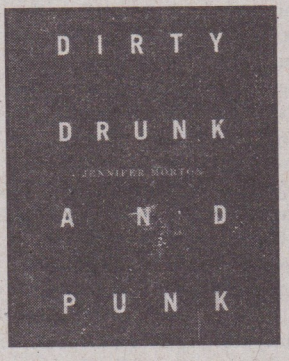
Kuhn first looks at the history of soccer across the globe, especially as it pertains to the working class, and the reaction of radical, particularly socialist political organizations to a sport distracting from the real work of taking on the establishment. It touches on gender issues as well, and includes in depth interviews on Africa and Australia. I found this chapter a little messy, as it geographically jumps around too much, but it had several enlightening points on the origins of the game.

The next section begins with a discussion on how world leaders, especially dictators and military junta, have exploited the game to their benefit. It then looks at Nationalism from both the bad side, i.e. violence, bigotry, but also the positive side, such as the integration of many national—for example the 1958 Algerian national team which helped solidify the country's move towards self-rule. Kuhn then discusses fan hooligans and how overreaction to the—generally non-threatening—issue of hooligans has led to laws limiting civil liberties for all. Commercialization of the sport is also "tackled," especially how the working-class, once the lifeblood of the sport, is being priced out, and the section ends with a look at racism and sexual discrimination in the game at large.

The "Radical Interventions" section covers political interventions in the professional game—or essentially those who use the game as a stage for social protest and social justice campaigns. It then takes a detailed look at individuals, teams, and supporter groups who use their position in the world of soccer to effect change in the political arena, with many interviews of participants, organizers and essays on some of the more historically politically outspoken players. FC St. Pauli and the Ultras are probably two of the more well-known groups that are covered here. The book closes with a look at fans who have developed an alternative soccer culture, underground and grassroots soccer clubs, such as the Bristol Easton Cowboys/Cowgirls, and the Alternative World Cup. Kuhn closes with an inspired discussion of the collective spirit of soccer and the true positives the games brings to the individual and the community.

I've read a lot of books about soccer, the history of the sport, individual biographies, team histories, but it's exciting to find a book that takes a very different look at the sport and from a point of view that I can relate to. When *prima donna* players put themselves first (Tevez anyone?), it's great to learn about players and teams that put the community first and use their position for social change. That being said, this book probably isn't for everyone. I'll assume most readers of *MRR* can relate to the political aspects of the book, but to truly appreciate *Soccer vs. the State* you'll need to have some understanding and sincere interest in the world of global soccer. But if, for example, you consider yourself a part of Occupy movement, but are also wondering where you can catch the Arsenal game, you'll truly enjoy this book.

— Mark Dober



Dirty, Drunk and Punk
Jennifer Morton
224 pages • $29.95
Insomniac Press
www.insomniacpress.com

In an era when Reagan was at his most dangerous, commercials for starving Ethiopians were more popular than "new" Coke, and punk was considered a social blight worthy of an after-school special, Bunchofuckingoofs were establishing themselves as Canada's most notorious band / living compound / boozecan / social movement.

BFG started as a sort of street gang in response to a growing Nazi skinhead problem in their hometown of Toronto. The lifestyle required a clubhouse they called Fort Goof, a highly fortified compound overrun by dogs that served as a home, a bar, a venue, a practice space, an art house, and a junkyard, among other things. Through its many iterations and locations the compound was never short on chaos or creativity. While the Fort itself was protected from the outside in various and ingenious ways the denizens themselves actually slept in locked cages, *ala* shelter pets or POWs. After the Nazi problem was eradicated the BFGs turned their sights on hard drug abuse and eventually rid their part of town of cocaine and heroin. Thusly, their neighborhood and local businesses began to embrace them while movies and TV shows routinely employed them as dangerous characters.

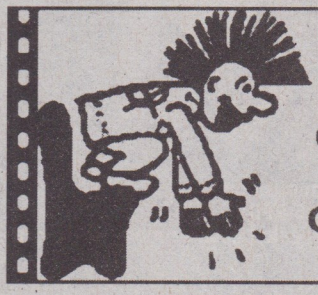
What could easily be filed under "you had to be there," this book does as admirable job of both making you wish you were there, and thankful that you weren't.

Reading this reminds one of how far our scene has come today. Eras of violence in the underground punk scene ebb and flow but this was truly the height of punk danger in North America, and the BFGs did nothing to lessen this reputation (which makes for some pretty funny stories, hence the book).

The book itself is as much a picture/coffee table book as it is a written collection. A lot of artifacts were uncovered and included; and a lot of love went into laying it all out. The finished package is an artful yet historic document.

— craigums

MOVIES



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

THE MORALS OF A CYNIC

I am never sure if I want to know more about musicians' personal lives or less. When you love someone's songs enough that you listen to them repeatedly, consciously or not you start to create your own personal narrative for the person based on his/her songs. The imagined version inevitably ends up more exciting than the real. Not to say that the person's life may not be truly interesting, but you also know there is an equal amount of average stuff happening. Occasionally the person ends up being a jerk.

If you happen to be wondering what the everyday life of Serge Gainsbourg was like, the documentary **Gainsbourg, L'homme Qui Aimait Les Femmes** fills you in. Apparently it was what his songs would lead you to imagine. The title of the film is translated as "Gainsbourg, The Man Who Loves Women." It perpetuates the persona of the irresistible French ladies' man and songwriter. As we have heard, it is always better to publish the legend.

Gainsbourg, L'homme Qui Aimait Les Femmes focuses on Gainsbourg's songwriting, which was primarily associated with the women with whom he was involved. Interviewed are Jane Birkin, Bambou, Bridgitte Bardot, Catherine Deneuve, Juliette Greco, Françoise Hardy and others. They have nothing to say but nice things about Gainsbourg. The provocative persona begins with Gainsbourg's early success writing for teenage pop singer France Gall, in particular the song "Les Sucettes" (Lollipops). "Les Sucettes" can easily be perceived either as an innocent song or an erotic one especially when sung by a teenage girl. The dual meaning whether intended or not gains Gainsbourg a lot of attention.

Gainsbourg's reputation follows him throughout his life. He does nothing to quell the rumors. Most humorously is a 1986 television show where Gainsbourg is seated next to Whitney Houston. He says something in French and the host translates it as he said he really likes you. Gainsbourg corrects him in English by saying he said he wants to fuck her. The filmmakers try to insinuate that it is all an act and that Gainsbourg is really just a shy, regular person. He may have started out that way, but it seems the lothario within eventually took over.

I saw **Gainsbourg: L'homme Qui Aimait Les Femmes** at the Little Roxie in San Francisco. While I enjoy seeing films in this small theater, the screen is very high. The subtitles for **Gainsbourg: L'homme Qui Aimait Les Femmes** were on the top of the screen and were done in white type so not only were they hard to read a lot of the time, they also frequently disappeared. It was very annoying. I really need to improve my French.

Brent Houzenga is an artist and musician from Iowa. **Brent Houzenga Hybrid Pioneer** is a documentary about him made as part of the "Made In Iowa" documentary series. Houzenga's career as an artist began when he was out jogging and came across two very old photo albums in someone's trash. He took the photos home and began to use the images of the people in his artwork. The faces are combined with spray paint and stencils onto windows. The result of combining people from the past with a more modern painting style is very cool.

Prior to being an artist, Houzenga was focused on music. He continues to play in a variety of bands as well as performing solo. He discusses his introduction to punk, his early years writing a zine, putting on shows and such. Admirably he adheres to a strict DIY ethic. He seems like a nice, regular guy and all the people interviewed in **Brent Houzenga Hybrid Pioneer** can't seem to say enough nice things about him. Apparently the only ones who don't accept what he is doing are his parents. However Houzenga himself only relays their opinions on this.

Brent Houzenga Hybrid Pioneer tends to drag out the story a bit too much. Houzenga is shown riding his motorcycle and doing other mundane things for extended periods of time. Watching him create his art, particularly a large mural for a show is fascinating. That two-day project was sped up so it only takes up thirty seconds of screen time. I would have been more interested in seeing more of it than some of the film's more extraneous moments. (facebook.com/modernamericancinema)

While I am not what you would call a horror film addict, I do enjoy a well-done, entertaining, gross-out, scary movie. To fulfill this void I may have had lately director/ writer Chris LaMartina sent me his two most recent films **Witch's Brew** and **President's Day**.

Witch's Brew the grosser and funnier of the two films follows the converging stories of a coven of witches and two independent beer brewers. It is understandable why the witches torment the bratty kid in the opening sequence. He sells one of them a glass of urine that he claims is lemonade and then taunts her after she drinks it. He meets a gruesome fate. It is less understandable why a witch would curse the cases of Slack Lager that Jeff and Preston are delivering to local customers. Preston accidentally runs over a cat that belongs to the witches. It was an accident and instead of leaving the cat on the side of the road, they return the body to the address listed on the cat's collar. Of course, they don't know the cat is really another witch in disguise.

The witch is really upset at losing her friend and is not shy at expressing her anger. When the brewers offer her some beer to somewhat make amends she curses it instead. Preston doesn't believe in the curse and continues to make deliveries. Jeff however is convinced the curse is real and tries to prove it to his friend. As a viewer I am happy the curse is real.

The character that makes me sickest in **Witch's Brew** is the cop who picks large boogers out of his nose and collects them on his clipboard. It might be important to note that he never drinks any Slacker Lager. That is part of his personality. However, the liquor store employee who shits out all his intestines is a close second. Everyone else who enjoys a cursed beer meets a unique and sometimes similarly disgusting demise. Although it should also be noted that everyone drinks Slacker Larger warm. Maybe that enhances the effect.

President's Day is a more classic style horror film. Set in Lincoln High School during the school's class presidential election, the killer wears an Abraham Lincoln mask. He manages to sneak up on everyone and the sudden view of this masked killer is frightening, but also amusing. It is Lincoln after all.

The killings in **President's Day** are mostly time-honored horror slaughter. The opening scene has a couple of students getting hot and heavy when Lincoln attacks. There is also a lot of gratuitous nudity.

LaMartina prefaces both films with the disclaimer that "the following movie was made with a lot of hard work and very little money." While that may be true, what he does with his limited resources is impressive. Some of the effects may not be flawlessly realistic, but they still manage to be shocking and clever. (facebook.com/witchsbrewmovie and facebook.com/presidentsday)

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I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

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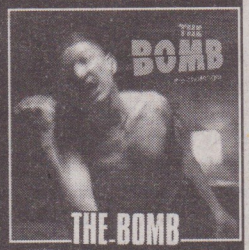

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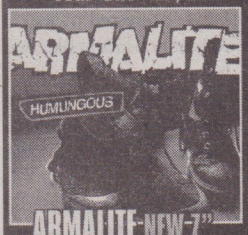

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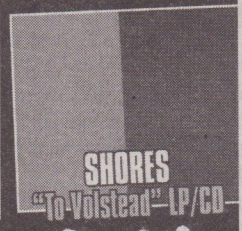

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1984 – "Why Not" LP

Time to nerd-out on this obscure Polish band. This disc is dark-wave, goth with way more of a punk edge than any other sub-genre. Apocalyptic sounding in a completely awesome way. This recording was originally a tape that came out in 1987 and never had a proper release. I think of CRISIS meets PARALISIS PERMANENTE or TOZIBABE, with jagged vocals on some songs. *Great* fucking listen! (MS)
(Pasazer)

ACID DROP – "Full Deck!" CD

Pop punk with a dash of street punk from the UK. On first listen this sounds like generic Fat Wrecks/NOFX type of stuff. Unfortunately it never strays far enough away from that to get too interesting. Not bad for what it is and probably fun for the locals but just ok for a current release. (RL)
(Pie Race Productions)

AGE OF WOE – "No Remorse/We Are Dead" EP

Expertly recorded, with the right amount of clarity, crushing heaviness and grime around the edges. This two-song debut from this new Gothenburg band, featuring members of MASSMORD, FREDAG DEN 13:E and many other bands, swims in familiar waters of late '90s and early '00s metallic punk mashups out of the MELVINS and NEUROSIS school of influence a la the first, punkier KYLESA records. By metal standards the delivery is somewhat raw and unrestrained, but this mid tempo pounding punk edge is tempered in progressive and hard rock flourishes, with raw guttural vocals that occasionally trade off with contrasting higher pitched screams. The vocals hit some dull notes in contrast to the flexibility of the music, but it's a solid debut with, as the band name suggests, suitable medieval apocalypse doom rider lyrics. (KS)
(Nakkeskudd Plater)

AMOEBAS – LP

Well… The name of this band is pretty much a dead giveaway as I'm assuming it is derived from the song "Amoeba" by the ADOLESCENTS. I may be wrong, but this isn't far off from that SoCal punk sound of the past that has been kept alive by fellow contemporaries such as the PEGS, SHARP OBJECTS, etc. And that all makes perfect sense since this is on the Modern Action label, home of the aforementioned SHARP OBJECTS – so the sound is kind of a similar choppy, angular, pulsing rhythm guitar with little distortion, occasional simple lead riffs and mostly shouty vocals with backups. Not bad stuff at all if you're into all that. This is definitely another strong release for Modern Action, in partnership with Gimme Gimme Records this time. (ML)
(Gimme Gimme / Modern Action)

ANATOMI-71 – "Fran Primat Til Reptil" CD

My eyes got wide and my mouth said "heck yes" when I saw ANATOMI-71 in my review pile. This is heavy, driving Scandi-crust with of touch of the rockin' style SKITKIDS have mastered. The rock stuff comes off a little lethargic in their hands; killer heavy fast hardcore is more their core competency. Catchy songs, multiple vocalists, even a cool lookin' booklet (lyrics in Swedish only)—a fucking winner. There is one noise track, but whatever, it's easy to skip. (JM)
(Halvfabrikat)

APATIA – LP

The first thought that comes to mind while listening to this LP is that it is awesome. A solid full-length album of bleak, nihilistic Polish hardcore. The second thought that comes to mind is how similar they sound to TOOL. Yeah, that band all the high school goths like, and you kinda like too but don't admit that out loud. Or at least in front of people you want to sleep with. But seriously, if TOOL were punks and Polish, this is the album they would make. It's got that same gritty guitar sound. It's got the weird time changes. Mid-tempo (almost) metal-ish riffs, odd-ball vocal distortions, slightly dramatic song endings, everything. Well, everything aside from the image; they're just a bunch of shirtless teenagers. And not a single "cool" haircut in the entire photo-spread. Go figure. But back to the original point: this is good. And you should totally check this out. (FS)
(Pasazer)

ARGUMENT 5.45 – "Atavism" CD

This Russian troupe would have fit right into the late '90s-early '00s Hydra Head records roster. Their long songs combine the herky-jerky heaviness of KEELHAUL or BOTCH with periods of spaced-out prog à la ISIS. Even the (really gorgeous) packaging recalls the bands of that era. This isn't really the kind of thing I listen to much, but it's extremely well done, and if you're into this style of proggy metal-core I'm sure you'd love this. This copy is numbered out of 250, so act fast if you're interested. (AU)
(Old School Kids)

ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT – "No Way Back" CD

This is not the same ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT that recorded the classic *American Paranoia* LP of 25 odd years ago. Well, actually it is, but in the same way that the band that released *Kill 'Em All* is the same one that released *Reload*. This is over-produced, double kick metalcore that's indistinguishable from a band you might see opening for HATEBREED. The only redeeming quality of this CD is the cover of POISON IDEA'S "Lifestyles," but that song is so good that it's hard for any competent musicians to fuck up. (DG)
(Taang!)

AVERSIONS – "Nocturnal Ghosts" 12"

Six songs on a 45 rpm 12" is always a good start. Up-tempo, kind-of-attacking, swinging, danceable rock'n'roll also shows promise. I guess I'm not into the singer's baritone and the stupid lyrics, nor the overall professional vibe these Quebecois folk are bringin'. When I imagine their show, I see stylish, office-working attendees with expensive drinks. This EP is on the wrong side of the "wild/tame" divide. (JM)
(Die In Style)

BANDANOS / VIOLATOR – split EP

BANDANOS kick things off with some old school crossover, similar to the ACCUSED, and COC, who they actually cover. It could be a little faster to be honest, but the song "Stay Cyco" has a pretty cool NO MERCY vibe, and as some one who long ago pledged my allegiance to the Suicidal Army, I'm feeling it. VIOLATOR is way more straight up thrash metal, the vocals are coming from more of Hardcore direction though. One original and a Heresy cover that is so metallicized, I didn't even recognize it. Pretty generic, but still enjoyable. PS, pressed without center labels, and this copy is pretty warped. (AH)
(Offside / Raw /Thrashbastard / Corpse Fogo Gravacoes)

BANNER PILOT – "Heart Beats Pacific" CD

I was real big on this band's first album. Here we are for their fourth LP so I missed a couple. This is really slick BLINK 182 type pop punk now. This is good as I must admit I have been a fan of the BLINK in the past. Although I hate the expression "Warped Tour Band," the thought did pop into my head listening to this. I'm a little disappointed but I do like this as it is catchy as hell. (RL)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

BILL SKINS FIFTH WILL PUNCH YOU RIGHT IN THE FACE, ABSENT MINDS, DESTROY NATE ALLEN, DANGER DEATH RAY – split EP

Ok. I'll run through them. BILL SKINS… is '60s keyboard heavy punk with shouts of "Skateboard!" like "Wipeout!" ABSENT MINDS is poppy punk, sorta like CRIMPSHRINE with some ANTISEEN buzzsaw guitars at the beginning. DESTROY NATE ALLEN is acoustic male and female vocaled punk that annoys the shit out of me, Like an inside joke I don't care to get. DANGER DEATH RAY seemed promising with a title like "Zombies Even Eat My Nightmares" but instead they're trying to do some all so witty '50s crooner bullshit. I'm sure these guys are all pals and they're stroking each other off with this crap but keep it to yourselves. (RO)
(NXNW)

BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA – LP

This is not a sound that I can get into at all. The cheesy name, and god awful lyrics that are on some straight teenage TOXIC NARCOTIC fan level had me prepared for the worst. It's not that bad, really generic, we like HIS HERO IS GONE core. I guess they're from Chico, which is pretty much in the middle of nowhere, so it's cool that there are people doing this shit up there, but, oh shit the metallic breakdown on what I think is the song "Survive" just kicked in. Later man, I can't hang. This record affirms my belief that the more labels involved in releasing a record, the worse it is, there's no way I'm typing them all out, here's one or two, or just scope out the dollar bin in a few months. (AH)
(Sacred Plague)

BLOODKROW BUTCHER – "Endless Fields of Rotting Sacks" EP

I was a bit underwhelmed with their contribution to the *Kotaro Mission* comp, but it seems that they saved their best stuff for their own EP because this rips pretty hard. It's very DISCHARGE-by-way-of-early DISCLOSE (sans the noise), simple in all the best ways. Kudos to the drummer, who has completely nailed this style, and I love the ultra-rudimentary solos. This isn't going to set the world aflame, but it's a solid record and well worth your raw punx dollar. (AU)
(Total Fucker)

BLOSSOM HILL – "Sidetracks" CD

CD Debut full length from this Helsinki (that's Finland by way of the East Bay, to you kiddo) trio. Not only do they sing in English (hardly unusual for a non-Anglo punker combo), but they have managed to channel the first two GREEN DAY LPs almost perfectly. Quite uncanny. Singer/guitarist has that vocal inflexion down pat (or should that be down Billie-Joe?), and the tunes hold up pretty well too. Those looking for that original East Bay pop-punk fix need venture no further than the Arctic Circle, apparently. (RK)
(self-released)

THE BODY – "Anthology" CD

The BODY have always been one of the more unique and oddball doom/sludge groups. They sound like nobody else. This duo does things their own way. Sometimes extremely slow and minimal like on "I Died". Sometimes slow and heavy in a KHANATE sort of way, like on "Ruiner". The vocals are often off in the distance. This release is a collection of tracks that appeared on CDRs, a cassette, a split 7" and a unreleased tracks. There are also a number of covers. THE BODY does a great job reinterpreting songs in their own slow, heavy minimal way. I didn't even recognize their cover of "Here Come the Tears" by JUDAS PRIEST. Their take on "Cop Killer" by BODY COUNT is wonderful and followed by a slow heavy cover of "Dead Cops" by MDC. They speed it up a tiny bit on their cover of "Do They Owe Us a Living" and sound more like THOU. They also do covers of "Tired of Being Alive" by DANZIG, "Police Story" by BLACK FLAG and a drone-y, creepy version of "Black Boys on Mopeds" by SINEAD O'CONNER including female vocals. If you like doom/sludge this CD is a must listen. (MH)
(Corleone)

BRAT PACK – "Stupidity Returns" CD

First things first, I cannot stand this vocal style. It's that from-the-gut "holy shit I'm about to puke but gonna scream a bit first" forced delivery that annoys the shit out of me. For once the chanted backups make the lead vocals more bearable. The music is melodic hardcore with high production value and frankly not my cup of tea. These guys seem like they really give a shit though, so that's cool. The songs are I guess in the typical political punk "fuck the government" and "society is fucked" vain. (BD)
(Shield)

BRAUSEPÖTER – "Buneswehr/Keiner Kann Uns Ab"

Weird jerk German punk that has a nervous desperate freak out sound somewhere between PERE UBU and METAL URBAIN. The music is deconstructed damaged r'n'r, an unnerving take that is reminiscent of say "Cloud 149" through a Deutsche punk prism. This record was released simultaneously in Germany and the US, and the recording was taken from live footage from the early '80s. They also have a 7" that came out when they were actually a band that seems to be described as a power pop record and was apparently far from what they sounded live; this is far from a power pop sound. Really cool German punk for all the desolate freaks… (LG)
(Wild Isle)

BRIDGE AND TUNNEL – "Rebuilding Year" CD

So these guys have been doing their thing for a few years now, and their thing is poppy emo. Or emo-y pop punk, whichever you prefer. They do it decently. Maybe it's a little more emo than pop punk (as opposed to HOT WATER MUSIC, which I feel is the other way around). Not bring back the nineties or breaking any new ground.... oh well. (LP)
(No Idea)

THE BROWNS / THE MOBY DICKS – split EP

The BROWNS begin their side with "Big Drill Cock," a song that doesn't even attempt to hide the fact that it blatantly rips off VAN HALEN's "Hot For Teacher." The follow-up is even worse. A terrible outing and enough reason for me to steer clear of anything this band does in the future. The MOBY DICKS fair much better (how could they not?), though it's basically just a lo-fi version of '90s pop-punk. I can safely say that it would be a wise decision to avoid this record entirely. (MC)
(Handsome Dan)

BUFFALO BANGERS – "Blockader/Granite Grandma" 7"

For as long as I can remember, I've carried an intense hatred for anything associated with the southern hellhole of Atlanta, GA, but this band may have me changing my tune. This two song record starts off dark, moody, full of reverb, stark and Goth in a way that gives of a SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES feel, if that band was more stripped down and DIY. The A-side is perfectly bleak sounding and seems like an excellent post-punk song for sullen twenty-somethings to dance along to while acting like they hate their lives. I mean that as a compliment. The B-side is more of the same (in a good way), and it meanders along insistently and solidly. This is a great single for anyone interested in DIY low-budget Goth or wants to be reminded of the Georgia indie scene circa 1983. (GH)
(Private Leisure Industries)

BURST IN – "1000 Slow" LP

Poland's BURST IN throws down some fine melodic hardcore with torrents of power chord dissonance, occasional harmony, and bouts of youth crew-shouted choruses. The first thing that pops in my head is NATIONS ON FIRE, but if that band came out today and had a bit more of a contemporary approach. The sound is concrete and competent and the lyrics are profound reflections on modern society and how it affects the individual. I totally respect this band and their passion, but I just can't get past the youth crew

parts; this would be top shelf for me otherwise. Intelligent modern hardcore. (BG)
(Refuse)

CASTET – "Provides The Music You Want Wherever You Go" EP

Ten cover songs from this Polish hardcore band that's been around since the mid '00s. The recognizable acts they chose to pay tribute to are CIRCLE JERKS and TERVEET KADET, and unfortunately they don't do "Deny Everything" or "Outo Maa" justice. The singer's voice is too deep for my liking and the drummer seems to be lagging in both songs. The other eight covers are from lesser-known Polish bands including: CYMEON X, ID and PRZEJEBANE. Honestly, none of the songs really stuck out, so I searched the record collection for comparisons and surprisingly *MRR* is a bit light on the old Polish hardcore front. After consulting YouTube and finding most of the bands, I can comfortably say that CASTET just isn't very good. PRZEJEBANE however, fucking rules. I suggest listening to them instead of this sub-par EP. (KM)
(Pasazer)

CASTET / COLLINA – split EP

Everyone at *MRR* has a record type they hate reviewing; for me it's (usually European) bands doing the '90s NYHC mosh thing. I honestly don't know how anyone can live themselves after reworking these tired clichés for the millionth time. To be fair, it's no worse than D-beat/garage/'82 hardcore formulas, but it gets my vote for the dumbest and most obnoxious. Although you probably haven't heard this particular record, I can pretty much guarantee that if you're reading this, you've already heard it a million times before. It includes a MINOR THREAT cover, too, just in case you haven't heard that band before. (JH)
(Pasazer)

CASTET / WHITMAN – split EP

CASTET play a straightforward, fast hardcore style with rough vocals and the occasional half-speed, gang-shoutin' chorus. They get a great guitar sound and the singer brings some energy. Lyrics are in Polish with English translations, covering standard topics such as local booze, skating, and touring. Fellow Poles WHITMAN give us one original and a SOCIAL UNREST cover, with the lyrics for both tracks done in Polish. They don't translate for us, so get your dictionary. WHITMAN have a sound reminding me more of traditional Polish punk—mixing it up some between driving hardcore and a more melodic, street punk chorus. The bass is more prominent and the chorus is a bit overproduced. I prefer CASTET, who do pretty well, even though they're more typical. With only one original, it's hard for WHITMAN to measure up, but if you like singing along to the huge chorus in Polish, this could be a quality track for you. (JM)
(Pasazer)

CAT PARTY / LA CORDE – split EP

This is a tasty split EP featuring two songs from each band on each side. With their first song, "Atomic Lawn," LA CORDE brings us brooding punk with just the right amount of testosterone. The TESTORS, NERVOUS EATERS, the REAL KIDS and countless other proto-punk, skuzzy garage bands honed the formula for savage jams that assert their testosterone without becoming insensitive and LA CORDE follow in that tradition. CAT PARTY play post-punk inflected with classy, affected vocals that moan and wax poetic above dark guitar leads and a driving tempo that retains it's melodrama with enough conviction to keep listener's attention. (SL)
(Resurrection)

CAT PARTY – "Rhapsody in Black" LP

This album sounds like it was made by REPLACEMENTS fans who have been listening to the JOY DIVISION and DEATH IN JUNE for a while. Don't want to relegate a band's description to the sum of its perceived influences, but while these dudes are undeniably talented it does end up sounding a little derivative. Maybe it just sounds derivative because the singers voice takes on a really similar inflection to that of the dude from the REPLACEMENTS. What I'm hearing is basic chord progressions with melodic vocal lines over them. The songs are mid-paced and have some simple but catchy leads. It's definitely not bad; it's just a little more indie rock than punk. (P$)
(Sabotage)

CELLGRAFT / DRAINLAND – split EP

DRAINLAND, from Ireland, play a dirty discordant heavy hardcore. "Alpha Rat" is mid-paced, full of distortion and close to a dirge. The shorter "The Ghost of Warren Street" is more in the grindcore vein with metal leanings. DRAINLAND don't do much to stand out from the crowd but these tracks aren't bad. CELLGRAFT is one of my favorite current grindcore bands. Their no-frills grindcore reminds me a bit of noisier INSECT WARFARE. They blast seven tracks on their side of the 7". I don't understand how their distortion can sound so crisp. The CELLGRAFT side of this record is a must listen. (MH)
(IFB / Superfi)

CHAOS DESTROY / NEKROMANTIKER – split EP

NEKROMANTIKER side is pretty sick. Very noisy, creepy DAWN OF HUMANS type vocals with pogo drums from these Dutch weirdos who apparently adore CONFUSE. Sounds far out in the best way on both 45rpm (suggested speed) and 33 rpm—they're one of those bands. I'm not a fan of CHAOS DESTROY—I don't understand this attraction for D & D types to jump on the noise train. But, that said, their side reminds me of a constipated and just as obnoxious CHAOS CH and is very catchy in a GAI kind of way. Limited to 300. (AE)
(SPHC)

CHERRY BOMB – "Generation Nowhere" CD

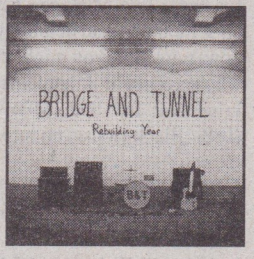
Initially I thought the name of this band was "Generation Nowhere" which would be a pretty cool name for the gloom and doom-ers. Anyways this German band does a really good job with hard rock-ish punk a la TURBONEGRO circa *Apocalypse Dudes*. There is even a hidden cover track of "I Got Erection" at the end. Although there is a SOCIAL D reference in the promo stuff, this is more rocking in a BONECRUSHER way. A very strong and enjoyable full length. (RL)
(Knock Out)

CHILDREN OF GOD / SEVEN SISTERS OF SLEEP – split LP

As soon as I saw A389 put this record out, I knew it was gonna be heavy, and man is it ever. Both bands play drawn-out, earth-shaking metallic hardcore. I'm not usually into this stuff, but this LP is pretty fucking good. I generally like my angry music to be brought to life in short, spastic bursts, but there's also something to be said for meticulous buildups that actually transition into near-chaos. In other words, the songs on this split are long. Really long. Luckily, both groups are tight and clearly put a lot of thought into each passage of every song. If you need a reference point (for both bands), imagine RINGWORM meets AXEGRINDER. (KM)
(A389)

CIRIL – "Sick Surreal" LP

It is great to see that this band is still at it as well as the label. CIRIL continue on their path of cryptic sounding punk that falls into its own category. I won't try to do the comparison game here because it would be cheating CIRIL. If you get to a point of hearing the same ole, this should be the direction you may want to explore. Droning to more driving songs make this record far from flat. Overall a cool listen and worthy of making its way onto your turntable. (MS)
(Know)



CITIZEN'S PATROL – "2006-2011" CD

A discography of this band's "first five years" in reverse chronological order, that consists of their LP, two 7"s, one split 7", demo, unreleased LP tracks, pre-demo recordings, and a live set. I always thought this band was pretty second tier, but their LP songs are way more snotty and raging than their other releasing, bringing to mind the FARTZ *Injustice* LP of all things. Also includes a short band history. (DG)
(Don't Need / Shield)

CITY MOUSE – "You" EP

Here we have four poppy songs that remind me a lot of the SOVIETTES / GATEWAY DISTRICT with a touch of the MEASURE coming through in the vocals every now and again. The lyrics get a bit cheesy at times, but all in all it all this is pretty good. My only real gripe is the re-appropriated DANZIG logo with mouse ears in place of the horns. That kind of shit is played-out to no end. (BD)
(It's Alive / Muy Autentico)

CLOUD RAT / THE OILY MENACE / WOLBACHIA – split 12"

Full disclosure, I already really liked CLOUD RAT before. The wildebeest/eats-her-young vocals had me in love with them from the get go. Add to her scary throaty growls some pounding drums with blast beats and clean metallic sounding guitars that chug, solo, and travel up and down the neck just enough, and bass that sticks in your throat and you have a killer mix. The OILY MENACE vocals sound like they are fucking slowed down while the music is fast as shit with enough blast beat action to give your ears whiplash. The chuggy parts are great, with crunchy guitars "We will show you who's you master!" Yikes! There was something familiar to me upon hearing WOLBACHIA… initially I was hearing some NO COMMENT in here, but maybe it's just the vocals. I come to find that some of these dudes were in KURSK… Well, goddamn! I really liked that band. These dudes have the same powerviolence flow as the other two bands, but they are much more melodic and veer into some more metallic sounds without straying too far. It sounds like the stringed instruments are too hot and these guys can't keep their fingers in one place too long for fear of scalding their fingerprints off G. Gordon Liddy style. No lyrics… Bummer. The cover is a recycled inside out screened jacket—DIY for reals. Two Michigan bands, one Canadian band, all solid tracks and definitely worth a spin. If you like powerviolence, you might dig it as much as I do. The whole record is a hardcore flavored powerviolence grind treat. Into this. (MB)
(IFB / Black House, no info)

COMA REGALIA / QUANTIS – split 7"

The two bands on this record sound very similar. They both draw from early '90s emo hardcore bands like MAXIMILLION COLBY but would fit better in the early 2000s East Coast scene with any number of bands that put out records on Level-Plane. They both intersperse heavy hardcore parts with clean, quiet breakdowns in which the vocalist either talks or still screams but certainly not into the microphone. COMA REGALIA works the dueling vocals thing and is a little more lo-fi, and a little more spastic. QUANTIS is more technical and sounds a bit more polished. Each band does three songs. (PA)
(Middle Man)

COMPANY – "Die on this Island" LP

There's a good reason why people put their best song first on the record and that is so that you'll listen to the whole thing hoping that there will be another super catchy guitar riff like that DINOSAUR JR type thing that is going on in the first of the six songs on this 12". What actually happens here is that the band ends up not sounding so much like Boston of the late '80s (or Olympia of now for that matter) but instead sounds like Florida of the 1990s. Think about a grungier HOT WATER MUIC or TWELVE HOUR TURN. That first song is really good though. (PA)
(Bulkhead)

CONQUEST FOR DEATH – "One Definition of Success" EP

Globe-trottin' savage thrashers CONQUEST FOR DEATH utilize three core members and numerous guest stars on this EP. Every track is smashed together, radical, fast hardcore punk, with sophisticated growled lyrics. My only critique is that sometimes they do squeeze too much into too small a space. It's a minor complaint, 'cause I am loving this band and their 75-second songs. Five songs, two languages, recorded in three countries. (JM)
(self-released)

CORGASM – CD

What do you get when you mix MOTORHEAD, southern metal and bar punk? CORGASM! I was going to say that this record is fucking awful, but really, it's just sad. The three members of this band look fairly old; too old to be writing moronic songs about not wanting to grow up, moshing and fighting. If you know anyone who has been lobotomized they might enjoy this. (KM)
(Boonsdale)

CRISIS HOTLINES – "Don't Wanna Go to Jail" EP

CRISIS HOTLINES from Austin, Texas throw down four songs worth of high-energy garage punk that will make you want to jump around your apartment and spill beer everywhere. My favorite tune is not the title track, but "Astral Projection," which is ridiculously catchy and has a fantastic RAMONES meets the SPITS meets the STITCHES kind of thing going on. I guess all of their songs do. "Punch Me in the Face" is a bit of a throwaway, but the other three numbers are totally boss and make this record worth tracking down. (BG)
(Eradicator)

CRITICAL POINT – "Trial and Error" EP

Straight edge hardcore from the Netherlands. Right out of the gate, the first song sounds just like the STRAIGHT AHEAD anthem "Straight Ahead," and the second line in the first verse says "we gotta stick together like glue!" so there's no question where they're coming from. I'm not gonna waste any more ink telling you what they sound like. If you like your hardcore nailed to the X, this one's for you. (JH)
(Commitment)

CRUDDY – "Negative World" LP

Really good punk from Austin that apparently is ex-TOTAL ABUSE!? I think they used to be called CRUJAY?! Somethin' like that anyway. I don't remember them being this good! So snotty and funny, and the production is amazing sounding, reminds me of the MONORCHID/SKULL KONTROL era of Chris Thomson bands, with added SHITTY LIMITS and ADOLESCENTS. Seriously when people compare bands to HOT SNAKES or aforementioned Chris Thomson bands I always know the band is gonna blow some serious chunks, just be some really turgid hardcore beardo bro math rock fail. However CRUDDY does not blow, this record sounds great and is punk orientated hardcore in a really cool way, a band with a million ideas of what they want to sound like, this is what should be on *Thrasher Skate Rock* tapes now. The songs with the male / female vocals are really cool… Recommended! (LG)
(12XU)

CRUSADES – "The Sun is Down and the Night is Riding in" CD

This reached me at the perfect time since I've been going through a kick of listening to good melodic hardcore pop I was into a while back like REASON TO BELIEVE, SPOKE and early NO USE FOR A NAME, and CRUSADES are somewhat in that category. The songs on this Canadian band's debut are a total blend of pure pop punk, melodic hardcore, and a touch of the Gainesville sound. When I first listed to this I first thought it was maybe a bit too poppy for me, with very clean vocals and overall production, but then I realized that I had been standing by my speaker for twenty minutes tapping my foot and reading along to the lyrics. The music is super catchy and the incisive lyrics exploring the dark side of religious belief (sort of a theme for the album) make CRUSADES rise above many similar type of bands in this genre. There are also bits of musical exploration and variation that create a listenable full length that doesn't get boring half way through. As good as this is, it's still exceedingly poppy and you definitely need to be in the right mood when you throw this on. (BG)
(It's Alive / Scared to Death)

xCURRAHEEx – "Back on Track" EP

Every time I think I wanna check out new straight-edge/youth crew-styled hardcore, I hear something like this and it becomes less of an interest. There is really nothing wrong with this EP (besides the goofy cover); the riffs are fine, the vocals and lyrics are "of the style," the breakdowns are predictable but still mosh-inducing, etc., but it just does nothing for me and goes nowhere. NO TOLERANCE, this is not. (JU)
(Commitment)

CYANIDE PILLS – "Up Against the Wall/Lying Low"

Yeah! Snotty UK punk rock is not dead! Even though it's nearly 2012, this sounds like the spirit of '78 to me! Yeah, sure the production is probably not the same, yadda, yadda, yadda… But the overall result is that this band from Leeds, England gets me all nostalgic feeling and thinking of bands from the past like BUZZCOCKS or modern equivalents such as the BRIEFS. Check it out if you like your punk rock to have a little attitude!! (ML)
(Damaged Goods)

CYCOTIC YOUTH – LP

Santa Monica teenage skate punk circa the mid '80s. According to the bio, and as can be deduced by the artwork and the spelling of their name, these guys loved SUICIDAL TENDENCIES and cite them as a primary influence, though I'd say I hear an equal amount of the *Dirty Rotten* LP, especially in terms of

the vocals, prominent bass tone, and relatively straightforward songwriting. The borrowed ANGRY SAMOANS lyrics were not lost on me, but I'll file this under "dumb teenage antics" along with the song about VD and it hurting like hell to pee. These songs were recorded in a garage in 1986 before being remastered for this release, though it's not entirely clear whether these songs made up one of their demos. (DG)
(Punk)

CYMEON X – "Free Your Mind Free Your Body" LP

'90s Polish hardcore of the baggy shirt and giant Xs-on-hands variety, for better or worse. Musically, they draw heavily from JUDGE and possibly BROTHERHOOD, given CYMEON X's affinity for frequent herky-jerky fast/slow transitions. This record also has a similar rough echo chamber-sounding recording that's comparable to JUDGE and BROTHERHOOD, and although this record very much sounds like its time, it doesn't have the metallic overtones as the UNBROKENs and UNDERTOWs of the world had around the same time. This band was supposedly legendary in Poland at the time, and I believe this is the first vinyl treatment that it's seeing. If the internet is any indication, they're also doing some reunion dates soon. (DG)
(Pasazer)

DADFAG / GIRLS OF PORN – split 7"

I haven't been really keeping up with local San Francisco trio DADFAG's records, though I know there are a few out at this point, and have been liked by fellow *MRR* shitworkers. This was definitely more crashy and chaotic than I imagined, more in the vein of SONIC YOUTH. I remembered them as teetering into grunge when I saw them live, but this wax proves me wrong or at least foggy. Shredder guitar with long, drawn out, can't-be-fucked dead pan vocals smothered on top. GIRLS OF PORN similarly put forth two tracks on the B-side, though the first track sounds a bit underdeveloped, a little bit of an unfinished demo/selected seconds from a longer mess of a song sort of deal. The second track "Time is Money" is like: OK, these dudes are fucking maniacs, and we love maniacs. Definitely more *Rock* than Punk, but it's loud and fast and that seems cool enough. (JS)
(Party Size, no contact info)

DAN – "Thology" 2XCD

Another month, another '80s UK band discography from Aston at Boss Tuneage. This discography compilation was originally released in 2005, but here it is again for all who missed it. DAN played tuneful melodic hardcore with poppy hooks and, it has to be said, great female vocals. In fact, the best thing about the band is Julie's vocals. She also lent her golden vocal chords to the best songs WAT TYLER ever put out. There are 64 songs spread over these two discs, which is more of one band than anyone should have to endure in one sitting. Highlights for me are the "Mother With Child and Bunny" LP and the live album "Kicking Ass at TJs," where Sean from WAT TYLER states in his liner notes, "quite frankly the band don't kick ass." Basically you probably already know if you want this, but if you're obsessive about mid-late '80s UK punk, you need it. (AM)
(Boss Tuneage)

DAN PADILLA – "As the Ox Plows" CD

Never heard of this band before, nor of the Latino bodybuilder of the same name, but er, there you go. Apparently they have lots of releases prior to this one. Wouldn't mind hearing some of 'em too, if this current offering is typical of their output. Scrappy melodic hardcore, a la mid-period JAWBREAKER and a more poppy HOT WATER MUSIC. Lots of melody and harmony to go with the catch in the vocals, and grit in the tunes. Pretty damn good. I'd actually like to read their lyrics (and indeed, they thank those that read said lyrics on their thanks list). Unfortunately, the thanks list is considerably more legible than the lyrics, and I gave up. But I like the way they make them sound, at least... (RK)
(It's Alive)

DAZD – CD

The first two songs from this Serbian band sound like SLEEP played at a normal speed. Then comes the crust... the following tracks are mid-tempo black metal infused crust with sometimes gurgle-y, high-pitched obnoxious vocals that I rather like. It's weird, this isn't mind blowing, but there is something really raw and a little sloppy that holds my attention...it just sounds really sincere to me. This is weed smoking music without the hippy crap that weed often invites (a revelation). No drum circles or lutes or sage here, just you and Gaia and the bong. Blast this whilst driving at high speeds through the Avenue of the Giants. The CD liner notes fold out to a really great mini posted with monsters and grotesque Bosch type creatures through a cartoony lens. Interesting stuff. (MB)
(Fuck Yoga)

DEAD ELLINGTON "Refuse, Rethink, Rebuild" CD

This pop punk band is from Boston and they played the Warped Tour this last year. This review is over. (LP)
(self-released)

DEAD FARMERS – Out The Door / Never Enough

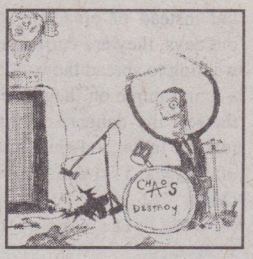
This is some pretty okay Australian garage. Garage ain't my thing, but this is solid. Got some good riffs and just about all the lyrics are harmonized between (at least) two singers. It's like REIGNING SOUND meets NEIL YOUNG or something. The gang vocals can be a little much, but the music makes up for it. Super fuzzed out guitars with some solid drumming that gives the songs a sense of urgency. Cool stuff. (FS)
(RIP Society)

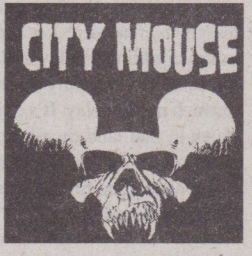
DEAD TO ME – "Moscow Penny Ante" CD

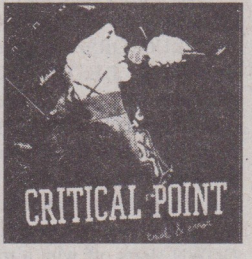
Fuck, this is a great record. Do you remember when punk was cool. And smart. Snotty, yet wise. Aggressive, and in your face, but laid back. Lyrics that make you think. Music that makes you jump around, fist in the air, hammering on that air guitar. This, their third effort reminds me of the poise, and class to two great bands third (and bestest) offerings: the DICKIES *Stukas Over Disneyland* and SCREECHING WEASEL's *Anthem For a New Tomorrow* Actually, DEAD TO ME are lefties and sharp, not right-wing and dumb like the DICKIES, but musically, there's more than a nod to complex, driving, tuneful punk rock. And I know that "Anthem..." isn't really SCREECHING WEASEL's third full length (but it sounded good for the symmetry of my similie), but it is undoubtedly their best, and like "Moscow..." combines snotty tuneful punk with a surprisingly mature array of sounds, and some excellent penetrating lyrics. Twin guitars. Two vocalists. LAWRENCE ARMS meets THE FALCON. All comparisons aside, DEAD TO ME are really coming into their own on this one. Expect a rash of DEAD TO ME soundalikes springing up in the next year. You could do a lot worse. (RK)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

DEATH CRISIS / DIATRIBE – split EP

DEATH CRISIS from delivers three solid, fast hardcore tracks with no bullshit metal solos or wank-a–thon riffage. The bass is front and center with some really catchy lines. The guitar is controlled, fast, with sharp stops and starts and minimal distortion. The drums are precise enough to sharpen the sound, but out of control enough to keep it interesting. The sound here is dark and brooding. There are some intentionally messy parts that are more about letting go and being pissed than making "art." This stuff sounds Michigan HC to me because of how ugly and aggressive it is. I like it. Flip this over to hear DIATRIBE back in action. The music sounds a touch dated with the chorused vocals, but it is still good and within their lineage influenced by CRUCIFIX, DISCHARGE and old school Scandi Hardcore mixed with a distinctly SoCal sound. Good galloping riffage and pummeling drums. I gotta tell ya, starting in '84, these guys haven't become some shit bag older dudes that look "fondly" on their political days. Nope, they are still just as pist about the state of the world,







but instead of preaching or reminiscing about the old days, they are current and continue the *legacy* of wanting to spread the word and fuck shit up. There is a long sample on their side with a quick word about the real life dangers of "rhetoric" and it's results: a real life father and child murdered by the Minutemen of Arizona. Two San Diego bands, one good record. (MB)
(Too Old to Die, no info)

DEFY / TERROR REVOLUCIONARIO – split EP

Hampered by a really measured delivery, the two sturdy tracks of metallic crust-core from DEFY churn slow and steady, but never build enough momentum to really explode and spin off the rails. Insanely guttural vocals push this Sao Paulo band closest to the edge with their growling depth and brutal mangling of Portuguese, but the recording here could use a little more extremity in either delivery or recording as the metallic riffs chug it into a steady plod. This does serve as a good build up to the return of Brasilia's TERROR REVOLUCIONARIO ("Revolutionary Terror") Four tracks on the flip. Singed with a looser, more chaotic high energy attack of blown out vocals, blast beats and raging fastcore, it's not particularly distinctive, but hits all the right places. Lyrics for both bands are entirely in Portuguese, Cool splatter vinyl, artwork is black and white gasmasks, fetuses, eyeballs and stenciled letters. (KS)
(Karasu Killer)

DEGREASER – "Bottom Feeder" LP

The FALL is trying to be a rock god, trying for some psychedelic guitar wankage and heavy stomp. The FALL is trying to be the STOOGES. I sound like I'm taking a shit on it but really I'm not. The rhythm stays plodding, here and there speeding up in attempts to create a real coherent straightforward song, but everything quickly falls away. The guitar stays the same for basically the entire record, total riffage through major delay. It's good but you can only do so much in that land, in a lot of ways it sounds like the same song over and over again. It's a good song but I could have gone for a seven inch. (MM)
(Negative Guest List)

DESTRUCTORS / DON'T LOOK DOWN – split CD

Here's a six-song split CD from a couple of English bands, one of which you may have heard of (the DESTRUCTORS) and another that you probably haven't. The DESTRUCTORS from Petersborough definitely had some of the cooler-looking releases back in the days of UK82, but never stood out much from the pack with their plodding 1-2-1-2 street punk. This release shows them continuing doing their thing and not much has changed other than a cleaner sound and some double bass drumming. DON'T LOOK DOWN starts off with a track that smells distinctly like modern day BAD RELIGION before a pop-punk-y DEPECHE MODE cover. Not the most essential listen of the year. (JH)
(Rowdy Farrago)

DIN SKEVF – "Balla Ur" EP

Scandi-youth crew that's seemingly upbeat, but with something unsettling that I can't quite identify, but that keeps this record out of boy scout land. Maybe it's the fuzzy guitar tone, or that the bass player seems to (rightfully) prefer DEEP PURPLE to JUDGE, but whatever they're doing works. Vocals remind me of HHH, and I like that this band prefers drawn-out riffs. My main complaints are that the late MINOR THREAT rips are a bit too obvious and that this record, while not towing the (straight) line too hard, is still writing ultimately forgettable music. (DG)
(Gaphals)

DRY HUMP – "Fucks Your Ears" LP

Here's the new release from Lowell, Massachusetts' DRY HUMP (a town I'm aware of but only cause of the movie *The Fighter* with Christian Bale and Mark Wahlberg, which believe it or not is good one, check it out). I reviewed their last release a few months back and I liked quite a bit, so there's always the fear that the LP will be disappointing, but I'm happy to report that's not the case. Repetitive, super catchy, well-written songs with a deranged singer and loads of noisy leads on top of it all. Like the previous EP, the end of side B features some slower and kinda droning but still totally rocking songs that show they know how to do more than just thrash, which in my book is always a good thing. Anyways, Massachusetts is a really weird place; this record does it plenty of justice. Check it out. (JH)
(Sex Cult)

DURBAN POISON – "Lost In Space" CD

DURBAN POISON sounds like a holdover from the '90s when all these rockin' type bands suddenly wanted to be the RAMONES or JOHNNY THUNDERS, but lacked the creativity or chops. It is straightforward rock'n'roll, but played amateurish enough that it falls into the punk category. The songs are basic enough that they are catchy. The singer has a bratty, monotonous voice. But between the clean production and average-ness of the songs it lacks that je ne sais quoi. (CK)
(Shake!)

DURBAN POISON – "No Time For Sleep" CD

Starting off with an undeniably "Enter Sandman"-ish riff, this four track CD develops from there into an early '70s New York sound with distinct flavors of the DICTATORS, and the RAMONES. Guessing from the their name, these guys are fans of the marijuana plant, though thankfully they don't sound like it. (GG)
(Shake!)

DURBAN POISON – "Stereophonic Tonic" CD

Every reviewer is warned. Bar rock! Don't come 'round if you can't handle it. These British Columbians are pretty good at what they do. I could see this appealing to those who don't want to stray too far away from plain ol' higher-energy rock'n'roll. Almost every song is under two and a half minutes. Recorded live in the studio. Still, it's bar rock with a lady in fishnets and high heels on the cover. Certainly they ain't no QUADRAJETS, but I could see a decent 45 coming from this band. (JM)
(Shake!)

DWARF – "Gotta Get Louder/I Won't Be Back"

Sing Sing's string of plucking high-quality obscurities from the vault (or in this case, the blogosphere) continues with Dwarf, an American rock band that delivers two truly great tunes on this 45. "Gotta Get Louder" and "I Won't Be Back" are both pure DJ fodder: 1975 hard rock goodness, sure-fire crowd pleasers and very easy to move to. Neither tune is poppy enough to be legit powerpop, but neither tuff enough for the proto-punk tag either. Could it be that the punks are finding value in plain old rock'n'roll??? Are we going mad? Goddamn, I hope so. Get this immediately!!! (MC)
(Sing Sing)

THE FASTBOYS – "Suck It / The Kids Are Back in School Again"

Wow. The "Suck It" guitar lick reminds me of the WIPERS, "Better Off Dead." Anybody? If it's a complete rip off, then the song sucks. If it just kind of sounds like the WIPERS, then it's awesome. Great, full sound, in any event, and as I listen to it again and again, I'm leaning towards awesome. The flipside is equally as catchy and very power-poppy. I like this one quite a bit. (KK)
(Young Monster)

FED UP! – "Live at WFMU" EP

For the past two weeks I've been listening to almost nothing but pre-Youth Crew New York and New Jersey hardcore demos, and radio shows. This shit would fit in pretty well with most of it, questionable lyrics and all. No lyrics printed, but titles like "Butt Man", "Bodacious Ta Tas" and "Snitch Bitch" are pretty straight forward. Honestly, I don't really give a shit, I'm not going to get down on some one for writing about liking big butts, I've got other shit to worry about. You know the drill, or maybe not, basic hardcore, but if you like some of the also ran type shit off the *New Breed* tape, NYHC played by older skinhead dudes, or maybe some of the old Back Ta Basics shit even, you could probably get into this record. (AH)
(Punk Rock Distro / Welfare)

FELLOW PROJECT – "Stable Life" LP

I think this really *is* a concept record about horse racing, which makes me laugh *so fucking hard*.... but don't stop there. This is a great record that goes beyond this simple concept and uses metaphor to sing about our everyday lives in a powerful post-punk capacity. FELLOW PROJECT does a good job of not getting themselves caught up in the trappings of that genre and they sound fresh, which isn't an easy feat after ten years, three LP's and a pile of singles. The female/male vocals intertwine on some songs in a call-and-response way that yields into a vocal collision that is satisfying and anthemic. There's not a bad song on this record. For fans of BRIDGE AND TUNNEL, FUGAZI and east coast post-punk. (GH)
(Answer Key)

THE FIALKY – "Kapitan 77" CD

Third full length from these Czech punk rockers. This CD includes their self-titled 7" from last year, and a spirited cover of the UK SUBS' "Keep On Running (Till You Burn)", that was apparently an MP3 only single prior to this. They sing in Czech, and claim (as per the LP title) to be channeling that '77 sound (though they play at least twice as fast as any of the Brit bands from '77). As such (sing in their own tongue, 'classic' old-timey punk sound a la UK SUBS, LURKERS, EATER et al) they remind me alot of DIE TOTEN HOSEN, and apply similarly modern full sound/production techniques to their homage of what came before 35 years ago...they even throw in a bit of keyboards (to good effect) and ska on a few tracks. Good stuff, and it got the wife singing along. Never a bad thing. (And she don't speak the lingo). (RK)
(self-released)

FORMBY CHANNEL – "The Inimitable" EP

Just when you think you're getting it, the ukulele solo kicks is and it all goes to hell. FORMBY CHANNEL is more snot from the musical mind of Mr. WANKYS, here channeling CHAOS C.H. / later SWANKYS by way of English dancehall comedy (I think?). "Scottish Nudist Camp" recalls COWARD's "Little Joe" but this is it's own beast, distinctly WANKYS but with a pop character that's miles away from his other bands or potential influences. Snotty, sophomoric, completely batshit crazy…I have no fucking clue how to characterize this, except to say that there is either great genius or incredible stupidity at work here. Either way, I like it. (AU)
(Noise Punk Ltd.)

FULL OF HELL – "Roots of Earth Are Consuming My Home" LP

Long enough title? Fuckin' A! Right off the bat, this thing has a killer sound, similar to ENTOMBED, and all that other Swedish Sunlight shit. For the most part this stays at a slow to mid tempo with occasional raging fast parts, pretty crushing shit actually, having trouble coming up with any direct comparisons, but it's on a389 records, and it definitely fits in on that label. The lyrics are some bitter, bummed out shit that is pretty much right in line with my current state of mind. The vocals are some nasty snarled shit, and killer also, a killer bleak sludge record more or less. (AH)
(a389)

THE FUZZRITES – "Baby Cakes" CD

The Fuzzrites vocalist sounds like a phantom power-pop ghoul resurrected from a lost post-"My Sharona" act on Portrait Records. Coupled with the insidious vintage guitar tone that infiltrates your psyche and tickles the undeniable craving for retro we all possess, but often deny ourselves. The relentless four-on-the-floor drums and tinny tambourine lend an air of '60s percussive production. This album contains the urgency of a tight band well aware of their levels playing live in a room whose great tone and song-writing permeate the rudimentary recording and that ambiance remains constant throughout the entire album. Plus, they take NICK LOWE's advice and "always ask for lots of songs / of no more than two fifty long / so I write em some." (LG)
(Spinout)

GANG GREEN – "I Fear/The Other Place"

I am speechless at how horrible this is. Even for a band that became famous as beer-drinking, frat boy "punks" with a penchant for lame puns, this is worse than expected. Side A "I Fear" is a slow, grunge-y metallic ballad. It starts with a woman leaving an angry message on an answering machine that sounds fake. Then the song slowly starts to build with lyrics discussing the singer's fear of this woman leaving him even though he is a fuck up. Side b picks up the pace with an imitation of FEAR. Metal riffs and gruff vocals, but surprisingly no mention of beer. I hope this was a one off recording and the band has broken up again for good. (CK)
(Taang!)

GATEWAY DISTRICT – "Perfect's Gonna Fail" CD

A band new to me, this Minneapolis combo of guys and gals dish out some catchy simple pop punk with a rock and roll feel. Great gal vocals with a little bit of rasp without the screaming, kind of like Amy Ray of the INDIGO GIRLS. Musically this reminds me of the FLIPSIDES and the EYELINERS. A good full length especially for fans of the pop punk with gal singers. (RL)
(It's Alive)

THE GENTLE ART OF CHOKIN' – LP

From the first note this thang just throttles along with blast beats, down tuned guitars playing speedy, stonery, and/or sludgy riffs, and a screaming vocalist. It's grinding but I have a very hard time calling this grind, as it's sound is more rooted in the hardcore world than metal, which to me separates the grind from the grinding. (JU)
(React With Protest / IFB / Flowerviolence / De Graanrepubliek)

GLITTER WIZARD – "Solar Hits" LP

Heavy psych meets heavy rock. Two of my favorite genres and these Bay Area renascence hair bears have the sound nailed. Whirling keyboard mixed with a fuzzed guitar, driven along with some serious SABBATH riffing. Its tongue and cheek without loosing the quality are falling in to the novelty category. Its got the groove and the heaviness, coming of as DUG DUG meets DEEP PURPLE, while giving a heads up to HAWKWIND. I wish I wasn't bald and I wish I liked marijuana. (SD)
(Archers Guild)

GLU / LAMORT – split CD

Ok, I've reviewed GLU before and I remember hating it, I think last time my complaint was the lack of beat, as in percussion not as in rhythm. This still lacks percussion, it's basically guitar wankage in the distorted noise sense with some guy talking over it. This guys voice just makes me think of lecherous men who masturbate in public. So I hate it. It's a split with LAMORT, who have five songs total, two of which are shitty attempts at hardcore and the other three which are way more sludgy and unhinged, like BUTTHOLE SURFERS playing MELVINS tunes. But the majority of the CD is GLU, so whatever, probably better off just getting *Houdini* and *Locust Abortion Technician* and playing them at the same time. Enjoy. P.S. and it's on a label called Vulva Prod? Get the fuck off my lawn. (MM)
(Rekin / Vulva Prod, no info)

A HAPPY DEATH – "Nazi Zombies" EP

A HAPPY DEATH is epitome of modern garage rock. You know the routine, jangley guitars and fuzz covered vocals. They are just lacking that special something to set them apart from the seemingly endless crew of bands playing this stuff. The songs for the most part are upbeat and enjoyable enough. However, the ballad "Mr. Rutter" described in the press release as a "vintage oldies story of a tranny that works in a factory" is rather lame. I will give them the benefit of the doubt that they are meaning to be sensitive, but it comes across as out of touch and is cringe inducing. (CK)
(self-released)

HATEWAVES – "The Tombs" 5"

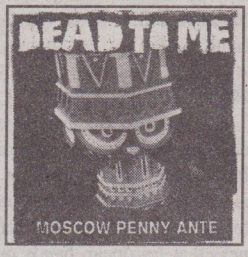
Brutal grindcore that I think is supposed to be funny but I'm not sure. Either way their name implies a lot of hate and that's what you'll find in the music. I'm not going to get all PC on the band but really? A song about being pissed that a gay pride parade stole all your parking? Does that need a song? The music is top notch grindcore with death metal leanings and I did laugh at the song with the IRON MAIDEN sample which says "Don't fucking call me." (MH)
(A389)

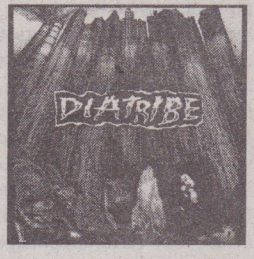
HOLLYWOOD / MEAN JEANS – split EP

The HOLLYWOOD cut, "(I Prefer) Drugs," is simply excellent. That's all you really need to know. It's a sort of driving, slightly mesmerizing cut. It's catchy and artsy at the same time. Not many bands can pull that off. Good stuff. I have to admit that I've never really quite understood all the hoopla that surrounds MEAN JEANS, but this cut, "(Let's Go B4 I Blow My) Brains Out," is seriously awesome. It's mid-tempo and so catchy that you can't stop bouncing your head even if you try. Even if you try! I would buy this record on the merits of each side individually. The fact that both sides are top notch is just a bonus. Get it? Get it. (KK)
(Big Neck)

HORROS – "War for Religion" EP

They have a kind of hard to read logo but this is completely solid Finnish crust. They don't overuse the D-beat, changing the tempo frequently and building engaging song structures. Of course it's Scandi-crust so a goodly bit of death metal is mixed in there, usually used to highlight a more melodic part. The lyr-





ics are pretty grim, nihilistic, and mostly in English (these guys don't have any translation errors or broken English). This record is really well put together and I'm pretty impressed by this band. I think this might be their first record, at least I couldn't find evidence of other material on the Internet. (BL)
(Armoton / Running Man / Disconnection / Farlake Medical Center)

HOUSEHOLD – "Items" LP

This all-girl trio from Brooklyn, New York plays contemporary sounding angular indie. "Items" is their debut LP, though I hear they've just broken up? The guitar is really great and unique and gives the overall record the feel of a more polished sounding CHALK CIRCLE of today. The vocals though have a trading/minor-chord literalism to them in the vein of SLEATER-KINNEY or GRASS WIDOW, but I hope they'll take that in a good way! I think there is something here for most people with the aforementioned in their libraries, but the better hooks of "Our Song" grabbed my ear especially. In fact, I might recommend listening to the B-side first if this is your introduction to HOUSEHOLD. Hopefully this isn't the end and they'll have a new incarnation in *MRR*'s inbox sometime soon! (JS)
(Dull Knife)

HUMUS / NIS – split EP

No, not the Mexican psych-rock band or the tasty condiment (or maybe side dish? Whatever), but this Italian band is pretty fucking good. The HUMUS side is wall to wall fast and raw hardcore with a powerviolency feel, but with that very '80s sounding crustiness that European bands pull off better than bands in these parts. I imagine that the crusties get pretty moshy at HUMUS shows, I was definitely tapping my feet while listening and I'm pretty lazy. NIS is more of a classic Italian crust band with chugged-out rock 'n' roll riffs and a hint of death metal. There are a few voices doing vocals on the NIS side and I can't tell how many people sing but some songs have low guttural growls with call and response high pitched screams, but others have more of a hardcore yell. I like switching it up, it adds another element to it. And for the record I do know how to spell hummus. (BL)
(Wee Wee / Terrordiscodbuge / Undislessed / Sepolti Vivi)

HUMUS / TERROR FIRMER – split EP

HUMUS is fucking relentless thrashing fast-as-you-can-take-it-core. The vocals are throaty grating sometime a high ugly scream that sound like an angry goat, in a good way. The guitars are distorted but clean with some metal moments, mostly fastcore and all the fuck over the neck! The drums take a constant beating and pull you along at this break neck speed. There is one slow part on their side that get's pretty metal. Good stuff. TERROR FIRMER is right the fuck on with their, "DIY, fuck you" lyrics and the selling of their loved music… "Genocide of the Tragedy Clone Bands" how's that for a song title? Awesome. They even do a Siege cover! This is grindcore with hints of crusty thrash with some "tuca-tuca" and blast beat drums, and metallic, well distorted self-described "fastness Tornado" guitar. Breakdowns with some palm mutes and tom drum builds and some barky glass gargled vs. angry growling dog, dual vocals. The higher of the two kills me, so good. I wanna do guest vocals on this… This is a solid release from these Italian bands that would definitely go well with the crust and hardcore scenes from the Midwest, especially Minneapolis…actually I could see these dudes playing with PLF too. This is one of the few records that should have "play loud" on it. (MB)
(Undislessed / I Feel Good / Goodbye Mankind / Carta Abrasiva / Terrors of Yuggoth / Nuclear Alcoholocaust / Svoboda / Death Crush / C.O.P.S.(A). / Last Decay)

INSERVIBLES – LP

It's funny how the garage set really like this bands 7"s because this LP is definitely not garage… But it seems like the garage world and the punk world have something they definitely agree on, that this lo-fi ugly mess with some infectious riffage is catchy enough to hold the attention of varied and even opposite tastes. This is dark, nihilistic, noisy and ugly—*emphasis on ugly*. This record sounds more like a deconstructed HC record to me, not garage, like so many have said before. It's like this band is starting where mysterious guy HC wants desperately to be. Along side that, there is a blown out CONFUSE sound with enough INDIGESTI sounding melodic interludes veering into the areas of crossover breakdowns. The production is lo-fi, but still filled with discernable sound and direction. The guitar is crunchy and plodding, the drums are hell driven mid-tempo D-beat to faster latter incarnations of the same genre with super fast fills and some really wild, primal, mean beats. The vocals are echo effected, high pitched and throaty. I could see this band on the same bill as CRAZY SPIRIT—and wasting them... The lyrics are hate filled, desperate, dark and sad. There are samples and some crazy moments at the end of the record with some sped up and slowed down experimental soundscape noise that is thankfully not dependent on feedback like many HC records embarrassingly try to do… Barf… This record is fucking amazing. So, I have to talk about the cover. Yeah, it is gruesome. I can't speak for the band or Mexican punks, I don't claim to know all about the terrible situation of what is going on in Mexico except through my Mexican friends and family there, and frequent visits. When I was talking about how the cover seems complicated but still made many women I know uncomfortable, a dude in the room interjected with, "Well, isn't, like, the horrors of Mexico their thing?" Hmmm…based on what I understand, it isn't the INSERVIBLES "thing," it the real motherfucking deal. The INSERVIBLES can't choose their fans nor can they control how the cover is interpreted, but it would be nice to have some context to this or at least some translations to help people understand what the fuck it means. What I can say about the lyrics in conjunction with the cover, is that this is terror, anger, frustration, death, murder, torture lived. Amazing record, one of the best of the year. (MB)
(La Vida es un Mus / Shogun)

IT'S ON – "Resistar y Existir" EP

Straightedge hardcore from Monterey, Mexico that sounds like it draws from the early CHAMPION / MOUTHPIECE / CHAIN OF STRENGTH line of youth crew, in terms of semi-melodic and drawn out riffs, though this 7" is considerably less produced than any of those. I also like that this record is neither too formulaic to where you can predict the mosh breakdowns nor trying to be epic with the songs they're writing, and that the drummer struggles with the speed of his fills is also an unintentional nice touch in my book. Simple but effective wins the race. (DG)
(Commitment)

JET BLACK – "Escape Measures" LP

Warning! '90s flashback. This is a pretty straightforward grunge record with some elements of poppy punk floating around. The more aggressive songs tend to be the better ones with some catchy guitar hooks floating over the overdriven power chords. The slower, quieter songs tend to sound pretty dead on like later NIRVANA (if you're into that sort of thing). The catch here is that the vocalist, along with the vocal production, makes the band sound like later SOUNDGARDEN or STONE TEMPLE PILOTS. However it may all come together, you can be pretty sure that if this were 1991, JET BLACK would be swept up in the frenzy of major label signings. In fact it wouldn't be surprising if this band named itself after the song on the last JAWBREAKER album because like said album this band sounds like mediocre, overproduced JAWBREAKER. (PA)
(Dryland)

JOHN HENRY WEST – "Door Bolted Shut" LP+CD

This shouldn't be a sudden realization to anyone, but every era, generation, and microcosm of punk/hardcore has it's benchmark records that define the sound, attitude, and climate of what is going on in the moment and to me it's records like *Young Loud and Snotty, (GI), Jealous Again, Pick Your King, Loud and Clear, Dehumanization, My War, Can't Close My Eyes, You're Only Young Once…, Wind of Pain, Severing the Last Barred Window,* the TALK IS POISON 7"s, etc.—and I could go on for a while—that embody this…but I personally consider 1993's lone 7" from the Bay Area's JOHN HENRY WEST to be among them. Not only one of the best of *its* time, but to me, one of the best of *all-time*, so the review gods are a-smiling on me this month. Much like HEROIN, people like to throw around words like "emo" and "screamo" when referring to JHW, but that shit can be left at the door, 'cause this is hardcore, plain and simple. Hell, even with it's near complete lack of machismo, there are some parts in here that could be described as "hard" by some standard—and I just now noticed some riffs that were definitely copped by another popular Bay Area hardcore band from a few years back, that I won't name, but in hindsight, it makes perfect sense to me. JHW's songs were usually fast, incredibly driving, dynamic, pissed off, technical, noisy and often chaotic, with great tuneful chiming guitar melodies similar to Revolution Summer-era DC punk; A great light shining on my ideal sound for youth in the early 1990s. Front to back this record is like one guitar flourish, vocal pattern, and stomping intro after another that will no doubt get stuck in your head once these tunes get enough spins to become familiar. The vinyl part of this reish has the 7" on the A side, and the trax from the *3/12/93* and *A History of Compassion and Justice* 7" comps, plus two unreleased joints (!!!!!) on the flip. To be honest, I only bought this reish for the unreleased stuff, since I already had the rest, but that was before I knew about the accompanying 22-track CD, that has JOHN HENRY WEST's demo tape, seven live songs from their 50th/last show at Gilman, and nine songs from the band playing a radio sesh at WUSB on Long Island. The two new ones, "John Henry West" and "Ammunition Aired," fare perfectly well alongside songs that have been with me for the last eighteen years, and I can't help but listen to them one-by-one, several times in a row like they are in catch-up mode, before moving on. As for the CD, None of the songs

here are exclusive and are all better represented sonically on the releases and non-releases that are on the LP part of this package, but the Gilman set is definitely chock full of that reckless abandon and chaos that one would expect from this band in a live setting (sadly, I never got to see 'em), and similar can be said for the radio show, which ends with a short interview, all of which I'm stoked to have. I'm normally not one for reissues, but this package got the full glorious treatment that it was due and I can't recommend it highly enough to those unfamiliar with one of the all time greats, and *still* worth it for those in the know for the two new tracks alone. (JU)
(Ebullition)

KAUNEUS & TERVEYS – "Puhtaus & Hygienia" EP

Oddly enough, I was just having a discussion with someone about Finnish hardcore yesterday and I realized that this was a unique genre that is unfortunately a bit of an Achilles-heel for me, as I am not familiar with it as much as I should be (and would like to be). In general when I have heard it, I either love it or hate it. It's either to thrashy and noisy for my tastes, or catchy as hell!! This little 7" is a brand new one that is the first release in over fifteen years from this Finnish punk band that formed way back in 1983, and it's really good! The two songs on the A-side are what I associate with Finnish punk/hardcore – fast and hard, similar to GBH which is great in my opinion! The B-side is a radical departure from that and more of a mid-tempo and melodic gem that almost sounded like it could have been a SOCIAL DISTORTION song when it started. So overall I get the best of both worlds on this one! Fast catchy punk *and* some slower and melodic punk rock'n'roll, both of which are done well. For some, that might be a bummer. But I liked it! You can order this directly from the band at the email address iat the end of the record reviews... (ML)
(Urban Gorilla)

KEITH RICHARDS OVERDOSE – LP

Competently played punk rock n roll featuring a member of THE HATEPINKS. Blown out rock n roll riffs, more rock than punk but that doesn't mean it doesn't have quite a bit of energy. This falls right in line with what the band name would lead you to think you'd hear. If this type of jam is your bag, then this won't disappoint. (P$)
(Scanner)

KILL LIFE W/ MIKE IX – "D.E.A. (Dead End America)" flexi

One-song one-sided 7" flexi from this band featuring Mike IX—aka Mike Williams of EYEHATEGOD—on vocals. The tune alternates between a slow, almost mosh-y chug, and near-grinding faster blast part, remaining heavy and metallic throughout. Nothing special but competent, well produced, and on par with a lot of bands on A389. (JU)
(A389)

KVOTERINGEN – "Storfinanasen" EP

New four track crusher by these Swedes demonstrating that they have mastered this style of hardcore. If you are familiar with the band, I am sure you have already sought this out or are on your way to do so. Great hardcore with moments of long haired wanking but not so much of it that it gets annoying. Overall a good one here folks. (MS)
(De Nihil)

LAUTSTÜRMER – "Man Föds, Stämplar In, Och Hoppas Att Man Inte Blir Särskillt Gammal" EP

Consisting of former and current members of DRILLER KILLER, this Malmö based three piece feature a similar combination of rock riffs over fast hardcore that originates within, but quickly strays from the confines of basic D-beat formula. Think DRILLER KILLER, later ANTI-CIMEX or even elements of the guitar wail and wank of SKITKIDS. It's predictably solid with basic punky lyrics sung in English but nowhere near as fun or interesting as the B-side, which is sung in Swedish. Rife with a bit more melody, quick, looser blasting is seemingly seconds away from dissolving into total chaos, as choruses and amped hardcore charge swerve all over the road. (KS)
(Not Enough)

THE LEEVES – CD

E-fucking-gad. An 80 minute CD? Are you serious? The last 80 minute CD I enjoyed was *Fishscale* by GHOSTFACE KILLAH, and I haven't wanted to listen to that in about three years. What was I talking bout? The LEEVES play pop punk with a strange combination of influences. Perhaps most notably is their overall very subdued sound. No one plays super hard, though all of the parts are played well. The drums are good, but not showy or annoying, and the guitar has a very clean tone with a healthy dose of reverb. I actually like this kind of guitar tone (see my review of the COUSIN BRIAN 7" from a few months back). These geeks use it to switch from old school soul style picking to mid-tempo strumming and then even to a reggae number without making me so much as blink. The singer sounds as if he's trying to sound like ROBERT SMITH. This is pretty good, but it's way too bloated to be recommendable without a caution to the buyer. 7"s rule, OK? Put one of those out next time, ya dorks. (LP)
(self-released)

LEGION 666 – "The Final Days" LP

I'm not down with this overly simplistic crust or whatever this band is trying to do. If the band were formulaic, that would be a good thing. This is more like a street punk band trying to figure out HIS HERO IS GONE riffs and failing. Here's some lyrics: "the gray bares no wisdom as you constantly flirt into the red / poor judgment and vision makes for a turbulent road up ahead / egotistically deafened by the dissonant sound of your voice / as the inexplicably loyal had never a chance to rejoice." And this is all in the first song. The second song, funnily enough, is titled "It Just Gets Worse." And it does. (BL)
(Schizophrenic)

LENTIC WATERS – "Lentic Waters" LP

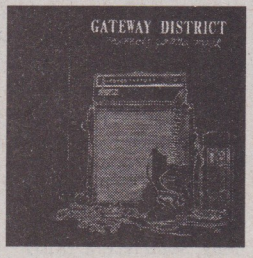
Heavy hardcore that's aiming for HIS HERO IS GONE or ACME but kind of collapses under the weight of its own pretentiousness. It's not terrible, but the entire presentation of this band is so mired in the late '90s emo style of cryptic symbols, unnecessary electronic parts and instrumentals that I lost interest pretty quickly. I didn't like this kind of stuff then, and it just sounds dated now. (AU)
(Apocaplexy / React With Protest / IFB)

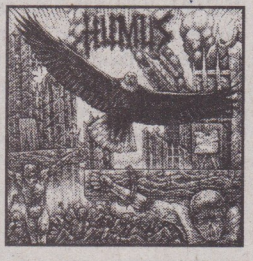
LIQUOR STORE / ------ – split EP

The police have instructed me that one half of this split 7" has done a record for Scion, so I'm literally risking my life by writing this for you, the people. Liquor Store are apparently unemployable by multinational car companies, thus allowing their inclusion in this month's holy scroll. You might have noticed their 2xLP from earlier this year: a guitar-forward good time release that just might qualify as City Punk, should such a thing exist (it doesn't). It's always party time with LIQUOR STORE and "Crack Mountain," a catchy, sketchy and fairly fun romp about smoking crack with your bros, is no different. Don't know what the flip sounds like. Or do I? It's all soooooo mysterious. (MC)
(Almost Ready)

LOST TRIBE – 12"

Danish legends ADS meets Johann Sebastian Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D minor." OK, that's a little elaborate, but there is some very forward synth organ on these tracks and there is a definite ADS styled goth punk sound here. Flange on very interesting bass lines, clean yet slightly distorted guitars reminiscent of DANIEL ASH but with *definite* punk sensibilities. The drums are solid and mid-tempo. The vocals are deep and throaty which work





within a small range, but fit the music. The organ is cool, ads to the tracks with some amazing moments. There are a few shaky parts, but this is absolutely the best use of a synth I have heard within this new crop of goth and darkwave stuff. The music is deceptively simple and plodding with some hidden noodling that will hit your subconscious. There is a definite sound of restraint here, which makes me wonder how far these guys could actually take this—these guys are punks and you can hear that they have probably been playing in some pretty chaotic fast punk bands and I think that they could really take this to the next level. Also this is served up in a black on black gatefold which folds out to a rather spooky cemetery drawing. They certainly have the esthetics down... For lovers of goth shit like me who dig DANSE SOCIETY, CITY-X, MUSTA PAARATI, the *Totem* documentary and similar sounds, you will probably dig this. These guys could play with ARCTIC FLOWERS, BELLICOSE MINDS or BELGRADO and have the floor dancing in no time. I could pull taffy to this all night long. Solid record. (MB)
(Blind Prophet)

LOW LIFE – "Sydney Darbs" EP

What do you get when you cross the snottiness of late '70s New York punk like ALAN MILMAN SECT with the drugged out feel of PINK REASON and the psychedelic side of the MEN? This band has been classified as "dense no wave" or something, whatever that means. No lyrics included, but I assure you they have an underlying message that everything you stand for is bullshit (including human existence in general) and the "I don't know what this you just put in my hand, but if it makes me feel better than this, I'll ingest it" type attitude. Wish they had sent a reviewer copy. I'm not the kind of gal who is usually riding the hipster train of bands from Australia or on the rails of non-reissue bands that Goner is slingin'—but I'd get on it for this because it sounds like my favorite late '70s snot-punk on acid. (AE)
(Negative Guest List)

LOW PLACES – "Spiritual Treatment" LP

Heavy. Like tuned down uber heavy doom. Well the first song anyway. Actually I like it better at 33 rpm. Then we have some speed thrash gorecore with a hardcore singer, then back to the heavy stuff, this time with vocals. To me, they sound better doing the H-E-A-V-Y thing than the *fast*, and the singer is pretty one-dimensional. The singer is actually bumming me out because there are some real compelling depths to this recording, but the incidental vocals reduce everything into this bored sameness. I keep flipping back between 33 rpm, and it's way better as headcrushing slow doom, especially when I don't have to hear the singer. Includes big foldout poster of the cover art. (GB)
(A389)

MAGNICIDE – "Senseless Despair" EP

Fukking grind from halfway around the world. Fans of fastcore and record nerds know that rad shit is happening in the punk scenes of the island countries of Southeast Asia, but the place is under-appreciated by the international punk community outside of Australia and Japan. MAGNICIDE is one of those bands that few people in the US know about but make the Signapore scene so potent right now. The music is fast and brutal but more in the PLF or maybe MAMMOTH GRINDER vein than INSECT WARFARE. They throw in some metal riffage break it down a little to change things up. I'm stoked to see a physical copy of this band's music and I'm eagerly awaiting the split with BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA because I want more. (BL)
(Slap Bet)

MALL'D TO DEATH – "The Process of Reaching Out" EP

Everything about this record screams "1990s!!" Short, energetic pop-punk songs with gruff vocals covering subjects ranging from friends to video games to spray painting walls. It reminds me of a cross between the NOBODYS (minus the porn), FALLING SICKNESS (minus the ska) and early Recess records bands. If that's your thing, don't waste any time tracking this down. (GH)
(It's Alive)

THE MARK SPARKLES – "Butterflies And Death" LP

This record sounds so flat and dead that I'm having trouble getting beyond that. This problem is not helped by the fact that the guitar and bass tones are just not that interesting. The songs are kinda strange, poppy, melodic tunes, and I'd be interested to hear them live or on a better recording. As I am completely at a loss as to who to compare this band to, perhaps you should see them if they come to your town, especially if you like melodic punk with a tinge of rock that has dueling vocals and eclectic sensibilities. (LP)
(Abandon Hope)

MATTIN – "Exquisite Corpse" LP

Recorded in a style similar to the paper play game the record is named after, with the musicians making music with nothing to guide them but Mattin's lyrics. The first BILLY BAO records I heard really affected me, the relentlessness and disgust were total, like the best HC 45s, but I think the conceptuality of his records sometimes gets in the way of my enjoyment of them. But then, what music isn't conceptual, everything is constructed/intentional... *Exquisite Corpse* was put together in sections and it sounds that way, it's not like paint dripping down a wall boredom by any stretch, but the parts that aren't compelling are made more apparent by the difference between them and the songs that do work. The guitar sound is particularly cool, having a sort of treble/nasal tone that brings to mind the more fucked up end of anarcho punk, NICK BLINKO or even "Poptones." All of the musicians are clearly great at what they do, there are people from various noise combos, the kind of people who could probably make a living playing session drums or whatever along with sometime *MRR* columnist Kevin of PINK REASON. What really kills it for me are the vocals, they are emotional in a way that seems like a put on, like listening to a whiny manarchist hitting on one of your friends. It is not that intriguing. It seems like a sound that's simultaneously calling for the end of yet is also celebrating rock'n'roll would be more compelling than this, like if they mean it about abandoning the galleries for the streets how come you can't feel the concrete? I guess this was supposed to come out three years ago, but the US record label dropped the ball, so now it's limited to 150 on a Euro label. Act fast! (LG)
(Azul / Ozono Kids)

THE MAXIES – "Going Clubbing" EP

"Be JetBlue until you shit your pants tonight" is that a reference to that tense feeling everyone had who watched that JetBlue plane land at LAX with a broken wheel on live news back in 2005? Anyone else remember that?! Not to over simplify here but, this is pretty basic, dumb, pop-punk à la the VANDALS. If you like dumb shit, you'll love this. (GG)
(It's Alive)

MIDLIFE CRISIS – "Here I Go Here I Am" EP

The folks in charge of assigning review responsibilities here at *MRR* Corporate HQ are a very clever bunch, indeed. But you are probably more interested in hearing about the record than our internal politics. This is straightforward, catchy/melodic punk rock. It's got great hooks and is well recorded. There are four cuts, including two covers. One I recognized (DMZ), the other I didn't (FOUR MANDARINS). Of course, bands like to be clever like that. (DJs like to be clever in similar ways.) Overall this is very solid, though it's got a little too much extracurricular guitar work for my personal taste. (KK)
(Bootleg Booze)

MIGRAINE – "Four Humors" EP

The Bay Area's MIGRAINE are something of a mystery to me. Although I've seen em a handful of times, I can never remember exactly what they sound like. So I'm glad to hear this release, which is really good. There's elements of grind, powerviolence, American hardcore, and guitar-based noise, all stirred into an ugly and discordant stew. It sure ain't pretty and there are no hooks to play over in your head afterwards. But after listening to this a couple times, I'm convinced that's the point. Add to it a hilarious and very Bay-Area manifesto penned by the ever-clever Brutal Sean and you have a winner. Strictly 4 tha freaks. (JH)
(Lengua Armada))

MIND AS PRISON – "Ramifications" EP

Solid grindcore with hardcore and death metal leanings. This threesome really mixes up the sounds but is always heavy. Each track stands on its own. It's a rare feet for a grindcore band to write memorable songs and MIND OF PRISON has done just that. (MH)
(To Live A Lie)

MINDSNARE / RINGWORM – split EP

I haven't really kept up with post *The Promise* RINGWORM, this is a little more modern sounding, which makes sense as it has been what, almost two decades since that LP came out? Really though this is the still pretty ripping metallic hardcore that owes a debt to SLAYER in their riffing style, and Human Furnace's vocals are still hard to beat for total caustic paint peeling brutality. Are these guys still on Victory? Weird. I have been wanting to hear MINDSNARE for a while, pretty good pairing as they also take a page or two out of the old school thrash metal playbook, the vocals kind of alternate between a BLAINE style snarl, and late '80s ROGER MIRET style. Some of the some of the more basic mosh metal breakdowns leave me a little cold, but they're pretty brief and the fast parts are fucking gnarly so it's cool. Comes packaged with a comic done in a sort of EC style, by Human Furnace where someone buys the record goes home and plays it and unleashes a skeleton with a pyramid on it's head, which is on fire, and um, a dude in a gasmask I guess, oh shit it's a zombie ok, to do her bidding and terrorize some kooks that made fun of her, one of whom is wearing a Victory Records shirt. (AH)
(A389)

THE MOBBS – "It's the Mobbs" CD

This band is a bluesy garage-rock power trio from Northampton who are going to have to go to greater lengths in order to avoid comparisons to THEE HEADCOATS. If anything, they seem to be actively courting the comparison to an almost embarrassing extent. The main difference is that this CD sounds altogether too polished to be truly CHILDISH. That said, some of the songs are great, particularly "Old Square Eyes," which betrays a sixties influence not a million miles away from the likes of the BUFF MEDWAYS. If you're so desperate for more of the Medway sound that you're willing to search as far afield as the East Midlands, the MOBBS might just be your cup of tea. (AM)
(BB Rex)

THE MONSTERS – "...Pop Up Yours!" CD

The MONSTERS have been at it since 1986 and I am happy to say they still have it. This is an amazing record of catchy and wild garage rock. Even though the band has changed over the years, it still features LIGHTNING BEAT-MAN. I am glad to see he has given up (at least for now) on his religious conversion and is back to his evil, manic dementia. The vocals are delivered at full force with loads of attitude. Even on the slow SERGE GAINSBOURG-esque ballad "Ce Soir" there is something sinister going on. The musicians are fantastic too. "Blow Um Mau Mau" is one of the best garage songs I have heard all year. It has a really catchy rhythm, punchy guitars, pounding drums and nonsensical lyrics complete with screaming. I can't stop playing it. (CK)
(Voodoo Rhythm)

MOON EATER – "The Radical Rock And Roll Sounds Of..." EP

Rawk-punk of the late '90s variety. Think about shit like SUPERSUCKERS or GAZA STRIPPERS and that ilk and you've essentially got MOON EATER. The goofy plastic eyeballs affixed to the sleeve also present a filing difficulty, as I fear they'd damage the sleeve of the record immediately in front of it. So, in short, this band has ruined everything. (MC)
(Moon Eater)

MOTORJOKE — "1983-1993" 2xCD

I had never heard of MOTORJOKE before receiving this CD, so I looked to the Internet for some answers about their origins. They formed in 1982 in Sweden and featured members of the band KRUNCH. During their existence, they put out two LPs and one EP. From what I can gather (all liner notes and information are in Swedish), this double CD collects all of their released output, as well as a few demo tracks and a live performance. As I was putting in the first disc, I was hoping to stumble across some elusive Scandinavian LOST KIDS-like punk that had been lost to the ages. Well, that's not the case, but I kept my mind open to the possibility that there could still be a gem hiding in here somewhere. After one disc of this, I decided that I was wrong. The early tracks here are fast and energetic, yet they tend to veer towards prog and cock rock guitar solos. The dramatic vocals are overbearing and appear as if they are yearning for mainstream radio airplay. Maybe they are singing about anarchist ideals in a mainstream manner, not unlike CHUMBAWAMBA? I can't tell since they are not singing in English. I highly doubt it since one of their two songs in English contains the lines "They control your momma. Your ass. Your cock. Don't be a gay." Whereas disc one was bearable in the "this might be okay as the background music while I am hanging out with a friend" kind of way, disc two is just fucking abysmal. Totally bad '80s proggy radio rock that is like a cross between a Swedish TUBES and 1980's era KING CRIMSON. As the disc goes on, the music just gets worse and worse and sounds like 1990s era RESIDENTS taking a shit on PRIMUS and NED'S ATOMIC DUSTBIN! There are fucking bongos! *Bongos!* I can't make it through any of their five minute songs! This is so terrible!! If you are into any of that stuff mentioned above, this may be your new favorite band, but I have a serious question for you: Why are you reading this magazine? This CD is already in my free box. (GH)
(Massproduktion)

MOUNT LOGAN – "Damn Where Are the Major Label Deals We Would Refuse?" EP

This must be some secret running joke at *MRR* to give me the all these types of releases to review. This must be the fourth or fifth month in a row I've gotten a record to review in the SHELLAC/JESUS LIZARD/OXBOW vein. MOUNT LOGAN is another band that are reviving that early '90s pummeling minimalist rock sound. They even have a similar guitar tone to SHELLAC. This is instrumental and has ever slight math rock leanings. Reminds me a little of a minimalist OXXES. I'm not sure I need to hear more of this sound but this isn't bad. (MH)
(Mount Logan)

MÜLLTÜTE – "Du Bist Kein Punk" EP

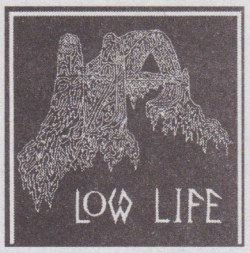
For a two person band these guys kick up quite a racket, kind of a mid tempo pre hardcore sound but played really fucked up and noisy, constant feedback sort of like somebody running early LA Hardcore through an almost noise punk filter. Really catchy shit, but with enough ugliness to separate from the retro pack. Good shit. (AH)
(Irrk Products)

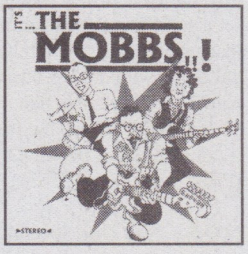
MUNDO MUERTO – "Entre El Kaos" LP

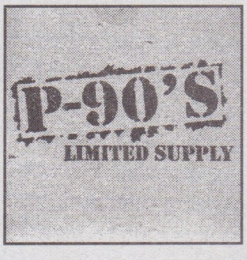
Certified rager. I'll spare you, the faithful reader, an onslaught of buzzwords, because this is just a fantastic LP. The *Zona Especial Norte* influence is definitely still present, but this time around everything is more dynamic. The riffs are more developed, there are a couple mid-paced songs ("Sobrevivir" absolutely kills), and then there are tracks where these guys and gal are playing much faster than on the first EP or 12" ("Enganados"). In this day and age, when most bands fit snugly into a subgenre, it's refreshing to hear a record that is just unapologetically punk. Drink deep, then drop the needle on this LP and you'll be throwing yourself around the room in no time. (KM)
(Konton Crasher / Charged//Distorted)

MY RIFLE – "Fall on Your Sword" EP

I had genuine anticipation in the last few months to hear this new band, as it features Jason O'Toole from the god-like LIFE'S BLOOD on vocals, and other band members who have been in other legendary NYHC groups like OUR GANG, ABSOLUTION, and SUPERTOUCH. LIFE'S BLOOD is easily one of my favorite bands of all time, and I would fistfight anyone who didn't agree that they belong in the highest canon for that era of the late '80s hardcore, so I listened to this with both curious excitement and a bit of apprehension; the trepidation was there because I was afraid this would destroy my almost mythical image of LIFE'S BLOOD as Jason has notoriously departed to the conservative side of things in his worldview, has become a police officer, and let's face it, is in a band named "My Rifle." But I also wanted to be realistic and objective while checking this out; if I were to impulsively disregard a person for opinions different than mine, I would be no better than those I despise. Also, this is not a freakin' reunion of LIFE'S BLOOD or any of the bands that any of these guys belonged to at one time or another, and that's what makes this worthy—it's original and contemporary and not cashing in on nostalgic revival sentimentality. And it's totally fitting that this is on Wardance records, because it has a Wardance type of heavy sound that flirts the boundaries between pure hardcore and metal (but never quite going over the borderline). The lyrics are slightly cryptic in a religious sense, sort of a questioning of beliefs with a particular angry sense of conviction as well, but gone is the compassion of "Left Out on the Ice to Die." Jason's vocals sound very different these days, too, but not in a bad way, just a bit more gruff and intense. Musically MY RIFLE comes off a bit like ABSOLUTION or SUPERTOUCH, with mesmerizing, rocking guitar work soaring over a crashing drumbeat that grabs







something inside you. So don't come into this looking for the same stuff that made all these aforementioned bands so awesome, but check this out for some powerful contemporary hardcore that totally holds its own today. (BG)
(Wardance)

NIGHTMARE BOYZZZ – "Say What You Mean" EP

Looking at the bunch of ruffians on the front cover of this EP I didn't expect such a warm, soft and inviting sound. Consider the EP to be summer, captured in musical form! Less of a nightmare and more of a pleasant dream that'd suck to be roused from, they sounds like the TEENAGE COOL KIDS coming of age and learning the appropriate use of a keyboard, which are all good things I'd like to add! Pleasant surprise of this month. (GG)
(AKRAM)

NOOTHGRUSH – CD

NOOTHGRUSH are veterans of the sludge and doom metal scene, having formed in the 1990s, and have recently played several rare shows. They're kind of a big deal in the Bay Area because they helped set a solid foundation for the large crust metal scene that's still going strong in Oakland today. They even did a split with the legendary CORRUPTED from Japan. This CD sounds like a faster version of SLEEP with melodic vocals, but it's not boring. Pick this up if you're a fan of BRAINOIL or DYSTOPIA. (AE)
(Fuck Yoga)

N.O.S. – "No One Special" LP

Wow, you learn something new every day. N.O.S. (No One Special) were a mid-to-late '80s Hardcore outfit from Arizona, and this LP compiles their (three) demo tapes from 1986, 1987 and 1988. The enclosed poster insert has a collage of fliers and photos, and you can see a who's who of touring bands they opened for on their Arizona tour stops, including '80s HC and Nardcore greats alike: RKL, DR KNOW, D.I., the ACCUSED, SUICIDAL TENDENCIES and into the SXE era with INSTED and LAST OPTION. Judging by the music here, it's no surprise they were the chosen openers, they're a solid competent hardcore/thrash outfit, great pissed off singer and dirty sounding '80s hardcore punk rock. This copy is on red wax, apparently limited to 200-ish copies. I wish all the no-name late '80s hardcore bands I heard sounded this good. (GB)
(Punk)

NUCLEAR SANTA CLAUST – "Crypt Analyst" EP

From the land of toxic waste, New Jersey. It's mid-tempo punk with RAMONES style buzzsaw guitar and deep deadpan male vocals. The riffs aren't bad but a little typical and boring. I wish they would pick it up a notch. There's songs about commies. Can't tell if they love'em or hate'em. The most interesting lyrics are about the whole moon landing being faked as a government plot. Sorta like that old OJ Simpson movie "Capricorn One" Maybe they're getting some good paranoia inducing drugs there in Jersey. (RO)
(Don Giovanni)

OD VRATOT NADOLU – "Ziva" CD

Fuck, I like this band but I don't know how to even type their name out on this keyboard, it's in a language I don't know with a few letters that are a complete mystery to me. OD VRATOT NADOLU is the Internet's suggestion for spelling the name with the alphabet I learned in school, so I hope that helps… how the fuck do you say that? Whatever, this band is fucking rad. I'm pretty sure that this is just a drummer and a bass player but they are crushing it. The music is weird and slow hardcore/powerviolence in the vein of MAN IS THE BASTARD's sludgy stuff. The bass tone is huge, blasted out, and ugly, played aggressively and backed up by relentless drumming. The recording is a little raw and low-fi and sounds punk as fuck without trading crustiness for presence. If you have a DYSTOPIA patch on your fucking vest, you have to like this record. (BL)
(Fuck Yoga / Superfi / Insulin Addicted)

OVER THE TOP / TERLARANG – split EP

OVER THE TOP, from Germany fit their name. They play over the top, tight, goofy thrash with twists and turns in every track. The lyrics are in German so I have no idea what they are singing about but it sounds like the band is having a blast. Even the music, despite being hardcore thrash sounds fun. TERLARANG are from Malaysia and play chaotic, sloppy thrash. They sound a bit thin, as if they are using a super small cheap guitar amp, which I like, it gives them a hardcore sound. A fun bit of thrash that's worth a listen. (MH)
(Black Trash / Beat the Meat/Suburban White Trash)

OXBAKER / SICK/TIRED – split EP

SICK/TIRED are one of my current grindcore favorites. On this track they throw in more slow moments and aren't always in all-go mode. It's not only longer than usual for them but has lots of feedback and almost a BUZZOVEN sound at times. But just when you think it's a slow head-nodding track they blast away. I love this song. OXBAKER play straight forward hardcore with duel vocalists. I've already forgotten their tracks. (MH)
(Schizophrenic)

P-90s – "Limited Supply" CD

Decent rootsy punky rock and roll here. This kind of reminds me of early LONE JUSTICE with a dash of JOAN JETT. In the late '80s this would have been a college radio smash on the Enigma label. Six songs on this EP loosely produced by a SOUTHERN CULTURE ON THE SKIDS member. (RL)
(self-released)

THE PACIFICS – "Play Favorites" EP

I haven't heard a band do traditional beat-influenced garage punk this well in quite some time. The PACIFICS burn through a few immediately familiar tunes in a fashion similar to the MILKSHAKES: high energy, fuzzy production, capable but not showy. While nothing that's gonna set the world on fire, this is a whole hell of a lot more fun to listen to than anything released by the glut of half-assed, Flying Nun influenced waif asshole bands plaguing the landscape these days. (MC)
(Bachelor)

PANIKOS – "Awakening From Lethargy" LP

It's been over ten years since their last release. This is too punk to be your typical black metal crust punk band. You can actually sing along to these choruses. The way punk and metal is blended here is catchy and extremely well done. PANIKOS are Greek punk metal with anarchist politics and lyrics that convey the hope that individual action can change our desperate circumstances. Ironic that this band comes from one of the most hopeless EU countries and still believes in anarchist ideals—a cruel lesson to other apathetic Western punks. This record is solid metal punk in the vein of HELLSHOCK and reminiscent of AXEWEILD and AMEBIX at times. I respect the fuck out of this band. Not only are they talented, were able to put out an LP without a bad song, but their lyrics aren't vapid and generic. This band holds their own. (AE) (SPHC)
(SPHC)

PAPER BAGS – "Prick" EP

Four tracks of classic sounding bay area punk rock. Its got that Killed By Death vibe whilst adding a touch of early '80s LA. The production is nice and dirty without being lo-fi, whilst managing to stay tight without coming of as sterile. It's got those all important hooks, the killer riffs and more attitude than SID VICIOUS in detox. If you dig the BAGS, NORMALS and ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS you will be digging this. Nice. (SD)
(self-released)

PARANTOLA / STIGGAN ANDERSSON – split LP

Having never heard of either of these bands and seeing a rather unassuming cover staring at me while I threw this on the turntable, my expectations were not too high. But god damn, what a pleasant surprise this record is! While not sounding similar to each other, both bands uniquely incorporate elements of '77 punk, UK82, and of course classic Finnish punk in the realm of TERVEET KÄDET or RATSIA. Both bands contain impressive guitar work and rhythm sections, and the singers each have a touch melody under the growl and snarl. Ultimately this album probably won't be listed on some future canon of essential Finnish punk with the legends listed above, but it's totally worth checking out nonetheless. (BG)
(Roku)

PART TIME CHRISTIANS – "Rock and Roll is Disco" CD

I heard but don't think I ever saw these Concord hardcore heroes in the '80s. I didn't remember them having so many songs about bowling. Taang gives them a deluxe career retrospective. You get their 1984 Alternative Tentacles EP that I remember seeing in every dollar bin for awhile. It's heavy metal parody funny hardcore with a rap song and some noisier FLIPPER / BUTTHOLE SURFERS style stuff. I prefer the stuff on their 1983 demo included here, which is less slick and more punk. Unfortunately this stuff sounds real dated now, but it's a throwback to a time in the Bay Area when you'd laugh and have a great time watching bands like this while drinking lots of cheap beer. To their credit, they were doing this stuff before many more famous bands took up this style. There's also an EP from 2008 on here that's god awful. (RO)
(Taang!)

PASSIVE AGGRESSOR – "Buyer's Remorse" EP

I've noticed a few bands lately that have been playing a slow, driving, power chord heavy grunge that brings back to mind stuff like the JESUS LIZARD or AmRep bands from back in the '90s. That original era was sort of an outgrowth of the hardcore scene, an outlet for people more into drug numbness

and a penchant for delivering heaviness without the attachment of chest-flexing machismo. PASSIVE AGGRESSOR embodies this influence, mixing it with Ginn-like guitar obsession and a dose of punk nihilism, creating a sonic landscape of a dying culture. Three tracks on clear wax and a cool silk screen cover. A bit of fresh air. (BG)
(16OH / Video Disease)

PASSIV DÖDSHJÄLP – "Fasader" CD

Another Swedish entry into the fairly uninteresting genre of polished crustcore. While these guys are certainly adept musically, the production is too squeaky clean for my taste. Most listeners would probably say this is a raging record incorporating elements of metal, hardcore, D-beat and crust, but I can't get into it for the same reasons I'm not into DISFEAR or MARTYRDÖD. PASSIV DÖDSHJÄLP is too talented and I don't buy the anger one bit. Yep, I'm punishing people for being skilled musicians. The clincher is the drum sound, which recalls numerous nu-metal bands better forgotten. This is music best suited for big clubs with expensive sound-systems and shitty light shows. (KM)
(Halvfabrikat)

PERIPHERIQUE EST – "EP1" EP

Three tracks of super bouncy '79 inspired punk rock. These French cats have the chops and the talent to pull the style of without coming of as total clones or clowns. Super catchy punk rock that packs a whopping knock out punch in the energy department. Opting for a clean production that totally compliments their sound, while still maintaining a nice touch of grit and spit. A nice touch of glam manages to slip effortlessly in to there sound, whilst still keeping that jagged '79 edge. I'm digging. For fans of GUIDA, the STATUES and the BUZZCOCKS. (SD)
(Close Up)

PERIPHERIQUE EST – "EP2" EP

This Belgian beat combo have been doing the rounds for a few years now, releasing an LP in 2010 as well as a couple of demo collections. This three-song EP finds them in fine form: tight, fast and as addictive as frites with mayonnaise. No clue what they're singing about as my high school French left me with the ability to order a coffee with milk and not much more, but it sure *sounds* cool in that accent. Poppy garage with powerpop/new-wave (nouvelle vague?) hooks galore. Gotta be worth cinq euro of anyone's money. (AM)
(Close Up)

PER PURPOSE – "Implicating More Than One" LP

This is some wildly busy music. If you try to listen to each instrument individually, it seems as if each is off playing its own thing. Yet when you just sit back and try to take it all in, it just comes together. The bass guitar features prominently reminding me of the MINUTEMEN. The singer has a flat, somewhat monotonous voice. However, his vocals work well with the busyness of the music. It is not outright melodic, but when the songs get going there is a definite groove. This is really interesting stuff. (CK)
(Bedroom Suck)

PICPOCKET – "EP" CD

How much do you like East-Bay pop punk? PICPOCKET like it quite a bit. Find yourself transported back to a time when ska wasn't a four letter word (Like what I did there? That one's free.) and the melodies where plentiful. These guys aren't the second coming of OP IVY, or even the second coming of RANCID, but it's nice to see that someone is still doing that style with gusto (and competently). Thirteen year old me is moshing. (LP)
(self-released, no contact info)

PISS N' BLOOD – "F.T.W." CD

Damn. I am pleasantly surprised by PISS N' BLOOD! I have to be honest and admit that I wasn't expecting much from a somewhat cliché looking CD package. But you know what? In this case all the clichés are perfect and work in this band's favor! Nothing on this is particularly unique or original, but it's done perfectly! There isn't a lot of info with the actual CD, but they have a great web-site and from what I see on there, they're from Orange County, CA (which makes total sense now, listening to this) and while none of the members have been in any notable bands from what I can tell, they've all been in a slew of bands. So obviously, they've put in the time to be this good! The strongest comparison that I can make on a lot of the songs is that they really, really remind me of FORGOTTEN REBELS, both musically and lyrically and especially vocally!! I'm not sure how many FORGOTTEN REBELS fans are out there anymore, but growing up in Canada and getting into punk in the '80s, FORGOTTEN REBELS were one of my favorites!! (ML)
(self-released)

POOR CHOICE – "Teenage Love is Beautiful" EP

A fabulous case of misdirection; after glancing at the cover (featuring a drawing of a couple of kids playing D&D in a bedroom with a KISS poster on the wall) I thought this was going to be a poppy throwaway record. Oh how I was wrong. This Chicago band plays some truly pissed off hardcore that definitely has mass appeal. It's fast and a bit raw, and the vocals are a little distorted, but it's also fucking tough in the best possible way. The breakdowns are downright violent and not blatant or overindulgent. It doesn't matter if you're into youth crew, thrash, or raw punk; if you have a pulse, this record will make your blood boil. (KM)
(Eat The Life)

POP. 1280 – "Thirteen Steps/Dead Hand"

Getting hit over the head with the words and riffs to one spin of "Thirteen Steps" is the sort of repetition that leaves you indifferent. New York art-school-drop-out-wave that sounds like alternative rock with the lurching intentional swagger of an adolescent that wants to look cool but hasn't grow into his shoes. The grunge style distortion of the guitar doesn't really flatter the music but if you're in art school, and you're on acid this has your name on it. (P$)
(Blind Prophet)

POST TEENS – "Bleached Heads" EP

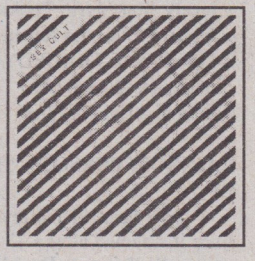
Well, this is not what I would expect to hear from a band made up of people from ASSHOLE PARADE and TORCHE among others. Being thrown off musically like this is pretty rad. You expect one thing, then when its not only completely different, but also actually still good, it fucking rules. I'll refer to this as wasteoid/stoner rock'n'roll, not to be confused with stoner rock or stoner metal. If the MARKED MEN sounded more like the REDS and wrote songs about hating people and getting fucked-up, they would sound like POST TEENS. I'd also like to point out that these six songs are over and done with in about six minutes. Fuck yeah. (BD)
(Sound Study)

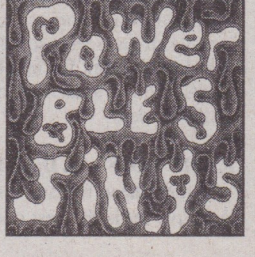
POWER BLESSINGS – "Stunt Whale" EP

I'm getting a thick-necked, solid, Chicago vibe from this band, tempered by some DC earnestness, even though they're from western Mass. In sound and delivery the first comparison that came to mind was early NAKED RAYGUN, but the structure of the songs and a lot of the guitar work suggests the influence of RITES OF SPRING, EMBRACE, and maybe even HOOVER or MOSS ICON. Overall a pretty great four-song taster for what is hopefully more to come. Would love to see them play with a band like GIVE from DC, another band carrying the banner for *good* emo-influenced hardcore. (AM)
(Manhattan Chemical and Electronic)

PRETTY WORMS / PLASTIC FURS – split EP

Two bands from Salt Lake City playing some new wave, elec-





tro, modern rock. The production is very professional and clean, but there is something just a bit off center about this that is piquing my attention. PRETTY WORMS' singer has a nice voice that projects with echo-y standoffishness. It is cold and calculating, but it still manages to draw you in. PLASTIC FURS lead with guitar, but then go off on a similar path as PRETTY WORMS. Both songs are catchy and although this would never be the first record I'd pull out to listen to, I would probably throw it on every now and then to mix stuff up. Not like anything else I have been hearing lately and that is always a good thing. Extra points for ending each side with a locked groove. (CK)
(8ctopus)

PRETTY WORMS – "Acid" EP

This hits a lot of noise hallmarks, lock grooves, backwards playing side, untitled song, super limited run, but it's just kind of shitty. Maybe it's just too chilled out for me? The first side sounds like NEON BLUD if they tried to sound like the DANDY WARHOLS (bad idea). And then the second side, will this even make sense? In a way it sounds like later era DEFTONES jamming with early era JEFFERSON AIRPLANE and then slowing it the fuck down. There's a chunk on the second side where there is this rad squall wall of sound where everything comes on full force but then it stops and just starts sucking again. The best thing about this is the lock grooves. There's like six of them. (MM)
(8ctopus)

PROTESTANT – "Stalemate" 10"

Milwaukee dark heavy crust. Leans more on the hardcore side than metal, which this genre has a tendency to dip into. Desperate lyrics. Comes with a nicely done lyric booklet as well as a recycled chipboard fold-over screen-printed cover. If you like BACCHUS or TRAGEDY with a crustier edge, you should pick this up. (AE)
(Caramba / Halo of Flies)

RAINBOW PERSON – "Trade. Labor. Vocation." EP

I have been incredibly reluctant to put this on since it's named after a 7" that I truly love, but here goes… Well now… Do I like this? Or is it terrible? It's certainly weird but I'm thinking that it often stays too weird for too long. I wanna like it…but…it's kinda terrible. RAINBOW PERSON is certainly doing something different but for me all approached in the wrong ways. I can totally get down with the way the records starts, with an aggressive, upbeat, chaotic but melodic number that could have come from the early-to-mid '90s Gravity records roster/San Diego scene, but from there it devolves into a (most likely unintentionall) goofy-sounding, sloppy, herky-jerky mess that just goes on for *wayyyy* too long. It's like it isn't even a part and certainly should *not* have been put to vinyl. Similarly, the B-side starts off with a *very* brief chaotic part which after only like eight seconds, degenerates into another jazzy echoed-out non-part that goes on for the duration of the side, which is just too long. Maybe my ears are too much "inside the box," but this all just seems so forcibly "out there" in a way that doesn't work for me, but not without good moments. It looks amazing though. (JU)
(self-released)

RAPID LOSS - "A Dark Place" EP

I don't need to have seen this band to know that their live set is the best one I missed all year. While retro hijinx, sketchy politics, and R&D (reverb and distortion) have come to define hardcore in the modern age, RAPID LOSS reminds us that some bands are still cranking out effective, honest, raging hardcore punk that's straightforward without being generic. The first song is this record's absolute best, grabbing the listener immediately with an irate riff, bitter, (self) loathing shrieks, tight drumming, and well-placed pickslides, and proceeding to pummel you with this negative outlook through the other four songs. If I had to make a comparison, I'd say imagine DEF CHOICE and DOWN IN FLAMES drunk on anger and amped on hate and knowing they'll die alone. (DG)
(self-released)

THE REACTORS – "It's Not Important/Cold Eyes"

Rerun Records brings us this reissued single from 1980 by long-gone Austin punk trio the REACTORS. The A-side, "It's Not Important" builds tension for the duration of the track which contains sparse, eerie guitar leads, straight-ahead drums and vocals delivering short, choppy lines, often single words. The restrained quality of this song evokes some definite post-punk influence. False crescendos abound throughout the track but it never quite reaches the climax. This technique creates an effective, neurotic punk track that deliberately manipulates listeners, for their own good. The B-side is much more urgent, while retaining their chilling quality. The spun-out vocals, catchy but eerie chord changes and overall swagger recall Boston's LA PESTE. (SL)
(Rerun)

REALLY LOUD HAMBURGERS – "Dudes Who Like Food" EP

This record is so goddamn stupid I can't believe it. No, wait, it's garage rock, I can totally believe it. The music is ripped straight off of any given NOBUNNY record. Nothing new here. And the lyrics are also taken from the same playbook, but way worse and slightly offensive and just plain dumb. Seriously, using the word "Tard" as an insult? Fuck you. Do people actually get off on this? (LP)
(Florida's Dying)

REASON TO CARE – "Dear Liv Ivy" CD

When I heard what turned out to be the intro to this disc, I thought I was getting into some DISEMBODIED style slow heavy metal. While it is heavy, and most certainly in the realm of metal, it picks up quickly into the following tracks, eventually slowing down a bit, picking back up, etc. From time to time I enjoy music like this, but it has to be done really well for me to keep interest. The slow melodic clean guitar parts instantly lose me, and then nothing really piques my interest. Fans of other bands on this label, or fans of metallic heavy shit with a bleak outlook will probably dig this band. (BD)
(Damage Done)

REKA – CD

From Russia REKA are for those who are fans of doom and sludge metal bands like BATILLUS minus the vocal effects. REKA borders on late '90s crust with a screamo background, but it's too doomy to be a hardcore punk band. Lyrics in French, but translated into English are typical about social isolation and how daily existence is tragic, but it sounds less generic "en français" to those with an Anglophone background. Beautiful layout for a CD with sick Medievalist art and a gatefold with an insert. Not my thing personally, but they take a genre whose heyday has long since ended and do it with excellence. (AE)
(Old School Kids)

ROACH MOTEL – "It's Lonely at the Top" LP

Up until this point, my only exposure to ROACH MOTEL was skipping past their song on the "We Still Can't Help It If We're From Florida" compilation so I could hear CHICKENHEAD and looking at their liner notes while listening to the HATED YOUTH side of their split LP. So, this is all new to me, even though most of these songs sound eerily familiar. This record compiles their comp tracks, some live cuts and a bunch of songs that were intended for an LP that never materialized. Besides the angry blast of "I Hate the Sunshine State," it seems like these guys couldn't get past shit talking women during their early years. Yawn. Right around the time of "Suburban Fun," these guys really start to hit their stride and deliver some completely righteous, blistering early hardcore. Apparently, around this time they were trying to make each song shorter than the one they wrote before and it really seemed to work for them. The faster they played, the better they sound. When ROACH MOTEL drags the song out, they have more time to ruin it all with dumb lyrics and bad guitar solos. As much as I lightly trash it though, this LP is a great solid hardcore punk record and a good document of a time and place in Florida during the early '80s. It will fit in perfectly (if not alphabetically, then thematically) next to your HATED YOUTH, FEAR, BROKEN TALENT and MORBID OPERA records. Tim Yo's ghost just tapped me on the shoulder and told me to say that he likes "Now You're Gonna Die" and "My Dog's Into Anarchy." Punk rock! (GH)
(Florida's Dying)

RULETA RUSA – "La Ley/Psoriasis"

Definitely one of the better bands playing in San Francisco these days. I think this is their first record by themselves. Old style Spanish punk with tons of catchiness and bite. It's sung in Spanish but there's explanations in English for ignorant gueros like me. One song's about how fucked up cops are everywhere (of course!) and the other is about our lame healthcare system. It's good ole tube of glue in a paper bag music. That means it's great. Steal it. (RO)
(Modern Action)

SATELLITES OF LOVE – "I, Seaside" EP

Whoever thought that totally nihilistic and discordant hardcore could be so mesmerizing and almost psychedelic in a way? SATELLITES OF LOVE musically delivers a sort of gloomy Northwest sound that's dominated by some really interesting guitar work and killer bass and drum crashing. Most of the time the music is manic and driving, and then there are moments of instrumentation that reminds me of how the MINUTEMEN played off each other like a jazz band. I have no fucking idea what this guy is screaming about, but with titles like "A Way Out" and "Nobody," I could only imagine. The vocals would make SAM MCPHEETERS and DARBY CRASH both very proud. Four tracks that progressively gets better with each listen, especially if you're drinking or smoking or fucking yourself up somehow. Killer! (BG)
(Milk)

SCORCHED EARTH – "Cause and Effect" EP

This is an impressive first effort from this Swedish hardcore crust outfit featuring personnel from FUTURE RUINS, and SHADES OF GREY among others. The riffs are chunked out in metal fashion but the drumming and chord progressions give the jams an undeniable hardcore feel. I'm definitely into it. They must be running some kind of maximum possible appeal strategy in their songwriting or something. Whatever it is, it has me hooked. The vocals are higher pitched and screamy and go well with the metal noodly leads the guitars occasionally break into. What I really like about this band is that at their most metal moments they will throw in a hardcore breakdown and make the clash in sounds turn out in their favor. (BL)
(Hoborec / Gaphals / Headnoise)

SCREAMING FEMALES – "Baby Teeth" LP

This record is a repress of their first album that was self-released by the band in 2006. Recently their label released both of their first two LPs. For what it's worth, their second LP *What If Someone Is Watching Their TV* is far better. That LP is where SCREAMING FEMALES really came into their own and started blowing minds (mine included). But with *Baby Teeth* they were still trying to find their way. It's got some brutally awesome grunge tunes they are known for, but the album has kind of a quirky vibe to it. Like an ex-drama-club-kid style of quirky. And few of the guitar riffs border on "Dad Rock." Like Seger or some shit. Which is confusing cause the guitar player shreds harder than any lady I've ever seen in real life. It's like a different plane of guitar existence she lives on. Not saying this album is bad. Not at all. It's actually super good, but it lives in the shadow of what they went on to do afterward. Totally worth a listen, or many. (FS)
(Don Giovanni)

SCREAMING FEMALES – "What If Someone is Watching Their TV?" LP

Here before me plays the reissue of SCREAMING FEMALES second full length. Now, we all know that the first thing that anyone says about this band is how good the guitarist is. And she is. Glad I got that out of the way. She's also the singer, and has weird, sort of nasally wail that she trades off with (duh) straight up screaming. Sometimes this record feels a little bit too much like a spotlight for Marissa. The rhythm section is eminently solid, but I don't feel really challenged by anything they're doing. But if you like big guitar rock with cool vocals and you don't have this then run it down. Some shreddage awaits you. (LP)
(Don Giovanni)

SECTION 13 – "Burning Bridges" CD

This could possibly be one of the best things I have heard out of England in the past twenty odd years. From start to finish this CD is relentless. It's hardcore but it's so damn infectious, the riffs so killer that it almost defies the category. Fronted by ex VISION OF CHANGE / DEPRAVED front man Ian Murphy, whose vocals come across as a mix of SHAWN BROWN (SWIZ / DAG NASTY) and RAY CAPPO (YOUTH OF TODAY). Its got that early American hardcore vibe specially in the Washington DC department, but its bringing something new, maybe it's the energy pushed to the max or it's the unexpected twists and turns or maybe its just the wisdom of age and a life long conviction to the scene. It's got that GOVERNMENT ISSUE style of not being predictable whilst having the chaotic spirit of RIPCHORD and HERESY. Every song is something special, written to perfection and played to a fault. My only complaint is that this was not sent as a vinyl review with an extra copy for the reviewer, but then again I am just a greedy bastard for great music. (SD)
(Boss Tuneage)

SELF-INTEREST – "Blooming" EP

Holy shit, is there seriously a '90s emo revival going on right now? This is total Gravity records-style emo, like a (much less good) HEROIN or perhaps MOHINDER. I don't like this at all. (AU)
(Pass Judgement)

SETE STAR SEPT – "Revision of Noise" CD

This Tokyo, Japan band is really onto something. Noisy grindcore chaos! One of those bands who sound like they could fall apart into a complete mess at any moment but they always hold it together. The guitars are all over the place, the vocals are a high-pitched screech and the drummer is always changing and holding things together. You get fifteen chaotic songs in fifteen minutes. I can't think of another band who sounds like this. Maybe a little bit of NOISEAR. Excellent stuff. (MH)
(Fuck Yoga)

SEX CHURCH – "Growing Over" LP

This LP contains quite a misleading opening. The first two long tracks are doom tunes in the SWANS school of doom, seeking to convert an epic sense of failure into a sonic template. Following those we find a 4-on-the-floor drumbeat leading us into a mid-tempo dark garage track that nearly sounds catchy. Their garage tracks use noisy effects on the guitar and vocals in an inventive way. The effects actually contribute to the overall texture of the songs, unlike many garage groups whose effects are a superfluous, annoying means of covering up their mediocre song-writing. A plethora of feedback and sonic abandon coats the tracks, but the chaos is tempered by moody guitar leads that float above the mix. Production could very easily have wrecked the dark and maladjusted ambiance of this album, but thankfully the fidelity wasn't compromised for the sake of fitting in with their peers. (SL)
(Load)

SEX CULT – "Errand Boy" EP

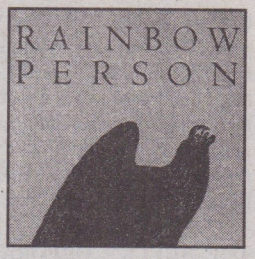
This is the second "psyche punk" record I've reviewed *in the past ten minutes* and thank God I was already "comped" a copy of this by Goner a month ago. Clearly they can recognize that I'm a taste-maker, (must be because they couldn't sell any), so I don't have to waste any time listening to it now. I could already tell you it's good, anyways. One of the guys from ROYAL HEADACHE said they were the best band they played with on their tour, that's great for them, "bully for you." I hear this record, this is good, fine… I think there are a lot of girls in this band? I'm not looking it up, you do it, why should I? Anyways my boy Crenshaw sings for this band (his dads a pilot) but I'm not even doing one of those friend-reviews I actually like this alright. (BB)
(Goner)

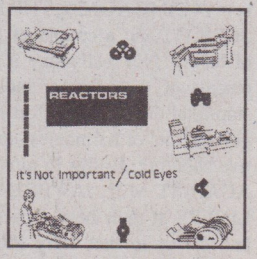
SHARKPACT – "Ditches" LP

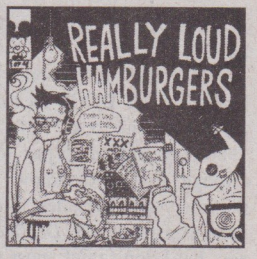
After doing reviewing records for a long time, you start to notice there are very few bands doing something completely original. Or even modestly original. Most bands create music that reflects (at times shamelessly) the music that inspires them. And that's great, that's fine. No problem. But every once in a great while you come across a band like SHARKPACT who create music utterly unlike anything you've been hearing. And that's something extraordinary. But this album isn't just original; it's also really *really* fucking good. My attempts to describe the music are going to sound awful, so you'll have to trust me on this one. The band is just two folks; one on the drums, the other on keyboard, both singing. And what comes out is like a mutant combination of goth and heartfelt pop punk. Wait, wait don't stop reading, I swear this is awesome! The synthesizer has a late '80s goth vibe while the drumming has a WARSAW-era JOY DIVISION on meth approach. But then add ONE REASON style vocal harmonies. Heartfelt, urgent, unrelenting. This album is obviously not for everyone, but I'm sold, album of the month, for sure. (FS)
(Rumbletowne)

SHARP BALLOONS – "Evening News" EP

So, I saw this was from Goner, and was initially like come on guys, you know that's not my jam. But man, I put on side A and it was raaaaad, it sounded like a downer MIKA MIKO, or even some shades of PINK SECTION playing garage rock. Side B kind of loses me due to its veering further into garage punk







territory, Really, every song on this sounds like it's from a different band, running from the above song to RAMONES to the songs by the REPLACEMENTS that I don't give a fuck about. It's all got that kind of three-chord caveman falling apart the entire time vibe that I enjoy. I could do without the second side, but for reals that first song is killer. (MM)
(Goner)

THE SHELL CORPORATION – "Force Majeure" CD

Debut from this LA quartet, with former members of TIME AGAIN, THE BRIGGS, A WILHELM SCREAM and a couple of bands I've never heard of before. Not really sure if they combine many elements of their former individual glories, but the sum total of this new effort is rather excellent. Twin guitars, lots of harmonies, and mercifully little emotive shouting. Brings to mind the drive and tunes of AGAINST ME!, JAWBREAKER and THE FLATLINERS at their best. Lyrics seem smart and sassy and clever in that early PROPAGANDHI style. A winner. (RK)
(EFM)

SHIT DOGS – "Present the History of Cheese" 2x7"

Fuuuuuck! It's about goddamn time! Baton Rouge's SHIT DOGS recorded one of thee greatest American punk rock 7" EPs of all time. Way back in 1980 they pressed up just 300 copies, which passed through few in-the-know collectors' hands over the intervening decades. A couple of the songs appeared on a *Killed By Death* comp in the '90s to some ado, but I don't think most people have a clue what they've been missing all these years. Seriously one of the greats, five songs no less, here repressed on (two) 45rpm singles. The SHIT DOGS were one of the very few American bands to capture the true power and intensity of the RAMONES first LP on wax, whilst their swampy Louisiana backwoods lo-fi hesher reality bubbles through the muck. The band later recorded a second single, *You Bet!* as well as an LP circa '83, but neither of those come anywhere close to this monstrous EP. Seek out at all costs (what, $9?!). (GB)
(Last Laugh)

THE SHRINE – "Feather Heads/Got To Give It Up"

Before you set it spinning, this 45 has character. The cover depicts a chaotic scene with the band striking some odd poses with some rope strewn about the room and the dual-color screen-printed band name on the front and back cover show some inspiration. Then there's the CHUCK DUKOWSKI production credit. All these qualities contribute to an enticing package, but when the music starts, it's pretty slick and bland, hot rockin' punk. When DARBY CRASH critiques his own band during the bridge of "Forming" by muttering that "the drums are too slow / the bass is too fast / the chords are all wrong / they're making the ending too long" he is partly right, but "Forming" is amazing nonetheless. On "Featherheads," the A-side of the SHRINE's record, the critique could actually be applied, and those mistakes actually make the song quite a drag. The breakdown at the end, introduced by an epic bro-scream, is the final nail in the coffin. As for the THIN LIZZY cover on the B-side, it only reinforces how much better THIN LIZZY is than the SHRINE. (SL)
(Eliminator)

S.O.S. – "Shower of Smegma" LP

Demo recordings of fourteen year olds bangin' shit out? I think we got that every month in our Demo section. But these here youth were outta Venice, CA and released their first tape in 1983. This LP has that and three more tapes—two from '84 and one from '88. The '88 material is the best by a wide margin—regular ol' fast American hardcore, pretty cool. I don't believe the rest of this is appropriate for anyone but completists. The accompanying booklet has some color photos and flyers, but in lieu of lyrics or whatever has old dudes like the bass player for ROB ZOMBIE praisin' S.O.S. as ground breaking and influential. This shit reads more like a promo sheet than something I care to find in a punk record. And they are credited with adding the sludgy, pre-grunge sound to punk, alongside BLACK FLAG's post-'82 material, but that shit sucks here, there and most everywhere else, so I wouldn't brag about it. If you care about this at all, a tape of the '88 session will get you by, but beware, "unauthorized duplication is a violation of applicable laws." (JM)
(Punk)

STILLBORN – "Answers Left Unquestioned" LP

According to the basic info available on them, STILLBORN was a Brooklyn band that existed from roughly 1984 to 1989. Although the name of this LP is the same as the 1986 demo (their second), this is actually a compilation of their three demos, which were their only releases aside from a couple tracks on *The Shot Heard Round the World* comp tape from 1986. The style is pretty typical of the CBGBs scene around the time, minus the metal influence that was gaining favor with many of their contemporaries. These songs have way more in common with AGNOSTIC FRONT and early SICK OF IT ALL than SHEER TERROR and the CRO MAGS, though it's also less memorable than any of the above. Nonetheless this is a worthy release for anyone with an interest in the bad old days of NY hardcore when bands were still into playing fast (imagine that!) Includes a small booklet with some cool old fliers and band photos. (JH)
(Punk)

SUNSHINE SS – "Teen Choices" EP

Yet another fucked up mess by this band that sounds like they have had it. Not as punchy as their first EP but this record still has me interested. Sonically and lyrically this band sounds like they are over everything and there is a warm place in my heart for this stuff because who doesn't have those kinds of days, weeks, or even years. Fuck! Good shit. (MS)
(Sacred Plague)

SWEET EMPIRE – "This Season Needs Torches" CD

Any band that has—prominently—as part of their sleeve artwork, that most famous Emma Goldman quote (that, actually, there's no record of her ever having uttered, in letter or speech), "If I can't dance, I don't want to be part of your revolution" can't be all bad. Especially if they take the revolution part seriously. Good lyrics, and they do that "folk" style of writing a wee bit about each song too, putting them in context. Me likes. Musically, they draw heavily on mid-late '80s melodic US hardcore, particularly DAG NASTY, which is also a rather golden era, in my humble opinion. So far, so very good. When the singer does the shouty bits, he tends to go a trifly annoyingly out of tune, but other than that, this is pretty stellar. They're Dutch too! (RK)
(Shield)

THEE TEE PEES – "You're a Turd/Do the Smog"

Blown out garage punker destruction for glue sniffing degenerates. Is that a guitar or the sound of an engine stalling?! The farfisa organ enthusiastically gives a 1960s barf in the backseat frat sound to the proceedings, as some bro frantically screams at you to do the smog… They claim allegiance to the MUMMIES which means the music is distorted, falling apart and with a friendly fonzie fuck you inherent. Shame about the corny band name, a weird and lame appropriation of native culture, seems dated, and adds to the simulation fratrock 1960s white suburban vibe. (LG)
(Bachelor)

TERROR VISIONS – "World of Shit" LP

Looking at the discography of JAY REATARD's many projects, I'd have to chart Terror Visions near the bottom of the pile. That said, *World Of Shit*, the band's lone album, now reissued in expanded and non-picture disc form, is not without value. The LP is composed entirely of electronic punk with an emphasis on violence, negativity and audio torture. While it's certainly closer in sound to Jay's work with LOST SOUNDS or DESTRUCTION UNIT, the songwriting is nowhere near as good as it was with those two combos. Great songs take a backseat to cramming in as many neg-vibe, abrasive electro-bleep-blops (yes, a musical/technical term) as possible into any given song. This works in small doses, but doesn't make for a strong LP, and I say that as someone who loves the harsh stuff more often than not. This just isn't ever going to be the Jay Reatard record I reach for when I wanna hear him at his very best. Try *Black Wave* instead, kiddies. This expanded reissue does in fact, stomp that picture disc's ass though. (MC)
(FDH)

TITAN BLOOD – "Too Much Talk" EP

Side a starts off with a pretty cookie-cutter DEVIL DOGS, garage rock'n'roll four chord sound laden with LEW LEWIS nudges. That heads into an unexpected punkier and sloppier territory which ends as quickly as it began with a pleasant bluesy, Hammond led instrumental outro. That could be a sample, but either way, I liked it. Then, side B sounds almost like HANK 4. I mean, I'm kind of confused a little by this 7", but that's not necessarily a bad thing. It lacks any kind of focus, but that's great for people like me with ADD. (GG)
(TB)

TOMMA HÄNDER – "Fjärrkon Troll" EP

This music has an intensity. Even though I do not understand lyrics (I believe the band is from Sweden), I can tell they are political. It has that sound. The singer has a JOE STRUMMER style with verses spit out spitefully and the choruses harmonized chants. The music is melodic with guitars strummed upward. Overall, it has an early '80s feel. (CK)
(Henka Bolla)

TOTAL ABUSE – "Prison Sweat" LP

This is fucked up. Possibly the bleakest thing I've ever heard. Definitely in the same pocket as PIGEON RELIGION but with a more hardcore tinge to it. The sound of self-hatred, not just like "I'm depressed, I

think I'm a piece of shit" but self-hatred in the sense of actual hate, actual loathing. Intense self-destruction not just in the sense of nihilism but in the sense of an actual true desire to violently destroy ones self, slowly and painfully. It's a really good record. (MM)
(Post Present Medium)

TRIAC – "Always Meant to Hurt You" EP

Oh fuck yeah, this is what I've been craving. I love it when a grind band derives their sound from hardcore and limits the metal influence. It's still heavy as fuck when the drums aren't blasting and I'm digging on the crushing bass tone. The slower parts have a kind of NEUROSIS meets INTEGRITY sludgy feel with lots of well-executed feedback accents. The fast parts have that INFEST hardcore sound but without starts and stops or other zany powerviolence tricks. It's more straightforward and somehow that makes the band's sound more distinctive. (BL)
(A389)

UH-OH – LP

After years in existence, these Milwaukee folks have finally laid down a full length, and it is awesome! They play a fast and trashy style of pop-punk that falls somewhere between HICKEY and the REPLACEMENTS. There is definitely a strong Westerberg element to the music in both attitude and guitar riffage. And at times they almost feel like bratty version of HORRIBLE ODDS. But replace the gruff vox with a snot-noised kid yelling about "spitting in your eye." Although if you like all these bands, don't go off thinking this is some kind of masterpiece. There are some pits and valleys to this record. Some songs will go into this amateurish punk slop, but then they transition into the next song that blows your mind it's so good. Maybe that's part of the charm of this LP. Either way, this record destroys! Beginning to end, I'm sold. (FS)
(HS!BF)

UNLEARN – LP

Raw D-Beat coming out of the Vancouver punk scene. Distorted and reverbed vocals, crisp drums, and hard to follow guitars- but the solos are very Scandi and sick. Some of the lyrics border on Sakevi imagery, but mostly cover your average punk anti-war and anti-government topics. Their demo tape was more solid, but this LP still puts them in the raw noise North American first class with bands like MAUSER and KRUEL. (AE)
(Deranged)

UNRULED – "Time is Running Out" EP

This is a nice reissue of one of the earliest Canadian "D-beat" records. I pulled out the original a while ago after I heard their recent reunion LP, and this is definitely a record worth hearing. There's a definite DISCHARGE / VARUKERS influence (the vocalist could easily be mistaken for Rat), but they also have some melodic moments that recall TOXIC REASONS. The short hardcore ripper "Clear the Pigs Out" and the metallic "Forced Mistake" are the real gems, but every track is solid and this is up there with the DIATRIBE EP in terms of North American DISCHARGE-influenced hardcore. (AU)
(Schizophrenic)

VACCUUM – "Never Defeated" EP

The sound of power tools grinding metal whilst a concrete mixer is being repeatedly banged with a sledgehammer. If you can get past the blitzkrieg barrage of noise you will actually discover something resembling riffs, but that's beside the point. This band lives on brute power and sonic violence, it's like twenty insulin shots to the eyeball. If crank had a sound track it would be this, if ya wanna know how a cat feels after having mustard rammed up it's arse then listen to this. DISORDER meets NERVESKADE meets a construction site. Best current Bay Area hardcore band. (SD)
(Irukandji)

VICTORY AND ASSOCIATES – "These Things Are Facts" CD

I don't know who this band has as a publicist if they even have one, but whoever created the one-sheet for this release either took some extreme liberties or has a pretty vivid imagination! I unfortunately did *not* find this to be a "brash and unique record." And I also did not get the feeling that this was "ferocious rock music." At best this might be considered punk in the way that bands like NO MEANS NO are—and that is in an *annoying* way. I dunno. Maybe it's just me, but I like my "punk rock" to be straight-ahead and relatively simple (at least not overly complicated with breakdowns and tons of parts and variations, etc.). Leave all the pretentious types who are looking to make music that "comprises the musical landscape like a beacon in the darkest hour of the night" on the radio as far as I'm concerned. Seriously? Who wrote this one-sheet?? I guess I don't like rock music, cus I'm movin' on as this one-sheet suggests… (ML)
(Seismic Wave Entertainment)

VIDEO – "Leather Leather" LP

Cool punk with slight CHROME leanings, but mostly on-track denim music that I tend to like quite a bit. Comparing bands to other bands is for pedantic babies, but I'll tell you that if you like those other Denton, Texas punk bands (WAX MUSEUMS, BAD SPORTS, OBN IIIs) (actually I think OBN IIIs is Austin, but who cares) you'll like this. It's a hell of a lot better than most of the crap I hear around this town, that's for sure. Also "Leather Leather" hook is definitely a lift of "Leather Weather" (written by me) but YOU CAN HAVE IT. (BB)
(Play Pinball)

VIIMEINEN KOLONNA – "Luonnoton Poistuma" EP

Holy Shit everybody! It's VIIMEINEN KOLONNA who has been upping the fucking punk Finland '84 style for a decade now. Here we have another killer EP with ten ragin' tracks all of which are blazingly short and mean with some good tempo changes and a few simple guitar solos. There are mere hints of metal on the thrash end here, but mostly this is all punk as fuck. The vocals are tough and throaty, more yelled than screamed. The echo effect is a little distracting and the production is good, but crisp. If you stud out your jacket, charge your hair and listen to MELAKKA, you might wanna check this out. This is a solid record from an underrated band. (MB)
(Roku / Gaskmask / Psychedelica)

THE WANKYS – "Noise Punk Live Hero (Swindle)" LP

Very OUTO in the "I like Cola" style vocals. Pogo drums filtered through chaos vocals, screams, pedals done in the style of "I'm having DTs right now," and a loud wall of fucking noise. This isn't just noise—it's noise with the direct intent to deafen. They're obviously fans of the SWANKYS with an endearing reference in a song like "Shut the Window" instead of the SWANKYS' "Open the Window." I think these guys may like GAI, too. They rip all your favorite Japanese noise bands with a DISORDER and CHAOS UK foundation and vomit it nicely onto a slab of wax. I don't believe this record is live, I think it's live in the sense that CHAOTIC DISCHORD's *Live in New York* was live. It is still very drunk, but missing jokes found on *Live in New York*. I do not find this record obnoxious or grating at all, it is simply beautifully executed noise. These ol' men are still addicted to punk and beer all these years later, showing that the high BAC blood running through their veins is still pure. If I could mainline this record, I would. Fuck you for sending an empty sleeve with no reviewer copy. (AE)
(Noise Punk)

WEEKEND DADS – "Changing Lanes" EP

This is pretty straightforward fast pop punk. The music is some mostly a derivative on D4 and the WEEZE, but they do it pretty good and have a decent crunch to their sound (on the record anyways). The vocals lose me a bit, they sound a little too polished on the record and both singers sound a little generic in different ways (kinda gruff dude, kinda snotty but cleanly melodic dude). Not a mandatory record but probably a fun show. (LP)
(It's Alive)

WHITE TEARS – "One More Label" EP

I really expected nothing from this and assumed that it was a

mere convenience that it looked like the MOB 47 EP until I noticed the singer sporting said band's shirt. And before I played it, of course. There's some truly ripping hardcore tunes to be found in here along the lineage of bands like BRISTLES, and early AVSKUM, with toes planted in '82 US and UK hardcore. By that I mean classically Scandinavian in sound but it's doing its own thing by not trying to exist on a shelf of clones like a lot of bands these days. These dudes just wanna play hardcore with catchy no-frills riffs. And there's nothing wrong with that. (JU)
(Shill)

WIDE ANGLES – "Box Cutter" EP

I think I have flipped this record five or six times now trying to find something constructive to say about it. I have been reading over the new issue here all while listening to this, yet not once has the music caught my attention or distracted me from reading. Even through the most boring columns my attention remains fixed to the inky pages. It's not to say this is particularly bad, but it's nothing that hasn't been done to death by now. What I hear is polished JAWBREAKER / LEATHERFACE worship at its most "meh". Will people never get sick of this stuff? (BD)
(NoBreaks)

WRECK OF THE ZEPHYR – "For Helen" LP

There is something to be said for awesome packaging like a partially homemade gatefold sleeve with a big booklet that looks like a children's book. What is even more awesome is when you put the record on and it's good. These folks play quirky, catchy, upbeat pop-punk songs that have tons of hooks. At times there are certain elements of porch punk that come into the mix like country drum beats and some twang in the guitar but it doesn't take over the whole record. Fans of stuff on Plan-It-X Records should search this out. (PA)
(Pass the Fist)

ZEBARGES – "Stay Barges or Die!!!" CD

Sometimes when you start to listen to a group you aren't familiar with you get that strong feeling of *what-the-fuck*. This is drunken, stupid-on-purpose, punk metal. The vocals are wretched. The drums could be a drum machine but I don't think they are, just recorded poorly. OK maybe it is a drum machine. On "Partager Quelque Bières Avec Toi" I swear the singer, drum machine and guitar player are playing three different songs. This French group is awful. They have a DVD out? I must be missing the joke. (MH)
(Ortsid Latem)

ZŁODZIEJE ROWEROW – "Finat" CD

This release serves as a final document for the long running hardcore band ZŁODZEIJE ROWEROW, who has played a prominent role in the DIY Polish scene since the mid '90s. Recorded live at their final show where they threw down solid versions of their best songs, I have to say that the sound quality is amazing and could almost pass as studio sessions. Musically, ZŁODZIEJE ROWEROW is very reminiscent of later era VERBAL ASSAULT mixed with that sort of post-hardcore DC emo feel that bands like SOULSIDE used to do. A DVD of the crazy show is included as well. A fitting end for an extraordinary band. (BG)
(Pasazer / Refuse)

V/A – "Bloodstains Across Philadelphia" LP

Oh great, deservedly obscure new wave from 1978... Wait a minute... "Fuck you we're still doing it ourselves?" Really, this is 24 newer bands out of Philthadelphia, covering a range of styles, recording qualities, and quality in general. There's not a ton of good songs on here, maybe a tape, a 7", and the cutting room floor would've been a better division of this material. My favorites are POPULATION ZERO (VIOLENT SOCIETY meets BEHIND ENEMY LINES), GONE WRONG (a sing-songy early DILLINGER 4), LAFFING LIFE (short and sweet with a mid-'80s, treble-y guitar, Japanese hardcore sound) and COUSIN BRIAN (like a pleasant DEAD MILKMEN). Some bands are just fine, like crusties NIGHTFALL and SAVAGE, the screaming sloppy hardcore of SELF CONSCIOUS, and the catchy melodic goofs in BUCKET FLUSH. The rest suffers from poor songwriting, but especially there's a problem with uninspiring material. The terrible trend "pizza thrash" is matched with terrible metal, an angry rager is called "Stuck In Traffic", and a there are a number of questionable-at-best sentiments—demonizing a lady who gets pregnant, "everyone knows you're a dirty whore," bands with half-naked ladies for their page in the booklet, hating hippies 'cause "peace is gay," what the fuck! There is some cool shit on this LP but it's not the majority. They ask that you email first to confirm their mailing address. (JM)
(Eaglebauer Enterprises)

V/A – "Four Bands" CD

This is in no way a punk record except for maybe the unlisted WIRE cover by the first band. It's like all those crappy bands that are friends with the drippy voiced DJ you have to listen to on your local college station in hopes of hearing a halfway good song. JIM MCMANGLE AND THE DANGERBIRDS features the singer of FOD but sound nothing like. Two faster screamy vocaled songs and two poppy sing-along. The NOSEBLEEDS are boozy rock'n'roll with a good gruff voiced singer. Two good tracks with borrowed riffs before they turn to crap. ERODE AND DISSAPPEAR are 90s alternative rock with one song that sounds like JESUS LIZARD. I hate JESUS LIZARD. Circle in the City continue on with the same style rounding out the shittiness of this turd. (RO)
(SRA)

V/A – "Kotaro Mission" EP

Released in Japan, this is a great compilation of two new New York City bands—NOMAD and CERVIX, and two new boston bands—BLOODKROW BUTCHER and EARTHPIG. CERVIX rush metallic, but not really metal, with CONCRETE SOX-ish quirks over top a fast throttle of thrash and haunting female vocals emanating overtop. NOMAD crank extreme distortion to the red with the backhand clunk of DISORDER filtered through Japanese influences, then reinterpreted with rhythmic punches. BLOODKROW BUTCHER have a throaty vocal attack and noise atop a mid tempo hardcore assault, taking that one moment in say, an OUT COLD record that breaks off from straight pummeling hardcore, making it a little more noisy and garage-y and running away with it. EARTHPIG are the fun, GROINOIDS-type band of the whole affair, caustic vocals over simple throttling hardcore. Cool comp! (KS)
(No Anarguia Rebeklde Musica Discos)

V/A – "Mabukkuasa" CD

This is an interesting release, as MDC are paired with a duo of legendary Malaysian punk bands. The MDC material is split between some older out of print material and some really poopy acoustic stuff. Not to disrespect a justly revered band, but nobody fucking wants to hear MDC unplugged, AGGRESSION cover or no. The BOLLOCKS started as a pogo punk band, but by the time these tracks were recorded in 2007 they'd evolved into a proto-crust band. Heavy, straightforward hardcore with metallic flourishes, kind of like POLICE BASTARD. I quite liked the earlier material of theirs that I heard, but this is really good too, definitely the standout band of the comp. CARBURETOR DUNG present four tracks of odds and sods, sung mostly in Malay and reminding me a bit of the DEAD KENNEDYS, not so much in the sound as in their ability to play different styles, from metallic dirges to pop-punk, while retaining their essential sound. This is a decent comp, hopefully it will get some kids into kick-ass Malaysian punk. (AU)
(Jerk Off / S.B.S.)

V/A – "Rozpor: V Lete Oi!, V Zime Crust" LP

Hahaha, this is the first Eastern European record I've ever reviewed. ROZPOR are a heavy Oi!/Crust outfit from Bratislava, Slovakia. They live the traditional Slovakian lifestyle, "Oi! in the Summer, Crust in the Winter." That is an actual lyric. One side is the Oi! side and one side is the crust side, but it all sounds like hard and rough Oi! street rock'n'roll. Great lyrics (with English translations) about hypocrisy, getting old but staying young, no dodgy tough guy shite, just the real rock'n'roll, exactly the kinda shit Bruce Roehrs ate for breakfast lunch and dinner every day. Great full color cartoon sleeve, thick printed lyric inner and that beautiful thick Eastern European vinyl. (GB)
(Ziadna Znacka)

V/A – "Traveling With George" CD

A two-disc comp of rock'n'roll and punk. This includes old bands RF7, the GEARS, and SYMBOL SIX in their current configurations. The rest of the bands sound mostly like '80s punk. In fact this comp seems very reminiscent of an '80s Flipside records comp. I guess this comes with a booklet, which I didn't get so I won't pick out random bands as review filler. Two discs is a lot and 21 bands with most doing multiple tracks is a lot. This is probably best for people who are familiar with a band or two on this. (RL)
(Scare America)

V/A – "Warsaw Hardcore Punk Attack Vol. 1" LP

I'm gonna go out on a limb here and say that this is a collection of punk/hardcore bands from Poland, but to call this a "hardcore" collection is a little bit of a stretch. The bulk of these bands stick to a poppy approach and have little in common with hardcore. WARSAW DOLLS reminds me of a cross between the TEMPLARS and COCKSPARRER with their gang vocals and tough stance. Bruce Roehrs would fuckin' love them. DUMBS are a straight up RAMONES wannabe band. GARAGE 11 brings us our first blast of hardcore fury and they blaze. NER-W is polished and sound like they could've been on Fat Wreck Chords in 1995. A BIRTHDAY PARTY BAND sounds a little polished, overly poppy and out of place on this comp. ID 50 rocks out in a classic way that brings to mind PEGBOY...fairly straightforward and direct. Then, I fell asleep for a minute. CRIMINAL TANGO picks up the pace with a rockabilly, roots rock number that rules. Totally upbeat and they sound like a lot of fun. MAYPOLE may as well be on Epitaph records right now. The only thing differentiating them from any other band on the roster is that they are not singing in English. FIRENZE starts off side two with an upbeat pop-punk song that has hooks for days. PDS has kind of a horror punk sound and are punk as fuck. Thus far, their song "Geba" is my favorite song on here and might be the shining moment of this LP for me. MILICJA incorporate sound clips from MLK speeches to enforce their ideas of true freedom. DRIP OF LIES is heavy as fuck in an early TRAGEDY kind of way. Sorry PDS, but the FIGHT just brought it in the hardcore department and blazed their way into the spot of "favorite band on this record". The have a little bit of a HARUM SCARUM thing going on that agrees with me just right. Then, I fell asleep again. NOTHING BETWEEN US woke me right the fuck up with their brand of knuckle dragging tough guy punk... gang vocals and all. They sound like 100 skinheads running down a hill. Take that as you will. At the end, it sorta turns into nu-metal. DEATHTHROW and VIOLENT ACTION seem to have lived up to the title of this record and they are both hardcore as fuck. GANGSTERSKI CHWYT doesn't sway from the speedy tempos and dissonantly brings this comp to a close. This record offers a good glimpse of what is going on in Polish hardcore punk at this time. (GH)
(Dead Press)

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DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Will Blomquist, Justin Briggs, Amelia Eakins, Juliana Ferreira and Sam Lefebvre

BAD VIBRATIONS – This CD-R has 12-songs of a dark rock that reminds me post-hardcore stuff like FUGAZI, HUSKER DU and some WIPERS. The drums have some hardcore beats but not fast enough to be called hardcore. The vocals are sometimes melodic and psychedelic guitar solos wrap everything up. Actually this was released as a LP but sent by Brotherhood records in a CD-R format. (Juliana) (12-song CD-R, no lyrics, badvibrations.bandcamp.com)

BLUNT GUTS – Sometimes you just want to have your face melted, and that's what BLUNT GUTS are here for. Crushing grind/crust from the '90s mold that paid attention to sheer power. There are some serious chops lurking under a murky recording, bringing RORSCHACH to mind, but the assault is less subtle. The name suits them. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, % grog_rayburn@yahoo.com, bluntguts315.bandcamp.com)

BOO FROG – A live adult retired burnout rock music performance recorded live in Portland at the now-defunct Satyricon. '60s rock infused jangling '90s post rock with droning guitars providing the background for the clean strums that take the lead until the sneering male vocals try in vain to conjure up a DEAD MOON infused Thurston Moore. The female vocals owe an even larger debt to DEAD MOON, but don't do anything more to enhance the band's appeal. This sat in the review box for ages based on the cover, so I bit the bullet hoping for a gem...I guess it's not really my kind of stone, you know? (Robert) (10-song cassette, no lyrics, www.boofrogrock.com)

BRAIN SLUG – Stomping, lumbering, seething, angry hardcore from the first note to the last. The tunes are mostly slow-ish to mid-paced with a real floor stomping quality to them without being at all mosh-y, similar to a band like HOAX. This is fucking great. I will now be going to the innernet portal to order their 7". (Justin) (8-song cassette, lyrics included. hardcorebrainslug@gmail.com)

BUFFALO BANGERS – think 45 GRAVE filtered through PINK REASON and you get BUFFALO BANGERS from Atlanta. BUFFALO BANGERS is guitar-light, borderline goth, haunting post-punk for you who need a categorization—which is hard to do with a transcendental band like this. I imagine the members create "projects" in their spare time and take weekend trips to the woods to do LSD. (Amelia) (6-song. cassette, something that resembles lyrics included, 368 Ponce De Leon Avenue, Atlanta, GA 30308)

BURGERTHIRST / SERENGHETTO – This Minneapolis slab might slip under the radar due to questionable monikers and a ridiculous presentation (I like patches as much as the next punks, but should I have to unsew them just to get to the cassette. Complaints aside, the jams hidden between those two patches made my damn week—BURGERTHIRST are dark and distorted dirges with f/m vocal drones. For fans of CONDOMINIUM, KIM PHUC, early SONIC YOUTH and the like. SEREGHETTO take a (much more) noisy approach, no-fi garage punk suited perfectly for the drunken basements of the Midwest. (Robert) (17-song cassette, lyrics included, % Midwaste Tapes 3504 Columbus Ave. South, Minneapolis, MN 55407)

BURNT OFFERINGS – Minimal sample drenched synth compositions. Maybe if you stretch the borders of "punk" to their outermost limits then this would be included...maybe. Covers of ALIEN SEX FIEND and CHRISTIAN DEATH are interspersed amongst original instrumentals and tracks with predictably creepy and affected vocals. Regardless, the sounds are great if you are/were a fan of '80s dance/industrial/new wave and art/punk weirdness. I was...and am. (Robert) (9-song cassette, lyrics included, % sevenseven77records@gmail.com)

DESTRUYE, HUYE, KREA – *Odio tu Kumbia Moderna* – I pretty much knew before I hit play what this demo would be about and that I would like what it is about, based on the skele-punx, the artistic symbolisms, and the now-rarely-seen two-color spot xerox job. Inside, on the magnetic ribbon, you will find absolutely *nothing* new, and *nothing* original or groundbreaking. What you will find is no frills, raw (but not *shit raw* or too noisy), raspy, classic hardcore of the DISCHARGE / MG.15 persuasion, that is fucking *punk* and is sick and tired of the ways of the world and wants and sees a better way to life. This Peruvian trio really knows just how to tickle the frets and produce timeless hardcore. Simple as that. It probably goes without saying since I am on my tenth listen in one sitting, but this is fucking great. Thanks to Teo for another fine release. (Justin) (3 or trade for other Anarchist music, 10-song cassette, lyrics included. bastardosucio@hotmail.com)

DREAM DECAY – "Fern" – This cassette from Washington's droning, viscous, noise rock combo seems to be a sole nineteen-plus minute song with several movements, but I can't quite tell if that's the case. A sexual and SWANS-esque kinda thing. I think I'm pulling the "sexual" feel from the way the bass always seems to lurch and slide the note back down the frets with seemingly every pluck in a slow drawn-out thrust. Feels like rubber-necking a car accident on the freeway. The songs are aware of where they need to go, but are determined, whether of their own cognition or not, to do so in their own way and there is a seeming reluctance to move. Inertia? Interesting. (Justin) (1-song cassette, no lyrics included. try: dreamdecay.blogspot.com)

EFFLUXUS – Think SHITLICKERS combined with more recent bands like MAUSER and PERDITION. EFFLUXUS captures the hopelessness and futility of modern existence with its defeated vocals and sick riffs. It's like a noisy Japanese and Swedish love child from the early '80s, which appeared like an ectoplasm in San Francisco in 2011. Raw as fuck. Members of MORPHEME and SANCTUM, as well as the still raging YADOKAI. This band is helping to create a good foundation for a slowly growing raw punk scene here in the Bay Area—keep it up, EFFLUXUS. (Amelia) (4-song cassette, 50 copies made, lyrics not included, PO Box 22367, San Francisco, CA 94122)

ELECTRIC WEREWOLF – This is MISFITS-like punk rock, with a distorted electric piano and some rockabilly influence. Lyrics about vampires, zombies and nightmares are never dull! By the cover I though it was some kind of black metal, hehe—come on, a pentagram and an inverted cross?! I liked the back cover way more with classic horror movies posters, it's much more what the band is about! (Juliana) (6-song CD-R, lyrics included, harveymessenger@gmail.com)

EVANDER BROLYFIELD – It seems as if this band exists solely to fly in the face of its own name. Rather than some dude-laden bro-core, EVANDER BROLYFIELD are annoyingly hip sounding indie/dance punk with keyboards and a complete lack of anything approaching aggression or bro-ness. Or boxing. There are attempts to reign in their ass shaking hipster music in exchange for introspective moody moments drenched in cigarette smoke and raspy pretense. These attempts fail. Earnest sounding music that seems very serious...serious about being cool and perhaps getting laid. (Robert) (10-song cassette, no lyrics, englishbulldogtapes.bigcartel.com)

GNARX – Drunken southern female fronted punk made for house shows. Little bit of melody, a smattering of ska, lots of energy and a perfectly raspy voice teetering on the brink of disfunction. (Robert) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, $5ppd % Chelsea, 228 E. Clayton St, Athens, GA 30601, zinepipebomb@gmail.com)

GOD MODE – Something about the first power chord made me think of DANZIG, and I got excited because I haven't written a really shitty review in a while and shitty reviews are sometimes fun to write. Unfortunately for my review (but luckily for my ears), GOD MODE went from their intro into killer 'crew influenced hardcore. Slightly simple, but packed with energy—my only complaint is the monotonous cadence of the vocal delivery, but with this much fire, it's a very minor complaint. Early '00s shit like OUTLAST fueled several years of my life, and these New Yorkers have harnessed that energy. Into it. (Robert) (9-song cassette, lyrics included, % godmodeny@gmail.com)

GREEN BERET – This thing came out quite a while ago and was apparently sent in but

never reviewed so Ryan sent it again, and it is too damn good to slip through the cracks. It would be impossible for me to review / describe this demo without referencing *Ni Mast Bort*-era TOTALITÄR, in the way that the guitar tone chimes and the way the riffs that make up these tightly wound and snappy tunes keep going and are way more complex with more notes than the average punk riff. There's something really interesting to me how GREEN BERET manages to retain the urgency and the fury of some of the most throttling, aggressive, and raw hardcore punk but can still manage to come off as more dignified, clean, and "classy," in a way that I can't really explain, that a lot of the other DISCHARGE-informed bands can't get away with. A classic sound that's worthy of your ear. For those keeping track, I think this band contains all members of SOCIAL CIRKLE. (Justin) (4-song cassette, lyrics included. 6 Wadleigh Pl, Boston, MA 02127, try: sidextwo@gmail.com)

HELLMAISTROZ – Coming from Monterrey, Mexico, this demo promises listeners a hearty dose of "infernal crust'n'roll," and that's exactly what is delivered—the slower side of WRETCHED comes to mind, and the looming specter of MOTÖRHEAD is never too far away. Catchy hooks and deliciously gritty vocals set this apart from more forgettable offerings in this often-formulaic style, and the raw-as-fuck production couldn't be more spot on. If I survive the industrial apocalypse and find myself crossing a Mad Max-style desert wasteland, this is the band I want to see playing to a roomful of shit-faced, leather-clad bikers. (Will) (6-song CD-R, lyrics included, hellmaistroz@gmail.com, myspace.com/hellmaistroz)

HUMAN WASTE – Bay Area 'grind violence steeped in the tradition of the region. PLUTOCRACY's recklessness and DYSTOPIA's misanthropy are stamped on this release - high low vocals and an unrelenting crust/grind attack. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, humanxwaste.tumblr.com)

HUNTED DOWN – After a quick classical piece, this thing *tears* into some seriously fucking blazing, falling apart, wild, rampaging, flailing, adjective-inspiring hardcore, that, to be honest, I didn't expect and caught me *completely* off guard. I knew this Syracuse band was gonna be at least up my alley in some way, but holy fuck is this evil and furious. The vocals are screaming and reverbed to all fuck. The guitars and bass are buried in just enough fuzz to sound rotten yet not fall into the box of "noise punk." And the drums, well, they're kinda hidden in the whole mess, save some cymbal hits and theses occasional *huge* Godzilla-like thuds, that I can only assume to be tom hits. What a monster. It looks like I just found another cassette addition to my 2011 top ten list. (Justin) ($5ppd., 6/7-song cassette, lyrics included. hunteddownhc@gmail.com)

THE HYPERACTIVES – As soon as this started playing, TURBONEGRO and HELLACOPTERS came to my mind, and to my surprise when I checked the envelope they're also from Scandinavia! (from Stockholm) So there's definitely a rock'n'roll element in their sound but more punkish than the bands mentioned. (Juliana) (3-song CD-R, no lyrics, myspace.com/hyperactivesofficial)

LAST CHAOS – This comes from the TEARGAS camp in Eastern Australia, and the apple does not fall far from the tree. Cavernous vocals and fist pumping riffage emulate a vaguely Japanese hardcore model, but the guitar leads are straight from '80s Midwest hardcore and the straightforward attack owes to USHC as well. This fucking rips. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, % nuclearblood@hotmail)

LITTLE ITALY – Crumbling garage punk from Bklyn, NY. Female vox over reverbed guitar and simple drumming that is more on the inept pop side of the garage than the gear-headed, "heyyyy, maaaaaan, nice leathurrr jaaaacket, maaaaan," side. Like The SHAGGS meets BEAT HAPPENING with an acute sense of occasional stomach CRAMPS. Maybe a lil Medway sound in there too. (Justin) (there-is-no-tracklist-and-I-lost-count-how-many-song cassette, no lyrics included. manipedimanipedi@gmail.com)

THE MANUAL AND THE MACHINE – This is a weird one…if I describe it honestly, then I think the result would be a review that would inspire no one to bother listening (including me). But as I listen I find THE MANUAL AND THE MACHINE drawing me in, commanding all of my attention, and it keeps sounding better and better as the minutes pass. An overt psychedelic approach to minimal art punk/new wave sounds created with generous use of sound manipulation, this two piece defies traditional descriptions and makes truly interesting music that teeter on many arbitrarily imposed (but perhaps unnecessary) genre borders. I think this might be awesome. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, www.musicforheadphones.com)

MASAKARI – *The Prophet Feeds* – Total epic, melodi- TRAGE-core here on the cassette version of this LP, which was released last year on Halo of Flies. Heavy, discordant, and crushing slow sludgy parts trade off with melodic, often-octave-chorded fast parts. All competently played with great drumming and good production. If this style is what you seek, this band is great at it. (Justin) (9-song cassette, lyrics included. allergictofun.blogspot.com)

MURDER CITY HOOLIGANS – A eighteen-song live set from this Australian Oi! posse, entitled *Live & Kicking Heads*. These guys take the ain't-broke-don't-fix-it attitude to this mix of covers (including that most willfully dubious of choices, a cut from Skrewdriver's early years), and original material, drawing from the formula set by SHAM 69 with great success. Their singer more or less embodies my platonic ideal of an Oi! vocalist, and the crowd sounds fucking stoked to be there; too bad the whole thing comes as a single, hour-long track, a decision that's likely to test the repeat-listening patience of all but the most dedicated punx 'n skins. (Will) (CD-R, no lyrics, c/o Barry Smith, Unit 1, 833 Marion Road, Mitchell Park, South Australia, 5043, Australia)

NAILS – I think this is the third current (well, this one just broke up) band called NAILS that I can think of. This one is German and plays a type of punk that bands like MANIFESTO JUKEBOX, and fellow Krauts like TURBOSTAAT and DACKELBLUT were playing around the turn of the century. Though, I'd say that NAILS is more aggressive than those bands. Mid-paced rockin' hardcore punk that leans heavy on melody in a later HÜSKER DÜ way (Justin) (no contact)

NEGATIVE DEGREE – Been excited to hear this thing since Dan mentioned they were one of the best bands that OPT//OUT played with on tour. Packed inside this thing are seven trax of meat'n'taters '82 USHC, with cleaner guitars, militaristic drumming, gruff vocals that still attempt to do something more than just yell, with that once-removed UK punk/oi! influence that made bands like NEGATIVE APPROACH such a force to be reckoned with. I'm on my third listen and still liking this more and more as each song passes. Good stuff and I will keep my eyes peeled for more. (Justin) (7-song cassette, lyrics included. 843 Garfield St, Denver, CO 80206, handoflaw@gmail.com)

NO – Consisting of members from SHITTY LIMITS and SCEPTRES, this is a solid tape of furious hardcore out of London featuring ubiquitous blast beats with enough short, piercing and tight breaks punctuating each verse to keep listener's attention. The slightly high-pitched guitar sets them apart from most of their musical peers, as the tone is a stark contrast to the gruff vocals and rumbling low end from the rhythm section. The mid-tempo breaks manage to sound tough without evoking any aspects of annoying, traditional "tough guy" hardcore. In short, a band in command of the most crucial hardcore elements, while injecting enough originality to put themselves a notch above without alienating listeners by being over-adventurous. (Samuel) (7-song cassette, no lyrics included, nonnnono@gmail.com)

OWL – This band seems to have come to fruition out of the NWOBHM lovin' sect within the Oakland, California crust metal scene. OWL consists of three brothers and an unrelated girl, including members of ACTS OF SEDITION and STORMCROW. Their guitarist is a teenager who is truly impressive with the crazy solos—not to be missed live. I heard a rumor this tape was recorded when he was thirteen years old? I call bullshit but if it's true, he's like a witching hour miracle. The recording has a vintage, raw sound and captures this band's late '70s, early '80s British influence. Same recording quality and vibe of the remastered PENTAGRAM demos or what WITCHCRAFT was going for by only using vintage gear. I think these guys might like HAWKWIND? Anyway, this is one of those tapes you flip over and over for days and get the riffs stuck in your head. Beautifully executed and well worth the $4 asking price. (Amelia) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, Magic Hermit records,16378 Butte Mountain Road, Jackson, CA 95642, roaxellb@gmail.com)

PUSHMONGOS – Killer female fronted US styled hardcore from São Paulo. Lyrics are personal but not driveling, and a belted out with an authority that commands attention while the band bashes through ten minutes of smart and sharp punk. Look out when this band makes it past the demo stage, I have a feeling that the result will be superb. (Robert) (7-song CD-R, lyrics included, myspace.com/thepushmongos)

REAL GOOD – Lilting and jangly college alternative rock circa 1991 in the form of a bunch of kids in New Jersey circa 2011. Think LEMONHEADS morphing into a mellower early JAWBREAKER. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, % itsrealgoodyes@gmail.com, itsrealgood.bandcamp.com)

REAL UGLY – Mosh metal chugga chugga rifs with ultra-fast grindcore drumbeat parts—that's what this band from Pennsylvania is about. There's also some chaotic song structure, not sure

if they want to sound like CONVERGE. Vocals are screamed and the recording is not really helping much. (Juliana) (12-song CD-R, lyrics included, myspace.com/realrealugly)

SATELLITES OF LOVE – Alternating between dreary, droning and dissonant post-punk slow jams with strangled, desperate vocals and goth-inflected rippers, this tape evokes technical leanings of '90s post-hardcore heard through an '80s death-punk sensibility. The varied tempos, moody, atmospheric recording and visceral, piercing guitar tone make this a compelling demo, with enough stylistic diversity and confident song-writing to fill a full-length. (Samuel) (6-song cassette, no lyrics included, dranoinyourveins@gmail.com, soundcloud.com/satellites-of-love)

SONS OF YOUNG – Vocally driven punk from South Carolina, this band covers a pretty wide range of styles from twangy rockabilly-punk in the vein of SOCIAL DISTORTION to R.E.M.-style college rock. "Digin' Myself To Hell" is definitely the stand-out track here, taking things in a darker direction that instantly had me thinking of the WIPERS. (Will) (4-song CD-R, lyrics included, sonsofyoung@gmail.com, babymoonrecords.com)

SONTA – Mile-a-minute dual vocal weirdness from Jakarta. While the nuts-and-bolts riffs upon which the songs are built are fast hardcore, plain and simple, nearly everything else, from the artwork to the use of, ahem, "somber" instrumental breakdowns feels like a nod to the more kvlt realms of black metal. Add to this already fucked-up formula a schizoid penchant for sampling (the sheer quantity making it near-impossible to figure out what here is original and what is borrowed) and a hearty dose of MR. BUNGLE-style circus freakout and you might start to get an idea of what you're in for here. Seriously, the flute solo(!) on "Obat Macho..." is still blowing my mind on the fifth or six listen. One of a kind, that's for damn sure, and one of the coolest recordings I've come across in a while. (Will) (12-song CD-R, lyrics included, myspace.com/legionproductions97)

STREETS OF RAGE – Fun, exuberant punk from Glasgow that channels the frantic energy of BIG BOYS and early MINUTEMEN. Most songs here hover around the one-minute mark, which is more than enough time for these guys to develop and elaborate hooks that worm their way into one's head more and more with each listen. Also, I can't help but note that the end of "I'm Gone" sounds like the theme song from King of the Hill. Awesome. (Will) (7-song CD-R, no lyrics included, harry@methodistleisure.com)

SURROGATE ACTIVITY – Fast and catchy ass shaking punk from the far eastern reaches of Canada. There are generous helpings of melody, but they are frequently buried in alcohol soaked distortion creating a vibe not unlike the GRUMPIES or perhaps what a raw THIS IS MY FIST demo might sound like. Great stuff. (Robert) (10-song cassette, no lyrics, % towersofwine@hotmail.com)

TEENAGE X – This band from Toronto is that kind of really catch poppy punk, Sarah Page's vocals are clean and tuned in a DEBBIE HARRY style, instrumental sounds like RAMONES meets RANCID. Many lyrics about getting drunk. Nothing against the genre but this recording sounds too clean, maybe they are more raw and energetic live. (Juliana) (9-song CD-R, lyrics included, myspace.com/teenage.x)

TIREI ZERO – Combine the charm and hooks of '80s California punk with the passion of '90s hardcore and the energy of modern thrashing hardcore and you get a Brazilian band that will make your head spin and leave you grinning from ear to ear. Sometimes there's nothing wrong with a band that leaves you in a good mood and reminds you why punk rules. There is nothing here that will change the world, but I'm happy to make TIREI ZERO the soundtrack for my dat. (Robert) (8-song CD-R, myspace.com/tiriezero)

TOTAL WAR – Members of FEAR OF TOMORROW and UNLEARN. Sounds like CRUDITY mixed with NOMAD. Recently did a tour with DISABLE. Good guys to drink beers with as they love DISCHARGE as much as you do and are upping the punx non-stop. This tape is a classic, so get on it. If you can't appreciate straightforward raw punk like this, you can sod right off mate. Cheers! (Amelia) (8-track cassette, lyrics included, PO Box 21530, Vancouver, BC, CANADA, distortvancouver@hotmail.com)

TREMORS – This is one of those releases that get better with every song. The first song almost has a clean sound that isn't really very, well, "tough," but as it goes on things take a turn towards the darker side of hardcore and the breakdowns get more menacing, the vocals get scarier, and the overall writing gets uglier. I can see this band being a serious force live. Good stuff. (Justin) (6-song cassette, no lyrics included. staticshockmusik.com)

TRUNCHEONS – Coming from one of the finest punk scenes in North America is TRUNCHEONS from Montreal featuring members of AFTER THE BOMBS. Very bass heavy, full of piercing feedback and some pogo—think CHAOS UK or LEBENDEN TOTEN. Reminded me of FINALBLOOD BATH and KROSSA from Japan. Sick guitar. Similar to other female fronted recent raw bands from the East Coast like CLEANSING WAVE and CERVIX. (Amelia) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, 2274 Fullum, Montreal, Quebec H2K 3P2, Canada)

VERY OKAY – Appealing to the same part of my brain that still pulls out a TSUNAMI record from time to time, VERY OKAY manifest like a female fronted and only slightly dreamier WEAKERTHANS, and have the poetic lyrical chops to warrant such a comparison. Great songs, already suited for the big time, though that is not necessarily a bad thing. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, % veryokayband@gmail.com, nottapesnotbombstapes.tumblr.com)

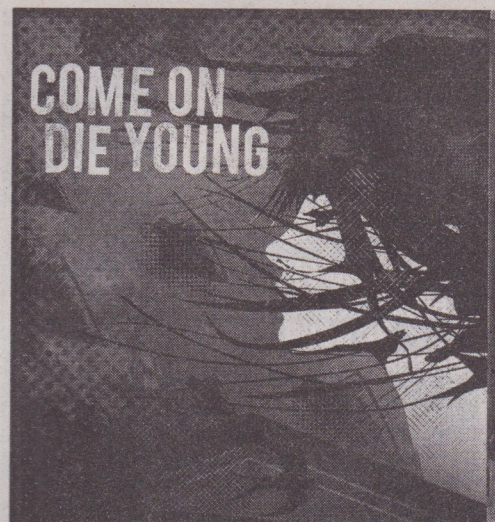
WHITE WARDS – *Live on KBOO* – It seems that every time WHITE WARDS plays the Bay Area, I'm out of town, WTF?! I guess for now I will have to settle for this live radio show from Life During Wartime on KBOO in Portland. This set features four songs from their 7" on Iron Lung, one that is not, and a cover of NO TREND's "Too Many Humans," all captured in their seething, rambunctious, flailing fury. At times it even sounds like there is a "noise guy" or a keyboard happening, most specifically, in "Too Many Humans" and "Lot Lizards," but that could just be guitar effects. In fact, I'm almost positive it is. (Justin) (6-song cassette, no lyrics included. Sorry, I lost the contact and price info.)

WILD CHILD – What's in the fukkn' water in Minneapolis? Gone are the black clad crust warriors (well, I'm guessing they aren't gone, per se, they are just at the bar) and they seem to have been replaced with a crop of productive and creative raucous punks who's only mantra is creating original energetic punk, regardless of subgenres and classification. WILD CHILD are snotty and snarky in the same way that the second batch of '00s Umeå bands were (REGULATIONS, TRISTESS), but there's an attitude in the vocals that bring to mind BLATZ, FILTH and the more irreverent early '90s DIY acts. Clean guitars cut through the mix like razors and everything always feels about two seconds away from coming completely unhinged. *"I just can't stop when I'm losing / I just got nothing I'm proving"*—awesome. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, % no.tonto@gmail.com)

YADOKAI – Violent hardcore punk. Muffled and bleeding with feedback, violent drums, and wailing guitar. Shares members with EFFLUXUS and FACE THE RAIL as well as the sorely missed MORPHEME. Well done, straight forward devastation reminiscent of your favorite Japanese hardcore bands. (Amelia) (50 "promo" copies made, lyrics included, ? San Francisco, CA)

V/A – "I Don't Want To Be Ashamed Anymore" – A pretty heavy release memorializing Ricky "Tripp" Norris, who died in his early 20s after fronting a handful of excellent Alabama bands. BLACK HOLE KIDS, EXPOSURES and NOW I HAVE A MACHINE GUN make up the first side, all fronted by Tripp, and all falling roughly into the world of '90s influenced emotionally charged hardcore. Not chaotic screamo, but smart hardcore with inwardly aggressive vocals. I was not familiar with any of these bands before today, and powerful circumstances notwithstanding, all three resonate. The flip side features a collection of live recordings from SORRY YA'LL, irreverent country tinged drunken noise. Proceeds from the tape go to charity, well worth seeking out. (Robert) (?-song cassette, no lyrics, goingthroughthemotions1.blogspot.com)

V/A – "Oops Baby Records: End of Summer Mix Vol. 1" – Kicks off with a wailing hyper-vocal scuzz jam which transitions nicely into a catchy, stand-out track from DINO'S BOYS, Oops Baby records definitely put some thought put into the track-order of this tape, evident by the traditional lead-in and follow-up track at the very beginning. The tunes are very nicely grouped in thematic order The tracks presented are good, but mostly fail to defy the prevalent mold of lo-fi garage rock with pop sensibility that appears to be as popular in Brooklyn, where Oops Baby is based, as it is here in San Francisco, as it always has been in Austin. However, there are some particularly notable tracks. The contribution from DINO'S BOYS is a gem with a great chord progression and a garage swagger that isn't too cute, isn't too produced and isn't too generic. TWO TEARS provide great female vocals on "Digital Leather" that are as street as they are classy. This track actually suffers a bit from the flat, mildly lo-fi recording. With some elevated production, they could be a bit more memorable à la Nasty Facts. (Samuel) (18-track cassette, no lyrics included, www.oopsbabyrecords, 128 Newton St. 1B, Brooklyn, NY 11222)



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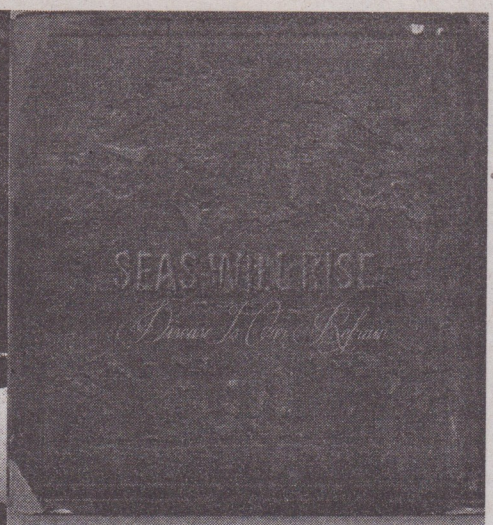

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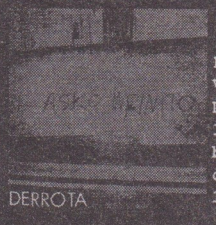

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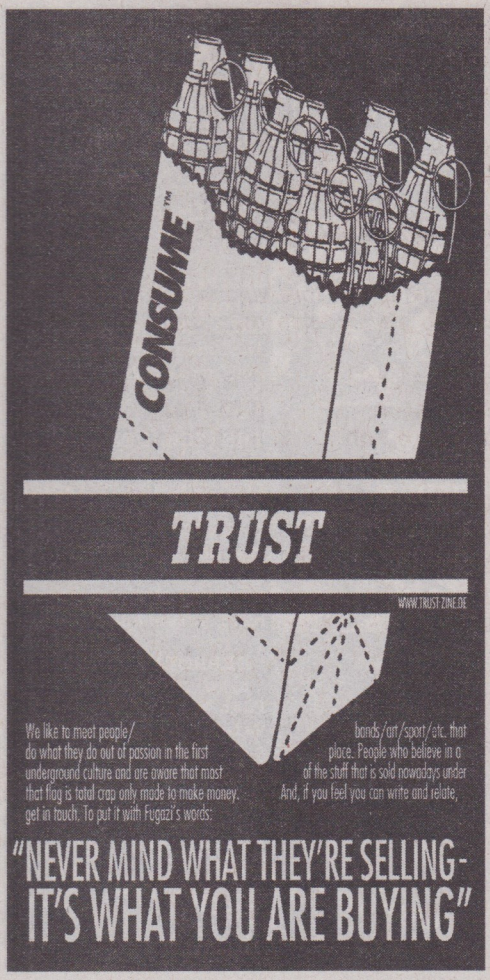

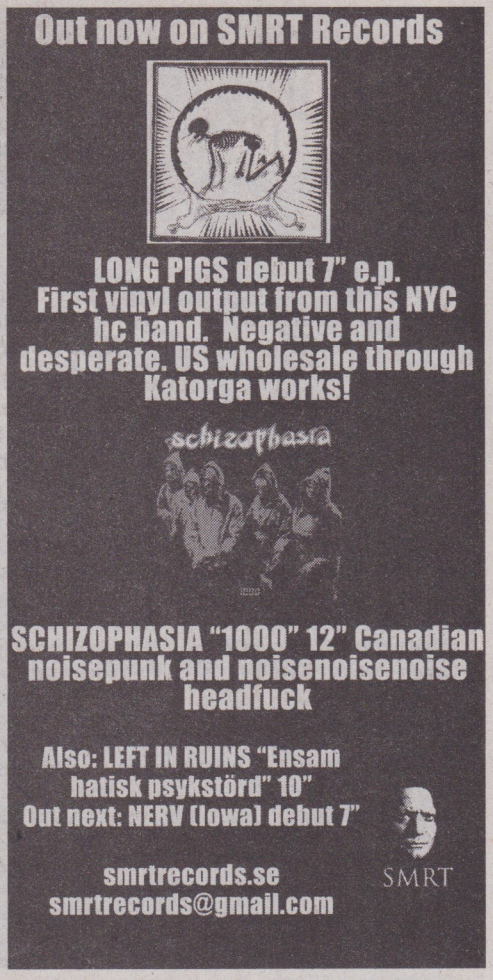
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ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

Reviews by:
(MB) Mariam Bastani
(JB) Julia Booze
(EC) E.Conner
(AE) Amelia Eakins
(DG) Dan Goetz
(DJ) Danielle Gresham
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(BG) Bob Goldie
(SL) Sam Lefebvre
(BL) Brad Lambert
(MM) Marissa Magic
(KM) Kevin Manion
(JM) Jeff Mason
(LP) Langford Poh
(CR) Casey Ress
(FS) Fred Schrunk
(DS) Dionne Stevens

ALWAYS NEVER FUN #5 / $3 in NZ $4.50 in US or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 48 pgs
Woah, this zine rules. I love local zines, well especially when they do not suck, and this one falls neatly into that category. Covering the NZ *and* Tasmanian punk scenes, the interviews are really really funny and insightful even if you don't care or know about any of the bands… Sign of a good zine! (Well, I take that back; they are mostly entertaining but I just read a one pager where the interviewee demonstrated what a true moron he was by resorting to a homophobic slur in answer to an anodyne question). There are cool pictures of NZ punks in the '80s, random rants from various NZ punkers, a tour diary of Shortlived's tour of the squats of Europe. I would wholeheartedly recommend this zine to you if you like reading about punks from around the planet discussing subjects such as Scabies, Death Throes, Aborted Christians, Distort the System and Ginger Homebrew… It's goofy and rad and punk as fuck. (LG)
Sam Thurston / 70 Owen St / Newtown 6021 Wellington / New Zealand

ARCHAEO PUNK #1 / Free and Accepts Trades
4 x 5.5 – copied – 1 pg – 8 panels
Well, I must say this is definitely the first zine with this concept that I've seen. The intro. explains that Archaeo "comes from the Greek prefix arkhaios and means early, ancient or primitive." Basically the author (a punk and musician them self) is looking at punk from an anthropological perspective, as a culture that evolves with time and history. For instance the scene report from Reggie's Rock Club in Chicago captures "the state of the moment." This is juxtaposed alongside a brief write up of the Skara Brae archeological site (in Scotland) which captures the past. The last panel is a review of the new Converge / Drop Dead split 7" called twenty years. (DJ)
Archaeopunk@gmail.com

BAD BONES #4 / $?
8 x 11 – copied – 16 pgs
It's the fourth installment of this "funzine" featuring interviews with Limp Wrist, Bam Bam Estas Muerto, artist Desastre (seriously, check this out: flickr.com/diisasterr), a queer Argentinean minimalist electronica/noise artist Joshua that made this killer book of homoerotic art, definitely pushing some boundaries. Proyecto 4 Patas gives us a quick introduction to their animal rights mission. DIY, in both ideology and function, show space, info shop, practice space and recording studio Circulo Felino. There are columns, with an interesting column defending downloading music, and record and zine reviews. This zine is pretty minimal in content, but it is definitely responsible for turning me on to some really cool stuff. Any artist, musician, project, etc… mentioned in *Bad Bones* has never failed to interest me. Cool stuff. (MB)
badboneszine@live.com.ar

BANANARCHY- A JOURNAL OF DESIRE PEELED #1 /$1
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 12pgs
Ahh the stuffy world of anarcho-intellectualism comes face-to-face with the lowest form of comedy, the pun. The results are pretty much exactly as one would expect; classic maxims of anarchism repurposed by the inclusion of banana related jokes. In addition to the bananrchist comics and bananarchist manifesto is an interview with a DIY sex toy collective and an exploration of endangered varieties of bananas. No one is going to accuse this zine of being too highbrow or clever but I wouldn't mind seeing it push it even further with the banana puns. I think it might make the zine a little more…a-peeling! (CR)
123 Anderson Street / Santa Cruz, CA 95060

BLINKO'S ARMY #1/ $2 or trade
8.5x11-copied-27 pgs-ENGLISH
I surely squealed when I pulled this fucker out of its unassuming brown envelope. The cover is a simply stunning bootleg copy cut and paste job of a Nick Blinko illustration with sharpied text emblazoning the title and the contents conveniently on page one. I was sure this was the work of some truly rad teenagers reaching out from the time-trap confines of a pre-internet middle America. I was even more excited to find out this is the combined editorial efforts of an incarcerated punk in California and a squeaky clean punk from the suburbs of Montreal. There are columns, zine / book / record / show reviews galore, interviews with Montreal's oldest punk, Crimes, and Unruled and PUNK LYRICS galore! Comic sans font still doesn't tarnish this gold. They are chomping at the bit for feedback and content so hit these true weirdos up! (EC)
Nathasha Fleurant/ C.P. Atwater 151 Atwater C.P. 72124 / Montreal QC H3J 2Z6 CANADA/ Brody Davis #F57379/FAC 4B-3B-110/CALIFORNIA CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION/ PO BOX 1906/ TEHACHAPI CA 93581 USA/ cruella_mm@hotmail.com

BLOD / no price listed
7.75 x 8.25 – copied – 52 pgs
This Irish zine is largely focused on the pre-Christian beliefs of the country, what ideologies were lost and can be reclaimed. There are a lot of intricate pencil drawings reflecting this crusty / pagan aesthetic. Also photographs of our ruined society with apocalyptic lyrics-style writings overlaid. The interview with Bourdeaux, France's Warning//Warning is a good one. Another strong piece discusses training to fight, and the kinds of (particularly vegan) nutrition-based decisions one must make to maximize the investment in time and energy. There are no ads or reviews. If this material sounds good to you, you'll wanna get this for sure. I really liked it. (JM)
Eric c/o Karate Klub / 3 Rear mews / Dalymount / Phibsboro / Dublin 7 / Ireland

BROKEN PENCIL #5 / $5.95
8.5 x 11 – printed – 72 pgs
A zine filled with underground media nerdery. This issue includes a piece on zines concerning mental illness, an analytic look at piracy and how it's starting to affect the underground and a look at the expansion of indie business. Interesting read. (MM)
www.brokenpencil.com

CHUNKS #3 & #4
8.5 x 11 – copied – 12 pgs
America's Hardcore, indeed. I guess Rupert Murdoch isn't the only Australian who considers himself a proud American patriot, and the star spangled sentiment of this zine is that of male morality (the "pussification" of society is a major problem, evidently) and the defining of "real" hardcore for everyone else (primarily how it was defined by New York and the Boston Crew in the early '80s). Um, the Rival Mob are an excellent band that give mostly intelligent answers to presumptive questions, and the Free Spirit interview is also worthwhile, and offers up some good Western Mass hardcore history, and bands for me to check out. An exact quote from the Omegas interview, on seeing the Avengers recently: "I thought Penelope was gonna still be hot but man she was faaaat." Quick word association with Porter from Floorpunch, quality reviews of records and WNYU Crucial Chaos live sets, and an interview with the New York Inside Out make up the rest of these issues. The layout is great, despite the abundance of (presumably American) eagles. And, uh, so ends our review. (DG)
(no contact info)

CRUCIAL HEADACHE #1 / $?
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 14 pages
Complete with penises in unusual settings, family photos defaced with satanic imagery and subverted glamour advertisements, this zine is a collection of Perry Shall's tongue-in-cheek, late night art projects. With little text or information provided, it seems like a sudden, twisted burst of inspiration was freebased off some tinfoil and luckily there was enough basic art materials nearby to facilitate the creation of this zine. In all seriousness, the author's collage and ink combination is confident and deftly executed. Perhaps the author should be contacted to design the flier for your band's next

button release show? (SL)
Perry Shall / 4418 Locust. St. / Philadelphia, PA 19104
perryage@gmail.com

DON'T TREAD ON ME #48 / $1ppd
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 24pgs
Here are four things I "learned" from this zine: a guy from the Mentors killed Kurt Cobain, how to pick a lock, dead men can't talk, and Barack Obama doesn't want to eat my flesh. Most importantly however, I learned that the creators of *Don't Tread On Me* think they're a lot funnier than they actually are. Aside from one line about drug use that actually resonated; "Drugs can't teach you anything you don't know already," I was bored by this rag and routinely rolled my eyes while reading. That's probably the response these rubes were going for though, so job well done! (KM)
DTMzine.blogspot.com

ESCENA OBSCENA #2 / $2
8.5 x 11 – copied – 28 pgs
It's all in Spanish so I'm not sure what it says, it appears to be all interviews and reviews. Includes bands such as Eterna Inocencia, Mofa and Los Caidos and pages upon pages of pictures and flyers. Looks decent. (MM)
No Info

EQUALIZING X DISTORT Vol. 11, Issue 05 / no price listed
8.5 x 11 – copied – 20 pgs
The bulk of this zine is an interview with the band ZRO4 that seems to have been done on the radio show of the same name as the zine in 2008. It seems that ZRO4 started up in 1978 in Toronto, played a bunch of crappy dives and weird parties, only put out a song on a comp before calling it a day. It's a good interview, on of the ones that just has that "just shooting the shit" quality, but the interviewer has done a ton of research and has all the available facts straight (in fact, sometimes the interviewer has more of the facts than the band does). The general appealing nature of the interview alone makes it a worthwhile read, especially if you are interested in early Canadian bands with female singers that occasionally sang in French. In the back there are some reviews of records that have weird writing problems, and a call to support the radio station that hosts the show, CIUT. Canadian punks, support! Everyone, enjoy the history lesson! (LP)
Equalizing X Distort / 21 Foundry Ave, Unit 5 / Toronto, ON M6H 4K7 / Canada

FEEDBACK #10 / $2
6.5 x 5 – copied – 56 pgs
Interesting comic zine that features four to six panel line drawing black and white comics about punk shows the author has attended. While the descriptions on the music range between extremely vague to more detailed, it's really cool to see a show in comics. Plus this guy gets around! There are a ton of shows in here! I kinds wish each one of these show comics were a little longer to capture some of the funnier stuff that does happen at punk shows. There are few cool ones that venture in to that territory but mostly they are all quite basic. There are also zine reviews near the end of the zine that show that the author can write short concise and interesting stuff. Put that in the comics! This zine has a ton of potential! I am interested to see the next one and read more of his writing. (MB)
John Isaacson / PO Box 42041 / Portland, OR 97242

GENERAL SPEECH Vol. 2 / free or trade only
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 18 pgs
Straight outta Lexington, Kentucky, comes a zine about crust, d-beat, and other types of raw, extreme punk. The design is simple but really cool. The background on every page is all static (pretty sick) and all the words are done with a typewriter it looks like (or at least with a typewriter font on the the ole 'puter). The photos are a little dark from the photocopying, but all of good quality and size. Noice. The interviews (which are with DEATH DUST EXTRACTOR from Japan and NO FUCKER from Utica, NY) are solid, but the real good parts are the slightly rambling introduction and reviews section. The intro's main focus is the writer's bewailment of capitalism and his opinions on the Occupy movement (caps?). The reviews are also written in a rambling essay format, instead of how you see the reviews laid out before you this instant, gentle reader. I like it, and I usually don't like review sections in small zines. Oh, also there's the dude's want list in there as well. Get this zine if d-beat/crust/raw/anarcho-punk is yr jam and you like cool looking zines, and then send him some dugs if you got the stuff! I would if I had any of it. (LP)
General Speech Fanzine / 2964 Winter Garden Unit D / Lexington, KY 40517

GIRLFRIENDS Vol. 1/#2 $2
6 x 5 – copied – 22 pgs
Flipping through the pages of this zine at first glance portrays a very basic, simple first time zine styled format with crude cut and paste, unimaginative photos, but some fierce art involving a lot of nipples. I appreciated that they defined their version of feminism in the first page of the zine, similar to a thesis statement. These are not man hating female separatists who feel other women are subpar because they wear make-up, but rather women who appreciate both sexes equally and adhere to the belief that both sexes are equal and that feminism goes beyond how a woman looks. Right on! There are a lot of topics covered in this zine, including the right on point that feminism is not dead in this country and that women must still fight the good fight for rights here as well as overseas. There's poetry, musical suggestions for bands like Rape Revenge and Sohns, a well thought out short essay on the pertinence of egalitarianism within the feminist movement, and a good piece on daddy issues. Submissions welcome. (AE)
girlfriendszine.bigcartel.com

INSIPIDLY IDAHO #2 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 40 pgs
Insipidly Idaho is a handwritten DIY effort full of enjoyable anecdotes on life and experience and humorous conjecture. My favorite part of this is the little bit on how Jesus' dad was really a wealthy architect and Jesus was never a punker (though he could have been had the electric guitar been invented); this goes on to Brigham Young dancing with the Devil and complete absurdity. I generally don't pick up these types of zines, since the large handwriting feels amateurish and wasteful (the 40 pages here could have been fit on three or four had it been typed), but the content here does make it worth flipping through. The writer for this does have a knack for the craft, though; I would like to see how this develops in future issues. (BG)
Insipidly Idaho Zine, 4611 SE 79th Ave. / PDX, OR 97206

KOOGMO #1 / $1 or Trade
8.5 x 11 – copied – 29 pgs
From the author of the former *Whaddafug* zine, comes *Koogmo*. *Kugmo* or *Koogmo* in Cebuano language means "booger." And to the author his writing and editing style has evolved into these little thought bubbles or boogers that stick to the page or the proverbial wall. In this issue you will find the author's favorite articles from the past ten issues *Whaddafug*, on various topics from love to hiking. (DJ)
Koogmo c/o Anthony / P.O. Box 861294 / Plano, TX / 75086

THE LIGHT AGES #1 / $10
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 20 pgs
I'm ambivalent when it comes to limited edition art zines at a premium price. On one hand I feel that the zine is primarily a low cost method of sharing something for which space does not exist in other outlets. On the other hand, I appreciate the communities of punk artists who use the forum to inject art into the medium rather than confining their work to galleries or publications that are less accessible. The work contained in *Light Ages* is certainly of quality. Each page is a full frame line drawing of a face; human, animal or other that's use of negative space contrast well with the dense line work that composes the image. I also really appreciate zines like this one that include a handful of stickers that allow the art to be repositioned elsewhere. The price is somewhat off-putting but the work is quality. (CR).
Eyesore / 315 West Clay / Apt 4 / Houston, TX 77019
mycoffinhand@blogspot.com

MORE NOIZE Vol. 7 $82 or trade
8.5 x 11 – copied – 28 pgs
For the hardcore maniac! This zine gets us spiky punx so excited worldwide! It's like if *MRR* was only noisecore centric and fueled by deafening feedback. The readers' letters included read like my inbox and mailbox from Michael Clark to Teo of Alta Intesidaz tapes and other international, productive noise lovers. More solid reviews in this *MN* of tapes and records ranging from the Varix demo to the Svart Framtid reissue in the front and back of this issue—making a tasty noize review sandwich. Some sick photos courtesy of Andrew Underwood. Finally, the Fogna interview!!! An interview with Shiva of Deformity, Dead Cops, Kylmä Sota (apparently the "bestest band ever" according to their unbiased interviewer), and The Injections- such a fantastic interview! The best quote from The Injections interview is when Kimchi '77 says, "we desire for glory days of Discocks and Tom and Boot Boys to pogo all night." Don't we all, Mr. 77!!! Pogo punx perfection! And The Injections interview outro line from Connor was, "Stay punx, spike your hair with pogo, stud everything, wear a bumbag, oi!...fuckin' shit…PUNX ATTACK!" Thank you Connor, you are a wise man. Next issue promises to feature Deathcharge and Svart Parad. Oh, and Tony reminds his readers not to forget the anarchy, peace, freedom, fun, noize, booze, love and life! RIP Lillian Larsson. (AE)
slobodanburgher@gmail.com

MORGENMUFFEL #19 / $4 US, 1.5 pounds UK
8.5 x 5 – copied – 12pgs + mini comic
This is a comic zine in two parts, one about moving to the countryside, the other about going on a zine tour of the U.S. The first part is reminiscent of the *Doris* issues that dealt with punks moving to the country, learning new skills, hijinks, etc. The second part about the tour is similar in a way, new things about American culture (the writer is british), hijinks, etc. The art has the typical look of comic zines, I don't mean that as a dis, just the only way I can think of to describe it. I enjoyed reading

these. (MM)
morningmuffel@yahoo.co.uk

NO EXIT ZINE #4 / $3 (or more)
8.5 x 11 – copied – 38 pgs.
This zine has "SKULL CRUSHING DISTORT FOR FUCKER" emblazoned across the front cover. The zine's creator sought out the most blown-out, noisy Powerviolence, Hardcore and D-Beat bands they could get a hold of and conducted inspired interviews with them, or reviewed their records, and then they compiled it all into this excellent zine. Plus, this zine's creator did it all from Greece. There are great interviews with Lebenden Toten, Go Gilth Go and My Turn, tons of record reviews and even a short history of Riot Grrrl dropped dead into the center of the zine, where it is laid-out, cut-n-paste style, in all of its glory, emanating its own glow of fierce and savage audacity amongst the newest and brutalest. The inspiration just drips from the pages of this zine. (SL)
Giannis Psimoulis / Kritonos 37 / 266 74 / Glyfada, Athens / Greece
nofuturezine@gmail.com

NOISE NOISE NOISE #13
6 x 7.5 – copied – 14 pages
The last issue of this zine was published in 1996, and the layout and writing has a very '90s, quirky feel and look to it, but in this case it's not a detriment. The interview with Dan Halligan of *Ten Things Jesus Wants You To Know* zine is the main highlight, and also hints at a revival of *Ten Things*! The interview with "punkmetal-country badass" Scott Hiram is more esoteric, and the one from Poly Styrene circa '96 is entirely too short and generic for what could've been a fascinating piece. The last few pages are dedicated to puns based on hypothetical package tours, such as the "Marilyn Hanson" and U2 Live Crew" tours, which are sorta meh. (DG)
nnnzine.blogspot.com

NUTS! #8 / $2 PPD and $4 International
11 x 17 – copied – 28 pgs
A large format zine with a large persona to back it. You can really feel the artistic energy flowing through the zine (whether musically or visually) with the dark frantic cult-like drawings, photo-montages slightly off kilter with perfect contrast, and hand drawn lettering for the headers. This (like most of its kind) is truly a labor of love. Jam packed with interviews from various bands including Vile Gash, White Wards, and Hysterics. A crazy and detailed tour diary of the second leg of the Milk Music's recent tour. Interspersed are fictional short stories and prose, along with a brief interview with Jean Nagai about his controversial collage. Show reviews detailing everything from noisecore, raw punk, to straight up hardcore. (DJ)
NUTS! / P.O. Box 7302 / Olympia, Washington / 98507

PROFANE EXISTENCE #62 / $1 US, $2 Canada, $3 world
11 x 17 – printed – 20 pgs
This was an entertaining read, aimed at the crustier end of the punk rock, you probably already know if you dig it or not… It's in a tabloid newsprint form now and available for free in person, or for payment via post. There are a ton of short but cool band interviews with classics like Asta Kask and Cólera, newer ragers including Resist and Napalm Raid. There was a piece about the attempt to unionize Jimmy Johns, a piece about a rad all ages space in Nebraska, a survivalists guide to uh, surviving, Instinct of Survival talk bout being detained and questioned and humiliated by Homeland Security when they attempted to tour the US… A cool issue, check it out. (LG)

PROFANE EXISTENCE #63 / $1 US, $2 Canada, $3 world
11 x 17 – printed – 32 pgs
If ever there was a sympathizer and fan of this zine, it's me. After experimenting with many formats and business plans (!), the PE crew have come back to the giant newsprint freebie (in person), which is for the best. I think. The first half of this issue is given over to columns, interviews, and just four pages of reviews. The columns are on the better side of average—nothing earthshaking but interesting and good enough. Interviewed are Minneapolis bands Kontrasekt and War/Plague; local business Boneshaker Books; Denver's Dripfed; England's Burnt Cross; the Canadian label Moshpit Tragedy, who only release online material with sliding-scale pricing; Maine's Peace Ridge (animal) Sanctuary, and the issue's featured artist, Daniel Shaw. The second half is the PE distro catalog. A recurring theme is how organizations compromise to make their project financially sustainable. This is recommended for being huge and cheap, but in terms of content it scored higher in quantity than quality. Please contact them at their new postal address, though the old one is where you send money for zines. (JM)
PO Box 196 / Mountain View, CA 94042, or to order Attn: Subscriptions / PO Box 18051 / Minneapolis, MN 55418 / www.profaneexistence.com

PUT THE MUSIC IN ITS COFFIN #3 / $4
5.5 – copied – 32 pgs
This has the look of a one-man production and there is a lot of content here. There are interviews with The Native Cats of Tasmania and Charles Albright as well as about a million record reviews. The reviews are great, the author mentions that he is getting drunk as he works through a pile of records and some of the cracks and asides have me believing him. And there is an essay about the history of psychedelic music that is kind of a romp while being informative. He argues that Void were a psych band at one point. I remain unconvinced but it's a hell of a read. Any article that talks about LSD every third sentence has got to be either genius or crazy, or maybe a little of both. (Brad)
www.ptmiic.blogspot.com

RAW DEAL #13 / $2
5.5 x 8 – copied – 68 pgs
Prior to this issue, this fine publication was known as *Loitering Is Good*, so if you, like me, were waiting for another of those, here it is. This is fuckin' huge and packed with writing. The contents are pretty much about trains (after years of independent study, the narrator gains employment on the rails) and trees / botany. He's not all uptight over non-native species ("are the freeways native?"), just exploitative ones that choke out the others around them. There are plenty of illustrations. This guy, Joey Alone, makes great zines and I'll buy/read anything he puts out. (JM)
800 Black Butte Rd./ Weed, CA 96094

RIOT 77 #15 / 3 EURO
8.5 x 11 – printed – 56 pgs.
This is a well-formatted, comprehensive zine that focuses on long, in-depth interviews as well as containing an extensive review section, which covers a lot of the same records as MRR, only with more musical variety. They cover more conventional rock, some ska and even spoken-word releases in addition to latest 7" hardcore scorchers from around the globe. This issue contains a pretty unremarkable interview with Wayne Kramer, but it is followed by an interview with Glen E. Friedman, a photojournalist responsible for many famous punk and hip-hop album covers. His cynical thought on photography both in the '80s and now is rather amusing. Likewise, his bold responses to the interviewers probing questions are riveting. In general, the interviewer for Riot 77 is commendable for creating an exciting banter with the interviewee, rather than asking tame questions or awkwardly changing the subject when the interviewee actually says something interesting. This zine is worth the cost alone for the interview with Miriam Linna and Billy Miller, the fanatics behind Norton Records. (SL)
Riot 77 Magazine / c/o Cian Hynes / PO Box 11342 / Dublin 2 / Ireland
Riot77magazine@hotmail.com

RUM LAD #5 / UK £2.75 INTL $4.07
8.5x5.5 – printed – 52 pgs
It takes a lot to manufacture a truly engaging travel/tour zine. The truth of the matter is that your stories of drinking in a bar, sleeping on floors, and pissing in various bodies of water are rarely interesting to anyone you don't really know. This issue of *Rum Lad* saddles up to take on the challenge and does… pretty alright. One saving grace of a pretty boring déjà vu is the incredible illustrations that Steve manages to render. My personal favorites are the epic west coast forest, mountain, beach views and the insides of other people's well-decorated homes. And please let's give him a round of applause for drawing such dedicated body hair with style and panache. In the meantime I'm trying to forgive the English for spelling "tyre" weird. (EC)
17 Querneby Rd./ Mapperley Nottingham NG3 5HW UK/ rumladzine@gmail.com/www.steve-larder.co.uk

SHOTGUN SEAMSTRESS #6 / $3ppd
7 x 8.5 – copied – 44 pgs
After merely reading the introduction I feel inspired! And there is oh so much more. Sadly this is the last issue of *Shotgun Seamstress* but the other side of the coin is that the editor (our very own erstwhile columnist Osa) feels that for this project, she has said what she needed to say. The plan is to keep it all in print and make it available on the internet …but if you are reading this review you are like me and love the precious tangible future-artifacts of whatever it is we here in the underground are doing. For the uninitiated, *SS* is a contributor-based fanzine about, for, and by black punk rockers, feminists, queers and other POC too… restoring visibility, connecting the isolated, interviewing and giving exposure to all the badasses besides Bad Brains. I have loved it from the start and am sad to know it is ending! This issue kills it with a Trash Kit interview (experimental post-punk party down UK grrrls,) a Brontez cameo, Vaginal Cream Davis makes an eloquent appearance, and there is a break down of the African Diaspora in Brazil, through the eyes of a punk show review. I love the conversation with tattoo artist and shop owner Jacci Gresham that *rules* on account of how Osa just asks cool questions. She gets to the heart of the matter so effortlessly and draws out the deep shit. Also there is a concomitant reprint of the *MRR* interview with Poly-Styrene, amid cool pictures of Black punx hangin' out through the ages. (JB)
shotgunseamstress@gmail.com
PO Box 792372 / New Orleans, LA 70179

ZINES

SLINGSHOT Issue #107 Free Autumn 2011
8.5 x 11 – newspaper – 14 pgs
Like a cross between *Workers World* and the *Asheville Global Report* (RIP) this Long Haul free publication out of Berkley covers everything you left leaning, anarchist punks would want to see in a free Bay Area radical news centric publication. From the inmates strike involving prisoners across California to Occupy movements to Oakland's squats to comics to book and zine reviews to coverage of the student revolt in Chile to pushing their yearly 2012 Slingshot organizer, this free publication has it all. Get on it, all ye political punx! (A)(E)
Long Haul / 3124 Shattuck Avenue / Berkeley, CA 94705
www.thelonghaul.org

SLOPPY NOISE #1 / FREE
8.5 x 11 – copied – 46pgs
Debut issue of this photozine from Michigan, and it's an enormous waste of paper. Okay, look, I'm not Mr. Eco-activist by any means, and I don't like giving zines bad reviews because usually the creator(s) put in a lot of work, but the trees used to create this zine should've been spared. First off, almost all of the photos are uninteresting close-ups of only one member of whatever band is being shot (D.R.I., Slang, Mind Eraser). Secondly, the pictures are mediocre quality at best. Thirdly, the guy didn't use the backs of any pages, and some of the photos only take up a third of a page, so there's a shitload of blank space. Lastly, there's a website that has *all the photos in better quality*. Ugh. (KM)
sloppynoise.tumblr.com/

SLOPPY NOISE #2 / FREE
8.5 x 11 – copied – 46pgs
See above. Some of the bands included in #2 are White Guilt, Civil Victim, and The State. (KM)
sloppynoise.tumblr.com/

THE SODA KILLERS #1 / $?
8.5 X 5 – copied – 48 pgs
Snarky but not witty writing, and pages and pages of pictures that seem like a teen ripped them from random mags and then just put them in a scrapbook without an attempt to do anything interesting or even have a thematic idea, boring formatting. Whatever. I feel like a lot of zines of this ilk exist. They're all no good. (MM)
andersdinero@yahoo.com, bnb@hotdogdayz.com

STABBING BRAINS #2 / $3 ppd or trade
8.5 x 11 – copied – 30 pgs
Well this has to be about the best name for a 'zine in this issue, if there was a prize, it would be in the mail. This book is very review heavy, there are the usual punk record and 'zine reviews but also show reviews, wrestling event reviews, even a tribute to the life and times of the great Macho Man Randy Savage. Then there are a bunch of columns that are definitely worth reading. My favorite is the vitriol one writer has for reunion tours. "With the amount of tired old bands hanging around these days based on the 'legend' of their couple 30 year old releases, I think that it's a fucking duty for H/C punk to turn their backs on this crap." I agree 100%. I also agree with their review of the No Statik LP, and dudes, you should see them live. If *MRR* ever fires me, I'm going to work for these kids. (Brad)
1565 S. Chestnut St., Paulsboro, NJ 08066, neveragain6655@hotmail.com

THE STOWAWAYS #2 / $1
8.5 X 11 – copied – 7 pgs
Call it blatant localism (I slay me), but when I saw that this was from Orange County I felt flaccid already. Sorry bros. This is basic fanzine layout, interviews, live reviews, record reviews, one two three all in a row. The interview is with Sean Bohrman of THEE MAKEOUT PARTY and Burger Records. The author (Chris) and Sean are friends it seems from the way the interview came out. In this case, this works in a positive way, effectively drawing stories out of Sean about off topic stuff. The live reviews are okay, but I feel that Chris gets bogged down recounting what songs the bands he likes played, and that made it drag for me a little. The reviews are small zine reviews, which means you get to hear about what the author likes. Two problems with this zine: Uno) the layout looks kinda bad, sloppy in a boring way, photos are all really small, and the text isn't laid out in an exciting way (it can be done): Dos) the zine is put together kinda poorly and was made a little harder to read because of it. But the content is solid. Do you wanna know about the Orange County scene? (LP)
Christopher Gordon / 5082 Wendover Rd / Yorba Linda, CA 92886

STREET DEED? / #3 / ?
8.5 x 11 – copied – 58 pgs
This looks like an awesome 'zine and it makes me wish I could read Bulgarian. Sadly, I can't, so I don't know if this is even the right name for the 'zine. It's what the person who sent it in signed the included note with. Other than that, the only things I can read are band names and a few headlines. I don't know if they are interviews but there are articles on Motorhead, Dick Dale, Haircut, the Cramps, Los Gatos Locos, and Salidos de la Cripta and others. There is a lot of comic art in this thing that looks good and the graphics in general are well done. This 'zine is well put together and has a ton of stuff to read, if you can read Bulgarian. Suggested for any punks who do. (Brad)
Kamen Goranov, kv. "Chaika," bi. 29,vh. U, ap. 31, Varna, 9000, Bulgaria

TNS #12 / free
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 32 pgs
Musically, this fanzine focuses mostly on the ska scene within punk and I've got to be honest, I haven't listened to much ska since Reel Big Fish were popular. Luckily I didn't have to be too embarrassed by my lack of encyclopedic knowledge because there is a lot of writing in here about punk, politics, and life as well as interviews and reviews. I liked the essay about the UK riots a few months ago and the rundown of cool squats and autonomous community spaces in mainland Europe that the author visited on tour. There are interviews with not only the band Rising Strike, but also of the guy who puts together the One Way Ticket to Cubesville 'zine and the people who do Pumpkin Records. I like that this isn't just about bands, it's a fanzine of punk. Lot's of advertising in this thing too, that's got to be nice for a free 'zine. (Brad)
andy@tnsrecords.co.uk, 17 Heywood Rd., Prestwich, Manchester M25 1FB

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #234 (4/11) $?
6 x 8.5 – magazine – 129 pgs
This issue features Belgrado, Jyrki Nissinen, The Carnival & Ydinperhe Eurotour, The Pauki, Arviot, Livet, as well as zine reviews, comics, and a slew of record reviews all done in a beautifully laid out, professional format. It's in Finnish which is out of my scope of English and romance languages, but as soon as I saw Patrycja from Belgrado on the cover, I knew I had to review it. Not only is Belgrado an excellent band, but also Patrycja hung out in the States for a while and is a true punk who was a pleasure to spend time with en route to Kollapse Fest in 2010. This zine is a really good resource for those interested in what is going on in the punk scene worldwide, especially in Europe. Punk exists outside the States and Japan and it's covered here thoroughly, but it's in Finnish. Even if you can't read Finnish, all the umlauts make everything look well written and punk. List of upcoming gigs and festivals all over Finland listed on the back. (AE)
Toinen Vaihtoehto, PL 1 / 65200 Vaasa / Vaaditaan Viemään Perille / Finland

TRUST #150 / ? 2.50
11.75 x 8.25 – printed – 64 pgs
OK, Trust immer übersetzt ihre Überprüfung der MRR in Englisch, so dass ich dachte, ich würde versuchen, das Gleiche zu tun. Natürlich kann ich kein Deutsch spreche, so werde ich mich auf Google Translator verlassen, um zu helfen. Ich entschuldige mich, wenn dies keinen Sinn macht. Allerdings, wenn Sie dies lesen können, dann sollten Sie das Lesen Vertrauen, da es die beste deutsche Punk-Magazin ist. Jede Ausgabe ist wunderschön mit brillanten Formatierung und interessante Interviews. In dieser Ausgabe unter anderem, die Crosstops, Nervous Breakdown, Leatherface, Gunner Records, Slime, und Snob. Es gibt zahlreiche Musik-und Magazin-Bewertungen, viele Spalten und Tourdaten für Bands in Deutschland. Vertrauen ist immer für die Bereitstellung von relevanten und interessanten Inhalten in jeder Ausgabe zuverlässig. (BG)
Trust Fanzine / Postfach 11 07 62 / 28087 Bremen / Germany / www.trust-zine.de

THE WONDER YEARS #2
8.5 x 11 – printed – 79 pgs
All you need to know about this zine is 1) its subtitle is "Youth. Life. Love. Passion. Friendship. Music. Hardcore," and 2) the intro page has the author and his Nikes sitting by the water (the only thing that's missing is the hoodie). Interviews with Unrestrained, Right Idea, XCurraheeX, Forever Youth, Last Dayz, Cornered, Just Went Black, and many others. The highlight of this zine is the director of *Edge: The Movie* getting called out for not including any European straightedge bands, but otherwise, the interviews are pretty bland, and the layout and photos are only minimally distinguishable from each other. Positive = boring. (DG)
cudownelatazine.com
cudownelatazine@gmail.com

THE YELLOW RAKE #26 / $1ppd USA, $5ppd International
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 20pgs
Latest installment of this satirical zine out of Denver. This issue features an article about the hilarious yet disturbing reality behind Reaganomics, one woman's story about attempting to be a better person in the face of sadistic adversity, and one of my favorite types of humorous content; a sarcastic resume. There's also an interview with Dan Stafford (proprietor of Kilgore Books in the mile high city), and a few book and record reviews. A rad, funny zine for the 99%. (KM)
theyellowrake@gmail.com

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"A wake up call for today's youth...an expose of corruption, political hodgepodge and selling out of the American dream" - Lucky (SugarBuzz Magazine)

"Piss N' Blood brought everything back to where it was supposed to be, punk, ugly, angry, and real" - Marcus Solomon (S.L.A.M.! Scene)

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